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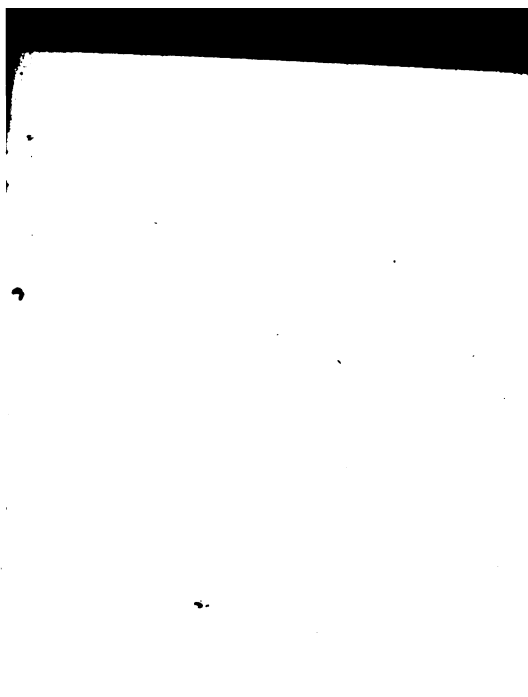
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William Corbett.

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OF THE

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*Hæc potior soboles: hinc Cæli tempore certo,
Dulcia mella premes. --- Virgil. Geor. 4.*

In medium quæsitæ reponunt. Ibid.

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Annus Mirabilis:

The YEAR of

W O N D E R S,

M D C L X V I.

A N

Historical Poem.

By *JOHN DRYDEN*, Esq;



Printed in the YEAR 1716.





A N
A C C O U N T
Of the Ensuing
P O E M,
IN A
L E T T E R

To the Honourable

Sir ROBERT HOWARD.

S I R,



*Am so many ways oblig'd to you,
and so little able to return your Fa-
vours, that, like those who owe too
much. I can only live by getting far-
ther into your Debt. You have not
only been careful of my Fortune,
which was the effect of your Nobleness,
but you have been solicitous of my Reputation, which
is that of your Kindness. It is not long since I gave
you the trouble of perusing a Play for me, and now,*

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B 2

instead of an Acknowledgment, I have given you a greater, in the Correction of a Poem. But since you are to bear this Persecution. I will at least give you the Encouragement of a Martyr. you could never suffer in a nobler Cause. For I have chosen the most heroic Subject which any Poet could desire: I have taken upon me to describe the Motives, the Beginning, Progress and Successes. of a most just and necessary War; in it, the Care. Management and Prudence of our King; the Conduct and Valour of a Royal Admiral, and of two incomparable Generals, the invincible Courage of our Captains and Seamen, and three glorious Victories, the result of all. After this, I have, in the Fire, the most deplorable, but withal the greatest Argument that can be imagin'd; the Destruction being so swift, so sudden, so vast and miserable, as nothing can parallel in Story. The former part of this Poem, relating to the War, is but a due expiation for my not serving my King and Country in it. All Gentlemen are almost oblig'd to it: And I know no reason we should give that Advantage to the Commonalty of England, to be foremost in brave Actions, which the Nobles of France would never suffer in their Peasants. I should not have written this but to a Person, who has been ever forward to appear in all Employments whither his Honour and Generosity have call'd him. The latter part of my Poem, which describes the Fire I owe first to the Piety and Fatherly Affection of our Monarch to his suffering Subjects; and, in the second place, to the Courage, Loyalty, and Magnanimity of the City; both which were so conspicuous, that I have wanted Words to celebrate them as they deserve. I have called my Poem Historical, not Epick, though both the Actions and Actors are as much Heroick,

Ensuing Poem.

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as any Poem can contain. But since the Action is not properly one, nor that accomplish'd in the last Successes, I have judg'd it too bold a Title for a few Stanza's, which are little more in number than a single Iliad, or the longest of the Æneids. For this reason, (I mean, not of length but broken Action, tied too severely to the Laws of History) I am apt to agree with those who rank Lucan, rather among Historians in Verse, than Epique Poets: In whose room, if I am not deceived, Silius Italicus, though a worse Writer, may more justly be admitted. I have chosen to write my Poem in Quatrains or Stanza's of four in alternate Rhyme, because I have ever judg'd them more noble, and of greater Dignity, both for the Sound and Number, than any other Verse in use amongst us: in which I am sure I have your Approbation. The Learned Languages have, certainly, a great Advantage of us, in not being tied to the Slavery of any Rhyme; and were less constrain'd in the quantity of every Syllable, which they might vary with Spondee or Dactyles, besides so many other helps of Grammatical Figures: for the lengthning or abbreviation of them; than the Modern are in the close of that one Syllable, which often confines, and more often corrupts the sense of all the rest. But in this necessity of our Rhymes, I have always found the couplet Verse most easie, (though not so proper for this Occasion.) for there the Work is sooner at an end, every two Lines concluding the labour of the Poet: But in Quatrains he is to carry it farther on; and not only so, but to bear along in his Head the troublesome sense of four Lines together. For those who write correctly in this kind, must needs acknowledge, that the last Line of the Stanza is to be consider'd in the Composition of the first. Neither can

we give our selves the liberty of making any part of a Verse for the sake of Rhyme, or concluding with a Word which is not currant English, or using the variety of Female Rhymes, all which our Fathers practised; and for the Female Rhymes, they are still in use amongst other Nations; with the Italian in every Line, with the Spaniard promiscuously, with the French alternately, as those who have read the Alarique, the Pucelle, or any of their later Poems, will agree with me. And besides this, they write in Alexandrins, or Verses of six feet, such as amongst us is the old Translation of Homer, by Chapman: All which, by lengthning of their Chain, makes the Sphere of their Activity the larger. I have dwelt too long upon the choice of my Stanza, which you may remember is much better defended in the Preface to Gondibert; and therefore I will hasten to acquaint you with my Endeavours in the Writing. In general I will only say, I have never yet seen the Description of any Naval Fight in the proper terms which are us'd at Sea; and if there be any such in another Language, as that of Lucan in the third of his Pharsalia, yet I could not prevail my self of it in the English; the Terms of Art in every Tongue bearing more of the Idiom of it than any other Words. We hear indeed, among our Poets, of the Thundring of Guns, the Smoke, the Disorder and the Slaughter; but all these are common Notions. And certainly as those, who, in a Logical Dispute, keep in general Terms, would hide a fallacy; so those who do it in any Poetical Description, would veil their Ignorance.

Descriptas servare vices, operumque colores,
Cur ego, si nequeo ignoroque, Poeta salutor?

For my own part, if I had little Knowledge of the Sea, yet I have thought it no Shame to learn: And if I

Ensuing Poem.

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have made some few Mistakes, 'tis only, as you can bear me witness, because I have wanted Opportunity to correct them; the whole Poem being first written, and now sent you from a place where I have not so much as the Converse of any Seaman. Yet though the trouble I had in Writing it was great, it was more than recompens'd by the Pleasure; I found my self so warm in celebrating the Praises of Military Men, two such especially as the Prince and General, that it is no wonder if they inspir'd me with Thoughts above my ordinary level. And I am well satisfied, that as they are incomparably the best Subject I ever had, excepting only the Royal Family; so also, that this I have written of them, is much better than what I have perform'd on any other. I have been forc'd to help out other Arguments; but this has been bountiful to me; they have been low and barren of Praise, and I have exalted them, and made them fruitful: But here — Omnia sponte sua reddit iustissima tellus. I have had a large, a fair, and a pleasant Field, so fertile, that without my cultivating, it has given me two Harvests in a Summer, and in both • oppress'd the Reaper. All other greatness in Subjects is only counterfeit, it will not endure the test of Danger; the greatness of Arms is only real: Other greatness burdens a Nation with its weight, this supports it with its strength. And as it is the Happiness of the Age, so it is the peculiar Goodness of the best of Kings, that we may praise his Subjects without offending him: Doubtless it proceeds from a just Confidence of his own Virtue, which the lustre of no other can be so great as to darken in him; for the Good or the Valiant are never safely praised under a bad or a degenerate Prince. But to return from this Digression to a farther account of my Poem; I must crave leave

to tell you, that as I have endeavoured to adorn it with noble Thoughts, so much more to express those Thoughts with Elocution. The Composition of all Poems is, or ought to be, of Wit, and Wit in the Poet, or Wit Writing, (if you will give me leave to use a School Distinction) is no other than the faculty of Imagination in the Writer, which, like a nimble Spaniel, beats over and ranges through the Field of Memory, till it springs the Quarry it hunted after; or, without metaphor, which searches over all the Memory for the Species or Idea's of those things which it designs to represent. Wit written, is that which is well defin'd, the happy result of Thought, or product of Imagination. But to proceed from Wit, in the general Notion of it, to the proper Wit of an Heroick or Historical Poem, I judge it chiefly to consist in the delightful imaging of Persons, Actions, Passions, or Things. 'Tis not the jerk or sting of an Epigram, nor the seeming Contradiction of a poor Antithesis, (the delight of an ill judging Audience in a Play of Rhyme) nor the gingle of a more poor Paronomasia; neither is it so much the Morality of a grave Sentence, affected by Lucan, but more sparingly used by Virgil; but it is some lively and apt Description, dressed in such colours of Speech, that it sets before your Eyes the absent Object, as perfectly and more delightfully than Nature. So then the first Happiness of the Poet's Imagination is properly Invention or finding of the Thought; the second is Fancy, or the Variation, deriving or moulding of that Thought as the Judgment represents it proper to the Subject; the third is Elocution, or the Art of clothing and adorning that Thought, so found and varied, in apt, significant and sounding Words: The quickness of the Imagination is seen in the Invention, the fertility in the Fancy, and the accuracy in the

Expression. For the two first of these, Ovid is famous amongst the Poets; for the latter, Virgil. Ovid images more often the Movements and Affections of the Mind, either combating between two contrary Passions, or extremely compos'd by one: His Words therefore are the least part of his Care, for he pictures Nature in disorder, with which the Study and Choice of Words is inconsistent. This is the proper Wit of Dialogue or Discourse, and consequently of the Drama, where all that is said is to be suppos'd the effect of sudden Thought; which, though it excludes not the quickness of Wit in Repartees, yet admits not a too curious Election of Words, too frequent Allusions, or use of Tropes, or, in fine, any thing that shews remoteness of Thought, or Labour, in the Writer. On the other side, Virgil speaks not so often to us in the person of another, like Ovid; but in his own, he relates almost all things as from himself, and thereby gains more Liberty than the other, to express his Thoughts with all the Graces of Elocution, to write more figuratively and to confess as well the labour as the force of his Imagination. Though he describes his Dido well and naturally, in the violence of her Passions yet he must yield in that to the Myrrha, the Biblis, the Althæa, of Ovid; for, as great an Admirer of him as I am, I must acknowledge that, if I see not more of their Souls than I see of Dido's, at least I have a greater concernment for them: And that convinces me, that Ovid has touch'd those tender strokes more delicately than Virgil could. But when Action or Persons are to be described, when any such Image is to be set before us, how bold, how masterly are the Strokes of Virgil! We see the Objects he presents us with, in their Native Figures, in their proper Motions; but so we see them, as our own Eyes

could never have beheld them so beautiful in themselves. We see the Soul of the Poet, like that universal one of which he speaks, informing and moving through all his Pictures,

——Totamque infusa per artus

Mens agitat molem, & magno se corpore miscet;

we behold him embellishing his Images, as he makes Venus breathing beauty upon her Son Æneas.

——lumenque juventæ

Purpureum, & lætos oculis affârât honores:

Quale manus addunt Ebori decus, aut ubi flavo
Argentum, Pariusve lapis circumdatur auro.

See his Tempest, his Funeral Sports, his Combat of Turnus and Æneas; and in his Georgicks, which I esteem the Divinest part of all his Writings, the Plague, the Country, the Battel of Bulls, the Labour of the Bees, and those many other excellent Images of Nature, most of which are neither great in themselves, nor have any natural Ornament to bear them up: But the Words wherewith he describes them are so excellent, that it might be well applied to him which was said by Ovid, Materiam superabat opus: The very Sound of his Words has often somewhat that is connatural to the Subject, and while we read him, we sit, as in a Play, beholding the Scenes of what he represents. To perform this, he made frequent use of Tropes, which you know change the nature of a known Word, by applying it to some other signification; and this is it which Horace means in his Epistle to the Pilo's.

Dixeris egregie, notum si callida verbum

Reddiderit junctura novum——

But I am sensible I have presum'd too far to entertain you with a rude Discourse of that Art, which

you both know so well, and put into Practice with so much Happiness. Yet before I leave Virgil, I must own the vanity to tell you, and by you the World, that he has been my Master in this Poem: I have followed him every where, I know not with what Success, but I am sure with Diligence enough: My Images are many of them copied from him, and the rest are Imitations of him. My Expressions also are as near as the Idioms of the two Languages would admit of in Translation. And this, Sir, I have done with that boldness, for which I will stand accountable to any of our little Criticks, who perhaps, are not better acquainted with him than I am. Upon your first perusal of this Poem, you have taken notice of some Words which I have innovated (if it be too bold for me too say, refin'd) upon his Latin; which, as I offer not to introduce into English Prose, so I hope they are neither improper, nor altogether unelegant in Verse; and, in this, Horace will again defend me.

Et nova, fict:que nuper, habebunt verba fidem, si
Græco fonte cadant, parcè detorta —

The Inference is exceeding plain; for if a Roman Poet might have liberty to Coin a Word, supposing only that it was derived from the Greek, was put into a Latin termination, and that he us'd this Liberty but seldom, and with Modesty: How much more justly may I challenge that Privilege, to do it with the same Prerequisites, from the best and most judicious of Latin Writers? In some places where either the Fancy, or the Words, were his, or any others, I have noted it in the Margin, that I might not seem a Plagiary; in others I have neglected it, to avoid as well tediousness, as the affectation of doing it too often. Such Descriptions or Images, well wrought,

which I promise not for mine, are, as I have said, the adequate delight of Heroick Poesie, for they beget Admiration, which is its proper Object; as the Images of the Burlesque, which is contrary to this, by the same reason beget Laughter; for the one shews Nature beautified, as in the Picture of a fair Woman, which we all admire; the other shews her deformed, as in that of a Lazar, or of a Fool with distorted Face and antique Gestures, at which we cannot forbear to laugh, because it is a deviation from Nature. But though the same Images serve equally for the Epique Poesie, and for the Historique and Panegyrique, which are Branches of it, yet a several sort of Sculpture is to be used in them: If some of them are to be like those of Juvenal, Stantes in curribus Æmiliani, Heroes drawn in their triumphal Chariots, and in their full proportion; others are to be like that of Virgil, Spirantia mollius æra: there is somewhat more of Softness and Tenderneſs to be shewn in them. You will soon find I write not this without Concern. Some, who have seen a Paper of Verses which I wrote last Year to her Highness the Dutchess, have accus'd them of that only thing I could defend in them; they said I did humi serpere, that I wanted not only height of Fancy, but dignity of Words to set it off; I might well answer with that of Horace. Nunc non erat his locus, I knew I address'd them to a Lady, and accordingly I affected the softness of Expression, and the smoothness of Measure, rather than the height of Thought; and in what I did endeavour, it is no Vanity to say I have succeeded. I detest Arrogance, but there is some difference betwixt that and a just Defence. But I will not farther bribe your Candor, or the Readers, I leave them to speak for me; and, if they can, to

make out that Character, not pretending to a greater, which I have given them.

*To Her Royal Highness the DUTCHESS,
on the Memorable Victory gained by the
DUKE against the Hollanders, June the
3d, 1665. And on Her Journey after-
wards into the North.*

M A D A M,

W H E N, for our sakes, your *Heroes* you resign'd
To swelling Seas, and every faithless Wind;
When you releas'd his Courage, and set free
A Valour fatal to the Enemy,
You lodg'd your Country's Cares within your Breast
(The Mansion where soft Love should only rest :)
And ere our Foes abroad were overcome,
The noblest Conquest you had gain'd at home.
Ah, what Concerns did both your Souls divide!
Your Honour gave us what your Love deny'd:
And 'twas for him much easier to subdue
Those Foes he fought with, than to part from you.
That glorious Day, which two such Navies saw,
As each, unmatch'd, might to the World give Law,
Neptune, yet doubtful whom he should obey,
Held to them both the Trident of the Sea:
The Winds were hush'd, the Waves in Ranks were cast,
As awfully as when God's People pass:
Those, yet uncertain on whose Sails to blow,
These, where the Wealth of Nations ought to flow.
Then with the Duke your Highness rul'd the Day:
While all the Brave did his Command obey,
The Fair and Pious under you did pray. }
How pow'rful are chaste Vows! the Wind and Tide
You brib'd to combat on the *English* side.
Thus to your much lov'd Lord you did convey
An unknown Succour, sent the nearest way.

New Vigour to his wearied Arms you brought,
 (So *Moses* was upheld while *Israel* fought.)
 While, from afar, we heard the Cannon play,
 Like distant Thunder on a shiny Day.
 For absent Friends we were asham'd to fear,
 When we consider'd what you ventur'd there.
 Ships, Men and Arms, our Country might restore,
 But such a Leader could supply no more.
 With generous Thoughts of Conquest he did burn,
 Yet fought not more to vanquish than return.
 Fortune and Victory he did pursue,
 To bring them, as his Slaves, to wait on you.
 Thus Beauty ravish'd the Rewards of Fame,
 And the Fair triumph'd when the Brave o'ercame.
 Then, as you meant to spread another way
 By Land your Conquests, far as his by Sea,
 Leaving our Southern Clime, you march'd along
 The stubborn North, ten thousand *Cupids* strong.
 Like Commons the Nobility resort,
 In crowding Heaps, to fill your moving Court:
 To welcome your Approach the Vulgar run,
 Like some new Envoy from the distant Sun.
 And Country Beauties by their Lovers go,
 Blessing themselves, and wondring at the Show.
 So when the New-born *Phoenix* first is seen,
 Her feather'd Subjects all adore their Queen,
 And, while she makes her Progress through the East,
 From every Grove her numerous Train's increast:
 Each Poet of the Air her Glory sings,
 And round him the pleas'd Audience clap their Wings.

*And now, Sir, 'tis time I should relieve you from
 the tedious length of this Account. You have better
 and more profitable Employment for your Hours and
 I wrong the Publick to detain you longer. In Con-
 clusion, I must leave my Poem to you with all its
 Faults, which I hope to find fewer in the Printing by*

Ensuing Poem.

xv

by your Emendations. I know you are not of the number of those, of whom the younger Pliny speaks, Nec sunt parum multi, qui carpere amicos suos judicium vocant; I am rather too secure of you on that side. Your Candor in pardoning my Errors may make you more remiss in correcting them; if you will not withal consider that they come into the World with your Approbation, and through your Hands. I beg from you the greatest Favour you can confer upon an absent Person, since I repose upon your Management what is dearest to me, my Fame and Reputation; and therefore I hope it will stir you up to make my Poem fairer by many of your Blots; if not, you know the Story of the Gamester who married the rich Man's Daughter, and when her Father denied the Portion, Christened all the Children by his Sirname, that if, in Conclusion, they must beg, they should do so by one Name, as well as by the other. But since the Reproach of my Faults will light on you, 'tis but reason I should do you that Justice to the Readers, to let them know, that if there be any thing tolerable in this Poem, they owe the Argument to your Choice, the Writing to your Encouragement, the Correction to your Judgment, and the Care of it to your Friendship, to which he must ever acknowledge himself to owe all things, who is,

S I R,

The most Obedient, and most

Faithful of your Servants,

*From Charlton in
Wiltshire, Nov.
10. 1666.*

JOHN DRYDEN.



ANNUS MIRABILIS:

The YEAR of WONDERS, MDCLXVI.

I.



N thriving Arts long time had *Holland*
grown,
Crouching at home, and cruel when
abroad:
Scarce leaving us the means to claim
our own;
Our King they courted, and our
Merchants aw'd.

II.

Trade, which, like Blood, should circularly flow,
Stopp'd in their Channels, found its freedom lost:
Thither the Wealth of all the World did go,
And seem'd but Shipwrack'd on so base a Coast.

III.

For them alone the Heav'ns had kindly heat,
(a) In Eastern Quarries ripening precious Dew:

(a) In Eastern Quarries, &c.] Precious Stones at first are
Dew, condens'd and hardned by the Warmth of the
Sun, or subterranean Fires.

2 *The THIRD PART of*

For them the *Idumean* Balm did sweat,
And in hot *Ceilon* Spicy Forests grew.

IV.

The Sun but seem'd the Lab'rer of the Year;

(b) Each waxing Moon supply'd her watry Store,
To swell those Tides, which from the Line did bear
Their brim-full Vessels, to the *Belgian* Shore.

V.

Thus mighty in her Ships, stood *Carthage* long,
And swept the Riches of the World from far;
Yet stoop'd to *Rome*, less wealthy, but more strong:
And this may prove our second *Punic* War.

VI.

What Peace can be, where both to one pretend?
(But they more diligent, and we more strong)
Or if a Peace, it soon must have an end;
For they would grow too pow'rful, were it long.

VII.

Behold two Nations then, ingag'd so far,
That each seven Years the Fit must shake each Land:
Where *France* will side to weaken us by War,
Who only can his vast Designs withstand.

VIII.

See how he feeds th' (c) *Iberian* with delays,
To render us his timely Friendship vain;
And, while his secret Soul on *Flanders* preys,
He rocks the Cradle of the Babe of *Spain*.

IX.

Such deep Designs of Empire does he lay
O'er them, whose Cause he seems to take in hand:
And, prudently, would make them Lords at Sea,
To whom with ease he can give Laws by Land.

(b) *Each waxing, &c.*] According to their Opinion, who think, that great Heap of Waters under the Line, is depressed into Tides by the Moon, towards the Poles.

(c) *Th' Iberian, the Spaniard.*

MISCELLANY POEMS.

3

X.

This saw our King; and long within his Breast
His pensive Counsels ballanc'd to and fro;
He griev'd the Land he freed should be oppress'd,
And he less for it than Usurpers do.

XI.

His gen'rous Mind the fair *Ideas* drew
Of Fame and Honour, which in Dangers lay;
Where Wealth, like Fruit on Precipices, grew,
Not to be gather'd but by Birds of Prey.

XII.

The Loss and Gain each fatally were great;
And still his Subjects call'd aloud for War:
But peaceful Kings o'er martial People set,
Each other's Poize and Counterballance are.

XIII.

He, first, survey'd the Charge with careful Eyes,
Which none but mighty Monarchs could maintain;
Yet judg'd, like vapours that from Limbeck's rise,
It would in richer Showers descend again.

XIV.

At length resolv'd t' assert the watry Ball,
He in himself did whole Armado's bring:
Him, aged Sea-men might their Master call,
And chuse for General, were he not their King.

XV.

It seems as every Ship their Sovereign knows,
His awful Summons they so soon obey;
So hear the scaly Herd when (d) *Proteus* blows,
And so to Pasture follow through the Sea.

XVI.

To see this Fleet upon the Ocean move,
Angels drew wide the Curtains of the Skies:
And Heav'n, as if there wanted Lights above,
For Tapers made two glaring Comets rise.

(d) *When Proteus blows, or Cœruleus Proteus immania ponti armenta & magnas poscit sub gurgite Phocas. Virg.*

The THIRD PART of

XVII.

Whether they unctuous Exhalations are,
 Fix'd by the Sun, or seeming so alone;
 Or each some more remote and slippery Star,
 Which loses footing when to Mortals shewn.

XVIII.

Or one, that bright Companion of the Sun,
 Whose glorious Aspect seal'd our new-born King;
 And now, a Round of greater Years begun,
 New Influence from his Walks of Light did bring.

XIX.

Victorious *York* did, first, with fam'd Success,
 To his known Valour, make the *Dutch* give place:
 Thus Heav'n our Monarch's Fortune did confess,
 Beginning Conquest from his Royal Race.

XX.

But since it was decreed, Auspicious King,
 In *Britain's* Right that thou shouldst wed the Main,
 Heav'n, as a Gage, would cast some precious thing,
 And therefore doom'd that *Lawson* should bestain.

XXI.

Lawson amongst the foremost met his Fate,
 Whom Sea-green *Syrens* from the Rocks lament:
 Thus as an Offering for the *Grecian* State,
 He first was kill'd who first to Battel went.

XXII.

(†) Their Chief blown up, in Air, not Waves, expir'd,
 To which his Pride presum'd to give the Law:
 The *Dutch* confess'd Heaven present, and retir'd,
 And all was *Britain* the wide Ocean saw.

XXIII.

To nearest Ports their shatter'd Ships repair,
 Where by our dreadful Canon they lay aw'd:
 So reverently Men quit the open Air,
 When Thunder speaks the angry Gods abroad.

(†) *The Admiral of Holland.*

MISCELLANY POEMS. 5

XXIV.

* And now approach'd their Fleet from *India* fraught,
With all the Riches of the rising Sun :
And precious Sand from (c) Southern Climates brought,
(The fatal Regions where the War begun.)

XXV.

Like hunted *Casters*, conscious of their Store,
Their way-laid Wealth to *Norway's* Coasts they bring :
There first the North's cold Bosome Spices bore,
And Winter brooded on the Eastern Spring.

XXVI.

By the rich Scent we found our perfum'd Prey,
Which flank'd with Rocks, did close in Covert lie :
And round about their murdering Canon lay,
At once to threaten and invite the Eye.

XXVII.

Fiercer than Canon, and than Rocks more hard,
The *English* undertake th' unequal War :
Seven Ships alone, by which the Port is barr'd,
Besiege the *Indies*, and all *Denmark* dare.

XXVIII.

These fight like Husbands, but like Lovers those :
These fain would keep, and those more fain enjoy :
And to such Height their frantick Passion grows,
That what both love, both hazard to destroy.

XXIX.

Amidst whole Heaps of Spices lights a Ball,
And now their Odours arm'd against them flie :
Some preciously by shatter'd Porcelain fall,
And some by Aromatick Splinters die.

XXX.

And though by Tempests of the Prize bereft,
In Heaven's Inclemency some Ease we find :
Our Foes we vanquish'd by our Valour left,
And only yielded to the Seas and Wind.

*The Attempt at Berghen. (c) Southern Climates, Guinny.

XXXI.

Nor wholly lost we so deserv'd a Prey;
 For Storms, repenting, part of it restor'd:
 Which, as a Tribute from the *Baltick* Sea,
 The *British* Ocean sent her mighty Lord.

XXXII.

Go, Mortals, now, and vex yourselves in vain
 For Weakh, which so uncertainly must come:
 When what was brought so far, and with such Pain,
 Was only kept to lose it nearer home.

XXXIII.

The Son, who, twice three Months on th' Ocean tost,
 Prepar'd to tell what he had pass'd before,
 Now sees in *English* Ships the *Holland* Coast,
 And Parents Arms, in vain, stretcht from the Shore.

XXXIV.

This careful Husband had been long away,
 Whom his chaste Wife and little Children mourn;
 Who on their Fingers learn'd to tell the Day
 On which their Father promis'd to return.

XXXV.

(f) Such are the proud Designs of human-kind,
 And so we suffer Shipwrack every where!
 Alas, what Port can such a Pilot find,
 Who in the Night of Fate must blindly steer.

XXXVI.

The undistinguish'd Seeds of Good and Ill
 Heaven, in his Bosom, from our Knowledge hides;
 And draws them in contempt of human Skill,
 Which oft, for Friends, mistaken Foes provides.

XXXVII.

Let *Munster's* Prelate ever be accurst,
 In whom we seek the (g) *German* Faith in vain:

(f) *Such are, &c. from Petronius, Si bene calculum
 ponas, ubique fit naufragium.*

(g) *The German Faith. Tacitus saith of them, Nullos
 mortalium fide aut armis ante Germanos esse.*

MISCELLANY POEMS.

7

Alas, that he should teach the *English* first,
That *Fraud* and *Avarice* in the Church could reign!

XXXVIII.

Happy who never trust a Stranger's Will,
Whose Friendship's in his Interest understood!
Since Money giv'n but tempts him to be ill,
When Pow'r is too remote to make him good.

XXXIX.

Till now, alone the Mighty Nations strove;
The rest, at gaze, without the Lists did stand:
And * threatening *France*, plac'd like a painted *Jove*,
Kept idle Thunder in his lifted Hand.

XL.

That Eunuch Guardian of rich *Holland's* Trade,
Who envies us what he wants Pow'r t' enjoy!
Whose noiseful Valour does no Foe invade,
And weak Assistance will his Friends destroy.

XLI.

Offended that we fought without his leave,
He takes this time his secret Hate to shew:
Which *Charles* does with a Mind so calm receive,
As one that neither seeks, nor shuns his Foe.

XLII.

With *France*, to aid the *Dutch*, the *Danes* unite:
France as their Tyrant, *Denmark* as their Slave.
But when with one three Nations join to fight,
They silently confess that one more brave.

XLIII.

Lewis had chas'd the *English* from his Shore;
But *Charles* the *French* as Subjects does invite:
Would Heav'n for each some *Solomon* restore,
Who, by their Mercy, may decide their Right.

XLIV.

Were Subjects so but only by their Choice,
And not from Birth did forc'd Dominion take,
Our Prince alone would have the publick Voice;
And all his Neighbours Realms would Desarts make.

* War declar'd by *France*,

3 *The THIRD PART of*

XLV.

He without Fear a dangerous War pursues,
Which without Rashness he began before.
As Honour made him first the Danger chuse,
So still he makes it good on Virtue's score.

XLVI.

The doubled Charge his Subjects Love supplies,
Who, in that Bounty, to themselves are kind;
So glad *Egyptians* see their *Nilus* rise,
And in his Plenty their Abundance find.

XLVII.

With equal Pow'r he does * two Chiefs create,
Two such, as each seem'd worthiest when alone:
Each able to sustain a Nation's Fate,
Since both had found a greater in their own.

XLVIII.

Both great in Courage, Conduct, and in Fame,
Yet neither envious of the other's Praise;
Their Duty, Faith, and Int'rest too the same,
Like mighty Partners equally they raise.

XLIX.

The Prince long time had courted Fortune's Love,
But once possess'd did absolutely reign:
Thus with their *Amazons* the *Heroes* strove,
And conquer'd first those Beauties they would gain.

L.

The Duke beheld, like *Scipio*, with Disdain
That *Carthage*, which he ruin'd, rise once more:
And shook aloft the Fasces of the Main,
To fright those Slaves with what they felt before.

LI.

Together to the watry Camp they haste,
Whom Matrons passing, to their Children shew:

* *Prince Rupert and Duke Albemarle sent to Sea.*

MISCELLANY POEMS.

9

Infants first Vows for them to Heav'n are cast,
And (b) future People bless them as go.

LII.

With them no riotous Pomp, nor *Asian* Train,
T' infect a Navy with their gaudy Fears :
To make slow Fights, and Victories but vain ;
But War, severely, like it self, appears.

LIII.

Diffusive of themselves, where-e'er they pass,
They make that Warmth in others they expect :
Their Valour works like Bodies on a Glass,
And does its Image on their Men project.

LIV.

* Our Fleet divides, and straight the *Dutch* appear,
In number, and a fam'd Commander, bold :
The Narrow-Seas can scarce their Navy bear,
Or crowded Vessels can their Soldiers hold.

LV.

The Duke, less numerous, but in Courage more,
On Wings of all the Winds to Combat flies :
His murdering Guns a loud Defiance roar,
And bloody Crosses on his Flag-Staffs rise.

LVI.

Both furl their Sails, and strip them for the Fight ;
Their folded Sheets dismiss the useless Air :
(i) Th' *Elean* Plains could boast no nobler sight,
When struggling Champions did their Bodies bare.

LVII.

Born each by other in a distant Line,
The Sea-built Forts in dreadful order move :

(b) *Future People*, Examina infantium futurisque
populus. Plin. Jun. in Pan. ad Traj.

* *Duke of Albemarle's Battle, first Day.*

(i) Th' *Elean*, &c. where the Olympick Games were
celebrated.

So vast the Noise, as if not Fleets did join,
(k) But Lands unfixt and floating Nations strove.

LXVII.

Now pass'd, on either side they nimbly tack,
Both strive to intercept and guide the Wind:
And, in its Eye, more closely they come back
To finish all the Deaths they left behind.

LIX.

On high-rais'd Decks the haughty *Belgians* ride,
Beneath whose Shade our humble *Frigats* go:
Such port the *Elephants* bears, and so defy'd
By the *Rhinoceros* her unequal Foe.

LX.

And as the Built, so different is the Fight;
Their mounting Shot is on our Sails design'd:
Deep in their Hulls our deadly Bullets light,
And through the yielding Planks a passage find.

LXI.

Our dreaded Admiral from far they threat,
Whose batter'd Rigging their whole War receives:
All bare, like some old Oak which Tempests beat,
He stands, and sees below his scatter'd Leaves.

LXII.

Heroes of old, when wounded, Shelter sought,
But he, who meets all Danger with disdain,
Ev'n in their Face his Ship to Anchor brought,
And Steeple-high stood propt upon the Main.

LXIII.

At this excess of Courage, all amaz'd,
The foremost of his Foes a while withdraw:
With such respect in enter'd *Rome* they gaz'd,
Who on high Chairs the God-like Fathers saw.

LXIV.

And now, as where *Patroclus* Body lay,
Here *Trojan* Chiefs advanc'd, and there the *Greek*:

(k) *Lands unfix'd*, from Virgil: *Credas innare revul-*
sas Cycladas, &c.

MISCELLANY POEMS. 11

Ours o'er the Duke their pious Wings display,
And theirs the noblest Spoils of *Britain* seek.

LXV.

Mean time, his busie Mariners he hastes,
His shatter'd Sails with Rigging to restore:
And willing Pines ascend his broken Masts,
Whose lofty heads rise higher than before.

LXVI.

Streight to the *Dutch* he turns his dreadful Frow,
More fierce th' important Quarrel to decide:
Like Swans, in long array his Vessels shew,
Whose Crests, advancing, do the Waves divide.

LXVII.

They charge, re-charge, and all along the Sea
They drive, and squander the huge *Belgian* Fleet.
Berkley alone who nearest Danger lay,
Did a like Fate with lost *Crensa* meet.

LXVIII.

The Night comes on, we eager to pursue
The Combat still, and they asham'd to leave:
Till the last Streaks of dying Day withdrew,
And doubtful Moon-light did our Rage deceive.

LXIX.

In th' *English* Fleet each Ship resounds with Joy,
And loud Applause of their great Leader's Fame:
In fiery Dreams the *Dutch* they still destroy,
And slumbering, smile at the imagin'd Flame.

LXX.

Not so the *Holland* Fleet, who tir'd and done,
Stretch'd on their Decks like weary Oxen lie:
Faint Swears all down their mighty Members run,
(Vast Bulks which little Souls but ill supply.)

LXXI.

In Dreams they fearful Precipices tread,
Or, Shipwreck'd, labour to some distant Shore:
Or in dark Churches walk among the Dead;
They wake with Horror, and dare sleep no more.

12 *The THIRD PART of*

LXXII.

* The Morn they look on with unwilling Eyes,
Till, from their Main-top, joyful News they hear
Of Ships, which by their mould bring new Supplies,
And in their Colours *Belgian* Lions bear.

LXXIII.

Our watchful General had discern'd, from far,
This mighty Succour which made glad the Foe:
He sigh'd, but, like a Father of the War,
(1) His Face spake hope, while deep his Sorrows flow.

LXXIV.

His wounded Men he first sends off to Shore:
(Never, till now, unwilling to obey.)
They, not their Wounds but want of Strength deplore,
And think them happy who with him can stay.

LXXV.

Then, to the rest, Rejoyce, (said he,) to Day,
In you the Fortune of *Great Britain* lies:
Among so brave a People, you are they,
Whom Heav'n has chose to fight for such a Prize.

LXXVI.

If Number *English* Courages could quell,
We should at first have shun'd, not met, our Foes;
Whose numerous Sails the fearful only tell:
Courage from Hearts, and not from Numbers grows.

LXXVII.

He said; nor needed more to say: with haste
To their known Stations chearfully they go:
And all at once, disdaining to be last,
Solicit every Gale to meet the Foe.

LXXVIII.

Nor did th'incourag'd *Belgians* long delay,
But, bold in others, not themselves, they stood:
So thick, our Navy scarce could steer their way,
But seem'd to wander in a moving Wood.

* *Second Day's Battel.*

(1) *His Face, &c. Spem vultu simulat, premit alto
corde dolorem. Virg.*

LXXIX.

Our little Fleet was now engag'd so far,
That, like the Sword-Fish in the Whale, they fought
The Combat only seem'd a Civil War,
Till through their Bowels we our Passage wrought.

LXXX.

Never had Valour, no not ours before,
Done ought like this upon the Land or Main,
Where not to be o'ercome was to do more
Than all the Conquests former Kings did gain.

LXXXI.

The mighty Ghosts of our great *Harries* rose,
And armed *Edwards* look'd, with anxious Eyes,
To see this Fleet among unequal Foes,
By which Fate promis'd them their *Charles* should rise.

LXXXII.

Mean-time the *Belgians* tack upon our Rear,
And raking Chase-guns through our Sterns they send:
Close by, their Fire-ships, like *Jackals*, appear,
Who on their Lions for the Prey attend.

LXXXIII.

Silent in Smoke of Cannons they come on:
(Such Vapours once did fiery *Cæus* hide:)
In these the height of pleas'd Revenge is shewn,
Who burn contented by another's side.

LXXXIV.

Sometimes, from fighting Squadrons of each Fleet,
(Deceiv'd themselves, or to preserve some Friend,)
Two grappling *Ætna's* on the Ocean meet,
And *English* Fires with *Belgian* Flames contend.

LXXXV.

Now, at each tack, our little Fleet grows less;
And, like maim'd Fowl, swim lagging on the Main:
Their greater Loss their Numbers scarce confess,
While they lose cheaper than the *English* gain.

LXXXVI.

Have you not seen, when, whistled from the Fist,
Some Falcon stoops at what her Eye design'd,

And, with her eagerness, the Quarry miss'd,
 Streight flies at check, and clips it down the Wind.

LXXXVII.

The dastard Crow, that to the Wood made wing,
 And sees the Groves no shelter can afford,
 With her loud Kaws her Craven kind does bring,
 Who, safe in Numbers, cuff the noble Bird.

LXXXVIII.

Among the *Dutch* thus *Albemar!* did fare:
 He could not conquer, and disdain'd to flee;
 Past hope of Safety, 'twas his latest care,
 Like falling *Cæsar*, decently to die.

LXXXIX.

Yet Pity did his Manly Spirit move
 To see those perish who so well had fought:
 And, generously, with his Despair he strove,
 Resolv'd to live till he their Safety wrought.

XC.

Let other Muses write his prosp'rous Fate,
 Of conquer'd Nations tell, and Kings restor'd:
 But mine shall sing of his eclips'd Estate,
 Which, like the Sun's, more Wonders does afford.

XCI.

He drew his mighty Frigats all before,
 On which the Foe his fruitless Force employs:
 His weak ones deep into his Reer he bore,
 Remote from Guns as Sick Men from the Noise.

XCII.

His fiery Cannon did their Passage guide,
 And following Smoke obscur'd them from the Foe:
 Thus *Israel* safe from the *Egyptian's* Pride,
 By flaming Pillars, and by Clouds did go.

XCIII.

Elsewhere the *Belgian* Force we did defeat,
 But here our Courages did theirs subdue:
 So *Xenophon* once led that fam'd Retreat,
 Which first the *Asian* Empire overthrew.

MISCELLANY POEMS. 15

XCIV.

The Foe approach'd; and one, for his bold Sin,
Was sunk, (as he that touch'd the Ark was slain :)
The wild Waves master'd him, and suck'd him in,
And smiling Eddies dimpled on the Main.

XCV.

This seen, the rest at awful Distance stood;
As if they had been there as Servants fer,
To stay, or to go on, as he thought good,
And not pursue, but wait on his Retreat.

XCVI.

So Libyan Huntsmen, on some sandy Plain,
From shady Coverts rout'd, the Lion chase:
The Kingly Beast roars out with loud disdain,
(m) And slowly moves; unknowing to give place.

XCVII.

But if some one approach to dare his Force,
He swings his Tail, and swiftly turns him round:
With one Paw seizes on his trembling Horse,
And with the other tears him to the Ground.

XCVIII.

Amidst these Toils succeeds the balmy Night,
Now hissing Waters the quench'd Guns restore;
(n) And weary Waves, withdrawing from the Fight,
Lie lull'd and panting on the silent Shore.

XCIX.

The Moon shone clear on the becalmed Flood,
Where, while her Beams like glittering silver play,
Upon the Deck our careful General stood,
And deeply mus'd on the (o) succeeding Day.

(m) *The Simile is Virgil's, Vestigia retro impropere-
ta refert, &c.*

(n) *Weary Waves, from Statius Sylv. Nec truci-
bus fluxu is idem sonus: Occidit horror æquoris, anten-
nis maria acclinata quiescunt.*

(o) *The third of June, famous for two former Victories.*

16 *The THIRD PART of*

C.

That happy Sun, said he, will rise again,
 Who twice victorious did our Navy see:
 And I alone must view him rise in vain,
 Without one Ray of all his Star for me.

CI.

Yet, like an *English* Gen'ral will I die,
 And all the Ocean make my spacious Grave:
 Women and Cowards on the Land may lie;
 The Sea's a Tomb that's proper for the Brave.

CII.

Restless he pass'd the Remnants of the Night,
 Till the fresh Air proclaim'd the Morning nigh:
 And burning Ships, the Martyrs of the Fight,
 With paler Fires beheld the Eastern Sky.

CIII.

But now, his Stores of Ammunition spent,
 His naked Valour is his only Guard:
 * Rare Thunders are from his dumb Cannon sent,
 And solitary Guns are scarcely heard.

CIV.

Thus far had Fortune Pow'r, here forc'd to stay,
 Nor longer durst with Virtue be at Strife:
 This, as a Ransom, *Albemarle* did pay,
 For all the Glories of so great a Life.

CV.

For now brave *Rupert* from afar appears,
 Whose waving Streamers the glad General knows:
 With full spread Sails his eager Navy steers,
 And every Ship in swift Proportion grows.

CVI.

The anxious Prince had heard the Cannon long,
 And from that length of time dire Omens drew
 Of *English* over-match'd, and *Dutch* too strong,
 Who never fought three Days but to pursue.

* *Third Day.*

MISCELLANY POEMS. 17

CVII.

Then, as an Eagle, (who, with pious Care,
Was beating widely on the Wing for Prey,)
To her now silent *Eiry* does repair,
And finds her callow Infants forc'd away.

CVIII.

Stung with her Love, she stoops upon the Plain,
The broken Air loud whistling as she flies:
She stops, and listens, and shoots forth again,
And guides her Pinions by her Young ones Cries.

CIX.

With such kind Passion hastes the Prince to fight,
And spreads his flying Canvas to the Sound:
Him, whom no Danger, were he there, could fright,
Now, absent, every little Noise can wound.

CX.

As, in a Drought, the thirsty Creatures cry,
And gape upon the gather'd Clouds for Rain;
And first the Martlet meets it in the Sky,
And, with wet Wings, joys all the feather'd Train.

CXI.

With such glad Hearts did our despairing Men,
Salute th' Appearance of the Prince's Fleet:
And each ambitiously would claim the Ken,
That with first Eyes did distant Safety meet.

CXII.

The *Dutch*, who came like greedy Hinds before,
To reap the Harvest their ripe Ears did yield,
Now look like those, when rowling Thunders roar,
And Sheets of Lightning blast the standing Field.

CXIII.

Full in the Prince's Passage, Hills of Sand,
And dang'rous Flats, in secret Ambush lay,
Where the false Tides skim o'er the cover'd Land,
And Sea-men with disssembled Depths betray.

CXIV.

The wily *Dutch*, who, like fall'n-Angels, fear'd
This new *Messiah's* coming, there did wait,

18. *The THIRD PART of*

And round the Verge their braving Vessels steer'd,
To tempt his Courage with so fair a Bait.

CXV.

But he, unmov'd, contemns their idle Threat,
Secure of Fame whene'er he please to fight:
His cold Experience tempers all his Heat,
And inbred Worth doth boasting Valour slight.

CXVI.

Heroick Virtue did his Actions guide,
And he the Substance not th' Appearance chose:
To rescue one such Friend he took more Pride,
Than to destroy whole Thousands of such Foes.

CXVII.

But, when approach'd, in strict Embraces bound,
Rupert and *Albemarle* together grow:
He joys to have his Friend in Safety found,
Which he to none but to that Friend would owe.

CXVIII.

The chearful Soldiers, with new Stores supply'd,
Now long to execute their spleenful Will;
And, in Revenge for those three Days they try'd,
With one, like *Jeshuah's*, when the Sun stood still.

CXIX.

Thus re-inforc'd, against the adverse Fleet,
Still doubling ours, brave *Rupert* leads the way:
† With the first Blushes of the Morn they meet,
And bring Night back upon the new-born Day.

CXX.

His Presence soon blows up the kindling Fight,
And his loud Guns speak thick like angry Men:
It seem'd as Slaughter had been breath'd all Night,
And Death new pointed his dull Dart agen.

CXXI.

The *Dutch* too well his mighty Conduct knew,
And matchless Courage, since the former Fight:
Whose Navy like a stiff-stretch'd Cord did shew,
Till he bore in, and bent them into Flight.

† *Fourth Day's Battel.*

CXXII.

The Wind he shares while half their Fleet offends
His open Side, and high above him shews :
Upon the rostrum at Pleasure he descends,
And, doubly harm'd, he double Harms bestows.

CXXIII.

Behind, the Gen'ral mends his weary Pace,
And suddenly to his Revenge he sails :
(p) So glides some trodden Serpent on the Grass,
And long behind his wounded Volume trails.

CXXIV.

Th' increasing Sound is born to either Shore,
And for their Stakes the throwing Nations fear :
Their Passions double with the Cannons roar,
And with warm Wishes each Man combats there.

CXXV.

Ply'd thick and close as when the Fight begun,
Their huge unwieldy Navy wastes away :
So sicken waning Moons too near the Sun,
And blunt their Crescents on the Edge of Day.

CXXVI.

And now reduc'd on equal Terms to fight,
Their Ships like wasted Patrimonies shew :
Where the thin scatt'ring Trees admit the Light,
And shun each others Shadows as they grow.

CXXVII.

The warlike Prince had sever'd from the rest
Two giant Ships, the Pride of all the Main ;
Which, with his one, so vigorously he press'd,
And flew so home, they could not rise again.

CXXVIII.

Already batter'd, by his Lee they lay,
In vain upon the passing Winds they call :
The passing Winds through their torn Canvass play,
And flapping Sails on heartless Sailors fall.

(p) *So glides, &c. from Virgil. Quum medii nexus,
extremæque agmina caudæ solvantur; tardosque
trahit sinus ultimus orbes, &c.*

CXXIX.

Their open'd Sides receive a gloomy Light,
 Dreadful as Day let into Shades below:
 Without, grim Death rides bare-fac'd in their Sight,
 And urges ear'ring Billows as they flow.

CXXX.

When one dire Shot, the last they could supply,
 Close by the Board the Prince's Main-mast bore:
 All three now helpless, by each other lie,
 And this offends not, and those fear no more.

CXXXI.

So have I seen some fearful Hare maintain
 A Course, till tir'd before the Dog she lay:
 Who, stretch'd behind her, pants upon the Plain,
 Past Pow'r to kill as she to get away.

CXXXII.

With his loll'd Tongue he faintly licks his Prey,
 His warm Breath blows her Flix up as she lies:
 She, trembling, creeps upon the Ground away,
 And looks back to him with beseeching Eyes.

CXXXIII.

The Prince unjustly does his Stars accuse,
 Which hinder'd him to push his Fortune on:
 For whar they to his Courage did refuse,
 By mortal Valour never must be done.

CXXXIV.

This lucky Hour the wise *Batavian* takes,
 And warns his tatter'd Fleet to follow home:
 Proud to have so got off with equal Stakes,
 (q) Where 'twas a Triumph not to be o'ercome.

CXXXV.

The General's Force, as kept alive by Fight,
 Now, not oppos'd, no longer can pursue:
 Lasting till Heav'n had done his Courage Right,
 When he had conquer'd, he his Weakness knew.

(q) *From Horace, Quos opimus fallere & effugere est triumphus.*

CXXXVI.

He casts a Frown on the departing Foe,
And sighs to see him quit the watry Field:
His stern fix'd Eyes no Satisfaction shew,
For all the Glories which the Fight did yield.

CXXXVII.

Though, as when Fiends did Miracles avow,
He stands confess'd ev'n by the boastful *Dutch*,
: only does his Conquest disavow,
And thinks too little what they found too much.

CXXXVIII.

Turn'd, he with the Fleet resolv'd to stay,
No tender Thoughts of Home his Heart divide:
His sick Joys and Cares he puts away,
For Realms are Households which the Great must guide.

CXXXIX.

Those who unripe Veins in Mines explore,
On the rich Bed again the warm Turf lay,
All Time digests the yet imperfect Ore,
And know it will be Gold another Day.

CXL.

Looks our Monarch on this early Fight,
Th' Essay, and Rudiments of great Success:
Such all-maturing time must bring to Light,
While he, like Heav'n, does each Day's Labour bless.

CXLI.

Av'n ended not the first or second Day,
Yet each was perfect to the Work design'd:
And Kings work, when they their Work survey,
And passive Aptness in all Subjects find.

CXLII.

In burden'd Vessels, first, with speedy Care,
His plenteous Stores do season'd Timber send:
Either the brawny Carpenters repair,
And as the Surgeons of maim'd Ships, attend.

CXLIII.

Th' Cord and Canvas from rich *Hamburg* sent,
His Navies molted Wings he imp's once more:

His Majesty repairs the Fleet.

22 *The THIRD PART of*

Tall *Norway* Fir, their Masts in Battel spent,
And *English* Oak sprung Leaks and Planks restore.

CXLIV.

All Hands employ'd, (r) the Royal Work grows warm,
Like labouring Bees on a long Summer's Day,
Some sound the Trumpet for the rest to swarm,
And some on Bells of tasted Lillies play.

CXLV.

With glewy Wax some new Foundations lay
Of Virgin-combs, which from the Roof are hung:
Some arm'd within Doors, upon Duty stay,
Or tend the Sick, or educate the Young.

CXLVI.

So here, some pick out Bullets from the Sides,
Some drive old Okum through each Seam and Rift:
Their left Hand does the Calking-iron guide,
The ratling Mallet with the Right they lift.

CXLVII.

With boiling Pitch another near at Hand
(From friendly *Sweden* brought,) the Seams instops:
Which well laid o'er the salt Sea Waves withstand,
And shakes them from the rising Beak in Drops.

CXLVIII.

Some the gall'd Ropes with dawby Marling bind,
Or fear-cloth Masts with strong Tarpawling Coats:
To try new Shrouds one mounts into the Wind,
And one, below, their Ease or Stiffness notes.

CXLIX.

Our careful Monarch stands in Person by,
His new-cast Cannons Firmness to explore:
The Strength of big-corn'd Powder loves to try,
And Ball and Cartrage sorts for every Bore.

CL.

Each Day brings fresh Supplies of Arms and Men,
And Ships which all last Winter were abroad:
And such as fitted since the Fight had been,
Or new from Stocks were fall'n into the Road.

(r) *Fervet opus : The same similitude in Virgil.*

MISCELLANY POEMS. 23

CLI.

* The goodly *London* in her gallant Trim,
(The *Phoenix* Daughter of the vanish'd old :)
Like a rich Bride does to the *Ocean* swim,
And on her Shadow rides in floating Gold.

CLII.

Her Flag aloft spread ruffling to the Wind,
And sanguine Streamers seem the Flood to fire:
The Weaver charm'd with what his Loom design'd,
Goes on to Sea, and knows not to retire.

CLIII.

With roomy Decks, her Guns of mighty Strength,
(Whose low-laid Mouths each mounting Billow laves :)
Deep in her Draught, and warlike in her Length,
She seems a Sea-wasp flying on the Waves.

CLIV.

This martial Present, piously design'd,
The Loyal City give their best-lov'd King :
And with a Bounty ample as the Wind,
Built, fitted and maintain'd to aid him bring.

CLV.

† By viewing Nature, Nature's Hand-maid, Art,
Makes mighty things from small Beginnings grow :
Thus Fishes first to Shipping did impart,
- Their Tail the Rudder, and their Head the Prow.

CLVI.

Some Log, perhaps, upon the Waters swam,
An useless Drift, which, rudely cut within,
And hollow'd, first a floating Trough became,
And cross some Riv'let Passage did begin.

CLVII.

In shipping such as this, the *Irish Kern*
And untaught *Indian*, on the Stream did glide:
Ere sharp-keel'd Boats to stem the Flood did learn,
Or fin-like Oars did spread from either side.

* Loyal London described

† Digression concerning Shipping and Navigation.

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CLVIII.

Add but a Sail, and *Saturn* so appear'd,
When, from loft Empire, he to Exile went,
And with the Golden Age to *Tyber* steer'd,
Where Coin and first Commerce he did invent.

CLIX.

Rude as their Ships was Navigation, then;
No useful Compass or Meridian known:
Coasting, they kept the Land within their Ken,
And knew no North but when the Pole-star shone.

CLX.

Of all who since have us'd the open Sea,
Than the bold *English* none more Fame have won:
(f) Beyond the Year, and out of Heav'n's high-way
They make Discoveries where they see no Sun.

CLXI.

But what so long in vain, and yet unknown,
By poor Mankind's benighted Wit is fought:
Shall in this Age to *Britain* first be shewn,
And hence be to admiring Nations taught.

CLXII.

The Ebbs of Tides, and their mysterious Flow,
We, as Arts Elements shall understand:
And as by Line upon the Ocean go,
Whose Paths shall be familiar as the Land.

CLXIII.

(r) Instructed Ships shall sail to quick Commerce;
By which remotest Regions are ally'd:
Which makes one City of the Universe,
Where some may gain, and all may be supply'd.

CLXIV.

Then, we upon our Globes last Verge shall go,
And view the Ocean leaning on the Sky:
From thence our rolling Neighbours we shall know,
And on the Lunar World securely pry.

(f) Extra anni solisque vias, *Virg.*

(r) By a more exact Measure of Longitude.

CLXV.

This I foretel, from * your auspicious Care,
Who great in search of God and Nature grow :
Who best your wife Creator's Praise declare,
Since best to praise his Works is best to know.

CLXVI.

O truly Royal! who behold the Law,
And Rule of Beings in your Maker's Mind :
And thence, like Limbecks, rich Idea's draw,
To fit the levell'd Use of Human-kind.

CLXVII.

But first the Toils of War we must endure,
And from th' Injurious *Dutch* redeem the Seas.
War makes the Valiant of his Right secure,
And gives up Fraud to be chastis'd with Ease.

CLXVIII.

Already were the *Belgians* on our Coast,
Whose Fleet more mighty every Day became
By late Success, which they did falsely boast,
And now, by first appearing seem'd to claim.

CLXIX.

Designing, Subtil, Diligent, and Close,
They knew to manage War with wise Delay :
Yet all those Arts their Vanity did cross,
And, by their Pride, their Prudence did betray.

CLXX.

Nor staid the *English* long : But, well supply'd,
Appear as numerous as th' insulting Foe :
The Combat now by Courage must be try'd,
And the Success the braver Nation shew.

CLXXI.

There was the *Plymouth* Squadron now come in,
Which in the *Streights* last Winter was abroad :
Which twice on *Biscay*'s working-Bay had been,
And on the Mid-land Sea the *French* had aw'd.

* *Apóstrophe to the Royal Society.*

CLXX.

Old exper *Allen*, *Loyal* *de* *Living*,
Fam'd for his *Adm'n* on the *Arms* *Fier* :
 And *Haines*, whose *Name* has *live* in *Emick* *Song*,
 While *Malick* *Numbers*, or while *Vonic* has *Feet*.

CLXXI.

Hibbs, the *Achess* of the *Gen's* *Fight*,
 Who first bewitch'd our *Eyes* with *Gamm* *Gold* :
 As once old *Cas* in the *Town*'s *fight*
 The tempting *Fruits* of *Atack* did unfold.

CLXXIV.

With him went *Syrax*, as beautiful as *beave*,
 Whom his high *Courage* to command had brought :
Harman, who did the twice fir'd *Harry* save,
 And in his burning *Ship* undaunted fought.

CLXXV.

Young *Hollis*, on a *Mase* by *Mars* begot,
 Born, *Cæsar*-like, to write and act great *Deeds* :
 Impatient to revenge his fatal *Shot*,
 His *Right* *Hand* doubly to his *Left* succeeds.

CLXXVI.

Thousands were there in darker *Fame* that dwell,
 Whose *Deeds* some nobler *Poem* shall adorn :
 And, though to me unknown, they, sure, fought well,
 Whom *Reper* led, and who were *British* born.

CLXXVII.

Of every size an hundred fighting *Sail*,
 So vast the *Navy* now at *Anchor* rides,
 That underneath it the press'd *Waters* fail,
 And, with its *Weight*, it shoulders off the *Tides*.

CLXXVIII.

Now *Anchors* weigh'd, the *Seamen* shout so thrill,
 That *Heav'n* and *Earth* and the wide *Ocean* rings :
 A *Breeze* from *Westward* waits their *Sails* to fill,
 And rests, in those high *Beds*, his downy *Wings*.

CLXXIX.

The wary *Dutch* this gathering *Storm* foresaw,
 And durst not bide it on the *English* *Coast* :

MISCELLANY POEMS. 27

Behind their treach'rous Shallows they withdraw,
And there lay Snares to catch the *British* Host.

CLXXX.

So the false Spider, when her Nets are spread,
Deep ambush'd in her silent Den does lie:
And feels, far off, the trembling of her Thread,
Whose filmy Cord should bind the struggling Fly.

CLXXXI.

Then, if at last, she find him fast beset,
She issues forth, and runs along her Loom:
She joys to touch the Captive in her Net,
And drags the little Wretch in triumph home.

CLXXXII.

The *Belgians* hop'd, that, with disorder'd haste,
Our deep-cut Keels upon the Sands might run:
Or, if with caution leisurely were past,
Their numerous Grofs might charge us one by one.

CLXXXIII.

But, with a Fore-wind pushing them above,
And swelling Tide that heav'd them from below,
O'er the blind Flats our warlike Squadrons move,
And, with spread Sails, to welcom Battel go.

CLXXXIV.

It seem'd as there the *British Neptune* stood,
With all his Hosts of Waters at Command,
Beneath them to submit th' officious Flood:
(*) And, with his Trident, shov'd them off the Sand.

CLXXXV.

To the pale Foes they suddenly draw near,
And summon them to unexpected Fight:
They start like Murderers when Ghosts appear,
And draw their Curtains in the dead of Night.

CLXXXVI.

* Now Van to Van the foremost Squadrons meet,
The midmost Battels hastning up behind,

(*) *Levat ipse Tridenti, & vastas aperit Syntes, &c.*
Virg.

* *Second Battel.*

28 *The THIRD PART of*

Who view, far off, the Storm of falling Sleet,
And hear their Thunder ratling in the Wind.

CLXXXVII.

At length the adverse Admirals appear;
(The two bold Champions of each Country's right :)
Their Eyes describe the Lifts as they come near,
And draw the lines of Death before they fight.

CLXXXVIII.

The distance judg'd for Shot of ev'ry size,
The Linestocks touch, the pond'rous Ball expires :
The vig'rous Sea-man every Port-hole plies,
And adds his Heart to every Gun he fires.

CXLXXXIX.

Fierce was the Fight on the proud *Belgians* side,
For Honour, which they seldom fought before :
But now they by their own vain Boasts were ty'd,
And forc'd, at least in fiew, to prize it more.

CXC.

But sharp remembrance on the *English* part,
And Shame of being match'd by such a Foe,
Rouse conscious Virtue up in every Heart,
(w) And seeming to be stronger makes them so.

CXCL

Nor long the *Belgians* could that Fleet sustain,
Which did two Gen'ral's Fates, and *Cesar's* bear :
Each several Ship a Victory did gain,
As *Rupert* or as *Albemarl* were there.

CXCII.

Their batter'd Admiral too soon withdrew,
Unthank'd by ours for his unfinish'd Fight:
But he the Minds of his *Dutch* Masters knew,
Who call'd that Providence which we call'd Flight.

CXCIII.

Never did Men more joyfully obey,
Or sooner understood the Sign to flie:
With such Alacrity they bore away,
As if to praise them All the States stood by.

(w) Possunt, quia posse videntur. *Virg.*

CXCIV.

O famous Leader of the *Belgian* Fleet,
Thy Monument inscrib'd such Praise shall wear,
As *Varro*, timely flying, once did meet,
Because he did not of his *Rome* despair.

CXCV.

Behold that Navy which a while before
Provok'd the tardy *English* close to Fight;
Now draw their beaten Vessels close to Shore,
As Larks lie dar'd to shun the Hobbies flight.

CXCVI.

Who e're would *English* Monuments survey,
In other Records may our Courage know:
But let them hide the Story of this Day,
Whose Fame was blemish'd by too base a Foe.

CXCVII.

Or if too busily they will enquire
Into a Victory which we disdain:
Then let them know, the *Belgians* did retire
(x) Before the Patron Saint of injur'd *Spain*.

CXCVIII.

Repenting *England* this revengeful Day,
(y) To *Philip's* Manes, did an Off'ring bring:
England, which first, by leading them astray,
Hatch'd up Rebellion to destroy her King.

CXCIX.

Our Fathers bent their baneful Industry,
To check a Monarchy that slowly grew:
But did not *France* or *Holland's* Fate foresee,
Whose rising Pow'r to swift Dominion flew.

CC.

In Fortune's Empire blindly thus we go,
And wander after pathless Destiny:

(x) *Patron Saint*: St. James, on whose Day this Victory was gain'd.

(y) *Philip's Manes*: Philip the Second of Spain, against whom the *Hollanders* rebelling, were aided by Queen Elizabeth.

30 *The THIRD PART of*

Whose dark resorts since Prudence cannot know;
In vain it would provide for what shall be.

CCI.

But what e're *English* to the Bless'd shall go,
And the fourth *Harry* or first *Orange* meet:
Find him disowning of a *Bourbon* Foe,
And him detecting a *Batavian* Fleet.

CCII.

Now on their Coasts our conquering Navy rides,
Way-lays their Merchants, and their Land besets,
Each Day new Wealth without their Care provides,
They lie asleep with Prizes in their Nets.

CCIII.

So, close behind some Promontory lie
The huge Leviathans t'attend their Prey:
And give no Chace, but swallow in the Frie,
Which through their gaping Jaws mistake the way.

CCIV.

Nor was this all: * In Ports and Roads remote,
Destructive Fires among whole Fleets we send:
Triumphant Flames upon the Water floor,
And our-bound Ships at Home their Voyage end.

CCV.

Those various Squadrons, variously design'd,
Each Vessel freighted with a several Load:
Each Squadron waiting for a several Wind,
All find but one, to bust them in the Road.

CCVI.

Some bound for *Guinny*, golden Sand to find,
Bore all the Gauds the simple Natives wear:
Some for the Pride of *Turkish* Courts design'd,
For folded *Turbans* finest *Holland* bear.

CCVII.

Some *English* Wool, vex'd in a *Belgian* Loom,
And into Cloth of spongy softness made:
Did into *France* or colder *Denmark* doom,
To ruin with worse Ware our Staple Trade.

* *Burning of the Fleet, in the Vly, by Sir Robert Holmes.*

CCVIII.

Our greedy Seamen rummage every hold,
Smile on the Booty of each weaker Chest:
And, as the Priests who with their Gods make bold,
Take what they like, and Sacrifice the rest.

CCIX.

* But ah! how unsincere are all our Joys! [stay:
Which, sent from Heav'n, like Lightning make no
Their palling Taste the Journeys Length destroys,
Or Grief, sent Post, o'erakes them on the way.

CCX.

Swell'd with our late Successes on the Foe,
Which *France* and *Holland* wanted Power to cross,
We urge an unseen Fate to lay us low,
And feed their curious Eyes with *English* Loss.

CCXI.

Each Element His dread Command obeys,
Who makes or ruins with a Smile or Frown;
Who as by one he did our Nation raise,
So now, he with another pulls us down.

CCXII.

Yet, *London*, Empress of the Northern Clime,
By an high Fate thou greatly didst expire;
(2) Great as the World's, which at the Death of time
Must fall, and rise a nobler frame by Fire.

CCXIII.

As when some dire Usurper Heav'n provides,
To scourge his Country with a lawless Sway;
His Birth, perhaps, some petty Village hides,
And sets his Cradle out of Fortune's way.

CCXIV.

Till fully ripe his swelling Fate breaks out,
And hurries him to mighty Mischiefs on:
His Prince, surpriz'd at first, no Ill could doubt,
And wants the Pow'r to meet it when 'tis known.

* Transition to the Fire of London.

(2) Quum mare, quum tellus, correptaque regia Cœli,
ardeat, &c. *Ovid.*

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CCXV.

Such was the Rise of this prodigious Fire,
Which in mean Buildings first obscurely bred,
From thence did soon to open Streets aspire,
And streight to Palaces and Temples spread.

CCXVI.

The diligence of Trades and noiseful Gain,
And Luxury, more late, asleep were laid:
All was the Night's, and in her silent reign,
No Sound the rest of Nature did invade.

CCXVII.

In this deep Quiet, from what Source unknown,
Those Seeds of Fire their fatal Birth disclose:
And first, few scatt'ring Sparks about were blown,
Big with the Flames that to our Ruin rose.

CCXVIII.

Then, in some close-pent Room it crept along,
And, smouldring as it went, in silence fed:
Till th' Infant Monster, with devouring strong,
Walk'd boldly upright with exalted Head.

CCXIX.

Now, like some rich or mighty Murderer,
Too great for Prison, which he breaks with Gold:
Who fresher for new Mischiefs does appear,
And dares the World to tax him with the old.

CCXX.

So scapes th' insulting Fire his narrow Jail,
And makes small out-lets into open Air:
There the fierce Winds his tender Force assail,
And beat him down-ward to his first repair.

CCXXI.

(a) The Winds, like crafty Courtezans, with-held
His Flames from burning, but to blow them more:
And, every fresh Attempt, he is repell'd
With faint Denials, weaker than before.

CCXXII.

(a) *Like crafty, &c. Hæc arte tractabat cupidum vi-
rum, ut illius animum inopia accenderet.*

CCXXII.

And now, no longer letted of his Prey,
He leaps up at it with inrag'd Desire:
O'erlooks the Neighbours with a wide Survey,
And nods at every House his threatening Fire.

CCXXIII.

The Ghosts of Traitors from the *Bridge* descend,
With bold Fanatick Spectres to rejoyce:
About the Fire into a Dance they bend,
And sing their Sabbath Notes with feeble Voice.

CCXXIV.

Our Guardian Angel saw them where he sate
Above the Palace of our slumbring King,
He sigh'd, abandoning his Charge to Fate,
And, drooping, oft lookt back upon the Wing.

CCXXV.

At length, the crackling Noise and dreadful Blaze
Call'd up some waking Lover to the fight:
And long it was ere he the rest could raise,
Whose heavy Eye-lids yet were full of Night.

CCXXVI.

The next to Danger, hot pursu'd by Fate,
Half-cloth'd, half-naked, hastily retire:
And frighted Mothers strike their Breasts, too late,
For helpless Infants left amidst the Fire.

CCXXVII.

Their Cries soon waken all the Dwellers near,
Now murmuring Noises rise in every Street:
The more remote run stumbling with their fear,
And, in the dark, Men jostle as they meet.

CCXXVIII.

So weary Bees in little Cells repose;
But if Night-robbers lift the well-stor'd Hive,
An humming through their waxen City grows,
And out upon each others Wings they drive.

CCXXIX.

Now Streets grow throng'd and busie as by Day,
Some run for Buckets to the hallow'd Quire:

Some cut the Pipes, and some the Engines play ;
And some more bold mount Ladders to the Fire.

CCXXX.

In vain : For, from the East, a *Belgian* Wind
His hostile Breath through the dry Rafters sent;
The Flames impell'd, soon left their Foes behind,
And forward, with a wanton Fury went.

CCXXXI.

A Key of Fire ran all along the Shore,
(+) And lighten'd all the River with a Blaze:
The waken'd Tides began again to roar,
And wond'ring Fish in shining Waters gaze.

CCXXXII.

Old Father *Thames* rais'd up his Reverend Head,
But fear'd the Fate of *Simoeis* would return :
Deep in his *Ooze* he sought his sedy Bed,
And shrunk his Waters back into his Urn.

CCXXXIII.

The Fire, mean time, walks in a broader grofs,
To either Hand his Wings he opens wide:
He wades the Streets, and streight he reaches cross,
And plays his longing Flames on th' other side.

CCXXXIV.

At first they warm, then scorch, and then they take;
Now with long Necks from side to side they feed:
At length, grown strong, their Mother-fire forsake,
And a new Colony of Flames succeed.

CCXXXV.

To every nobler Portion of the Town,
The curling Billows roul their restless Tide:
In Parties now they straggle up and down,
As Armies, unoppos'd, for Prey divide.

CCXXXVI.

One mighty Squadron, with a Side-wind sped,
Through narrow Lanes his cumber'd Fire does haste:
By pow'rful charms of Gold and Silver led,
The *Lombard* Banquers and the *Change* to waste.

(+) *Sigza igni freta lata relucet. Virg.*

CCXXXVII.

Another backward to the Tow'r would go,
And slowly eats his way against the Wind :
But the main Body of the marching Foe
Against th' Imperial Palace is design'd.

CCXXXVIII.

Now Day appears, and with the Day the King,
Whose early Care had robb'd him of his Rest :
Far off the Cracks of Falling-houses ring,
And Shrieks of Subjects pierce his tender Breast.

CCXXXIX.

Near as he draws, thick Harbingers of Smoke,
With gloomy Pillars, cover all the Place :
Whose little intervals of Night are broke
By Sparks that drive against his Sacred Face.

CCXL.

More than his Guards his Sorrows made him known,
And pious Tears which down his Cheeks did show'r :
The Wretched in his Grief forgot their own :
(So much the Pity of a King has pow'r.)

CCXLI.

He wept the Flames of what he lov'd so well,
And what so well had merited his Love :
For never Prince in Grace did more excel,
Or Royal City more in Duty strove.

CCXLII.

Nor with an idle Care did he behold :
(Subjects may grieve, but Monarchs must redress ;)
He cheers the Fearful, and commends the Bold,
And makes Despairers hope for good Success.

CCXLIII.

Himself directs what first is to be done,
And orders all the Succours which they bring :
The Helpful and the Good about him run,
And form an Army worthy such a King.

CCXLIV.

He sees the dire Contagion spread so fast,
That where it seizes, all Relief is vain :

And therefore must unwillingly lay waste
That Country which would, else, the Foe maintain.

CCXLV.

The Powder blows up all before the Fire:
Th' amazed Flames stand gather'd on a heap;
And from the Precipices brink retire,
Afraid to venture on so large a leap.

CCXLVI.

Thus fighting Fires a while themselves consume,
But freight, like *Turks*, forc'd on to win or die:
They first lay tender Bridges of their fume,
And o'er the Breach in unctuous Vapours lie.

CCXLVII.

Part stay for Passage, till a gust of Wind
Ships o'er their Forces in a shining Sheet;
Part, creeping under Ground, their Journey blind,
And, climbing from below, their Fellows meet.

CCXLVIII.

Thus, to some desert Plain, or old Wood-side,
Dire Night-hags come from far to dance their round:
And o'er broad Rivers, on their Fiends they ride,
Or sweep in Clouds above the blasted Ground.

CCXLIX.

No help avails: For, *Hydra*-like, the Fire,
Lifts up his Hundred Heads, to aim his way:
And scarce the Wealthy can one half retire,
Before he rushes in to share the Prey.

CCL.

The Rich grow suppliant, and the Poor grow proud;
Those offer mighty Gain, and these ask more:
So void of Pity is th' ignoble Crowd,
When others Ruin may increase their Store.

CCLI.

As those who live by Shores, with Joy behold
Some Wealthy Vessel split or stranded nigh;
And, from the Rocks, leap down for Shipwreck'd Gold,
And seek the Tempests which the others flee.

CCLII.

So these but wait the Owners last Despair,
And what's permitted to the Flames, invade :
Ev'n from their Jaws they hungry Morfels tear,
And, on their Backs, the Spoils of *Vulcan* lade.

CCLIII.

The Days were all in this lost Labour spent ;
And when the weary King gave place to Night,
His Beams he to his Royal Brother lent,
And so shone still in his reflective Light.

CCLIV.

Night came, but without Darknefs or Repose,
A dismal Picture of the gen'ral Doom ;
Where Souls distracted when the Trumpet blows,
And half unready with their Bodies come.

CCLV.

Those who have Homes, when Home they do repair,
To a last Lodging call their wand'ring Friends ;
Their short uneasy Sleeps are broke with Care,
To look how near their own Destruction tends.

CCLVI.

Those who have none, sit round where once it was,
And with full Eyes each wonted Room require :
Haunting the yet warm Ashes of the place,
As murder'd Men walk where they did expire.

CCLVII.

Some stir up Coals, and watch the Vestal Fire,
Others in vain from sight of Ruin run :
And, while through burning Lab'rinals they retire,
With loathing Eyes repeat what they would shun.

CCLVIII.

The most, in Fields, like herded Beasts, lie down ;
To Dews obnoxious on the grassie Floor :
And while their Babes in Sleep their Sorrows drown,
Sad Parents watch the remnants of their Store.

CCLIX.

While by the Motion of the Flames they guess
What Streets are burning now, and what are near :

An Infant, waking, to the Paps would press,
And meets, instead of Milk, a falling Tear.

CCLX.

No thought can ease them but their Sovereign's Care,
Whose Praise th' Afflicted as their Comfort sing :
Ev'n those whom Want might drive to just Despair,
Think Life a Blessing under such a King.

CCLXI.

Mean time he sadly suffers in their Grief,
Out-weeps an Hermite, and out-prays a Saint :
All the long Night he studies their Relief,
How they may be supply'd, and he may want.

CCLXII.

* O God, said he, thou Patron of my Days,
Guide of my Youth in Exile and Distress !
Who me unfriended brought'st, by wondrous ways,
The Kingdom of my Fathers to possess :

CCLXIII.

Be thou my Judge, with what unwearied Care,
I since have labour'd for my People's good :
To bind the Bruises of a Civil War,
And stop the Issues of their wasting Blood.

CCLXIV.

Thou, who hast taught me to forgive the Ill,
And recompense, as Friends, the Good mis-led :
If Mercy be a Precept of thy Will,
Return that Mercy on thy Servants Head.

CCLXV.

Or, if my heedless Youth has stept astray,
Too soon forgetful of thy gracious Hand :
On me alone thy just Displeasure lay,
But take thy Judgments from this mourning Land.

CCLXVI.

We all have sinn'd, and thou hast laid us low,
As humble Earth from whence at first we came :
Like flying Shades before the Clouds we shew,
And shrink like Parchment in consuming Flame.

* *King's Prayer.*

CCLXVII.

O let it be enough what thou hast done;
When spotted Deaths ran arm'd through every Street,
With poison'd Darts, which not the Good could shun,
The Speedy could out-flie, or Valiant meet.

CCLXVIII.

The living few, and frequent Funerals then,
Proclaim'd thy Wrath on this forsaken Place:
And now those few who are return'd agen,
Thy searching Judgments to their Dwellings trace.

CCLXIX.

O pass not, Lord, an absolute Decree,
Or bind thy Sentence unconditional:
But in thy Sentence our Remorse foresee,
And, in that Foresight, this thy Doom recal.

CCLXX.

Thy Threatnings, Lord, as thine, thou may'st revoke:
But, if immutable and fix'd they stand,
Continue still thy self to give the Stroke,
And let not Foreign-foes oppress thy Land.

CCLXXI.

Th' Eternal heard, and from the Heav'nly Quise
Chose out the Cherub, with the flaming Sword:
And bad him swiftly drive th' approaching Fire
From where our Naval Magazines were stor'd.

CCLXXII.

The Blessed Minister his Wings display'd,
And like a shooting Star he cleft the Night:
He charg'd the Flames, and those that disobey'd
He lash'd to Duty with his Sword of Light.

CCLXXIII.

The fugitive Flames, chafis'd, went forth to prey
On pious Structures, by our Fathers rear'd:
By which to Heav'n they did affect the way,
Ere Faith in Churchmen without Works was heard.

CCLXXIV.

The wanting Orphans saw with watry Eyes,
Their Founders Charity in the Dust laid low:

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And sent to God their ever-answer'd Cries,
(For he protects the Poor who made them so.)

CCLXXV.

Nor could thy Fabrick, *Paul's*, defend thee long,
Though thou wert Sacred to thy Maker's Praise :
Though made Immortal by a Poets Song ;
And Poets Songs the *Theban* Walls could raise.

CCLXXVI.

The dating Flames peep't in, and saw from far
The awful Beauties of the Sacred Quire :
But, since it was prophan'd by Civil War,
Heav'n thought it fit to have it purg'd by Fire.

CCLXXVII.

Now down the narrow Streets it swiftly came,
And, widely opening, did on both sides prey :
This Benefit we sadly owe the Flame,
If only Ruin must enlarge our way.

CCLXXVIII.

And now, four Days the Sun had seen our Wees,
Four Nights the Moon beheld th' incessant Fire :
It seem'd as if the Stars more sickly rose,
And farther from the feav'rish North retire.

CCLXXIX.

In th' Empyrean Heav'n (the Bless'd Abode,)
The Thrones and the Dominions prostrate lie,
Not daring to behold their angry God :
And an hush'd Silence damps the tuneful Sky.

CCLXXX.

At length th' Almighty cast a pitying Eye,
And Mercy softly touch'd his melting Breast :
He saw the Town's one half in Rubbish lie,
And eager Flames drive on to storm the rest.

CCLXXXI.

An hollow crystal Pyramid he takes,
In firmamental Waters dipt above ;
Of it a broad Extinguisher he makes,
And hoods the Flames that to their Quarry strove.

MISCELLANY POEMS. 41

CCLXXXII.

The vanquish'd Fires withdraw from every Place,
Or full with feeding, sink into a Sleep:
Each household Genius shews again his Face,
And, from the Hearths, the little Lares creep.

CCLXXXIII.

Our King this more than natural Change beholds;
With sober Joy his Heart and Eyes abound:
To the All-good his lifted Hands he folds,
And thanks him low on his redeemed Ground.

CCLXXXIV.

As when sharp Frosts had long constrain'd the Earth,
A kindly Thaw unlocks it with cold Rain:
And first the tender Blade peeps up to Birth, [Grain.
And freight the green Fields laugh with promis'd

CCLXXXV.

By such degrees the spreading Gladness grew
In every Heart, which Fear had froze before:
The standing Streets with so much Joy they view,
That with less Grief the Perish'd they deplore.

CCLXXXVI.

The Father of the People open'd wide
His Stores, and all the Poor with Plenty fed:
Thus God's Anointed God's own place supply'd,
And fill'd the Empty with his daily Bread.

CCLXXXVII.

This Royal Bounty brought its own Reward,
And, in their Minds, so deep did print the Sense;
That if their Ruins sadly they regard,
'Tis but with Fear, the Sight might drive him thence.

CCLXXXVIII.

* But so may he live long, that Town to sway,
Which by his Auspice they will nobler make,
As he will hatch their Ashes by his Stay,
And not their humble Ruins now forsake.

D s

* *City's Request to the King not to leave them.*

CCCLXXIX.

They have not lost their Loyalty by Fire;
 Nor is their Courage or their Wealth so low,
 That from his Wars they poorly would retire,
 Or beg the Pity of a vanquish'd Foe.

CCXC.

Not with more Constancy the *Trois* of old,
 By *Cyrus* from rewarded Exile sent:
 Their Royal City did in Dust behold,
 Or with more Vigour to rebuild it went.

CCXCII.

The utmost Malice of their Stars is past,
 And two dire Comets which have scourg'd the Town,
 In their own Plague and Fire have breath'd their last:
 Or, dimly, in their sinking Sockets frown.

CCXCIII.

Now frequent Trines the happier Lights among,
 And high-rai'd *Jove* from his dark Prison freed,
 (Those Weights took off that on his Planet hung,)
 Will gloriously the new-laid Works succeed.

CCXCIII.

Methinks already, from this Chymick Flame,
 I see a City of more precious Mold:
 Rich as the Town which gives the (c) *Indies* Name,
 With Silver pav'd, and all divine with Gold.

CCXCIV.

Already, labouring with a mighty Fate,
 She shakes the Rubbish from her mounting Brow,
 And seems to have renew'd her Charter's date,
 Which Heav'n will to the Death of time allow.

CCXCV.

More great than human, now, and more (d) *August*,
 New deified she from her Fires does rise:
 Her widening Streets on new Foundations trust,
 And, opening, into larger Parts she flies.

(c) *Mexico*.

(d) *Augusta*, the old Name of London.

MISCELLANY POEMS. 43

CCXCVI.

Before, she like some Shepherdess did shew,
Who fate to bathe her by a River's side :
Not answering to her Fame, but rude and low,
Nor taught the beauteous Arts of Modern Pride,

CCXCVII.

Now, like a Maiden Queen, she will behold,
From her high Turrets, hourly Sutors come :
The East with Incense, and the West with Gold,
Will stand, like Suppliants, to receive her Do om.

CCXCVIII.

The silver *Thames*, her own domestick Flood,
Shall bear her Vessels, like a sweeping Train ;
And often wind (as of his Mistress proud,)
With longing Eyes to meet her Face again.

CCXCIX.

The wealthy *Tagus*, and the wealthier *Rhine*,
The Glory of their Towns no more shall boast :
And *Sein*, that would with *Belgian* Rivers join,
Shall find her Lustre stain'd, and Traffick lost.

CCC.

The vent'rous Merchant, who design'd more far,
And touches on our hospitable Shore,
Charm'd with the Splendor of this Northern Star.
Shall here unlade him, and depart no more.

CCCI.

Our powerful Navy shall no longer meet,
The Wealth of *France* or *Holland* to invade :
The Beauty of this Town, without a Fleet,
From all the World shall vindicate her Trade.

CCCII.

And, while this fam'd Emporium we prepare,
The *British* Ocean shall such Triumphs boast, '1
That those who now disdain our Trade to share,
Shall rob like Pyrates on our wealthy Coast.

CCCIII.

Already we have conquer'd half the War,
And the less dangerous part is left behind :

Our Trouble now is but to make them dare,
And not so great to Vanquish as to Find.

CCCIV.

Thus to the Eastern Wealth through Storms we go,
But now, the Cape once doubled, fear no more:
A constant Trade-wind will securely blow,
And gently lay us on the Spicy Shore.

On Mr. H O B S.

Written by the E. of MULGRAVE.

SUCH is the Mode of these censorious Days,
The Art is lost of knowing how to praise;
Poets are envious now, and Fools alone
Admire at Wit, because themselves have none.
Yet, whatsoe'er is by vain Criticks thought,
Praising is harder much, than finding Fault:
In homely Pieces ev'n the *Dutch* excel,
Italians only can draw Beauty well.

As Strings alike wound up so equal prove,
That one resounding makes the other move;
From a like Cause Satyr have pleas'd so much,
We sympathize with each ill-natur'd Touch:
And, as the sharp Infection spreads about,
The Reader's Malice helps the Writer out.
To blame, is easie; to commend, is bold;
Yet, if the Muse inspires it, who can hold?
To Merit we are bound to give Applause,
Content to suffer in so just a Cause.

While in dark Ignorance Men lay, afraid
Of Fancies, Ghosts, and ev'ry empty Shade;
Great *Hobbs* appear'd, and by his Reason's Light
Put such Fantastick Forms to shameful Flight:
Fond is their Fear, who think we needs must be
To Vice enslav'd, if from vain Terrors free;

MISCELLANY POEMS. 45

The Wise and Good, Morality will guide,
And Superstition all the World beside.

In other Authors, tho' the Sense be good,
'Tis not sometimes so eas'ly understood;
That Jewel oft unpolish'd has remain'd,
Some Words should be left out, and some explain'd:
So that in Search of Sense we either stray,
Or else grow weary in so rough a Way.
But here bright Eloquence does always smile
In such a choice, yet unaffected Stile,
As does both Knowledge and Delight impart,
The Force of Reason, with the Flow'rs of Art;
Clear as a beautiful transparent Skin,
Which never hides the Blood, yet holds it in:
Like a delicious Stream it ever ran,
As smooth as Woman, but as strong as Man.

Bacon himself, whose Universal Wit
Does Admiration through the World beget,
Not more his Age's Ornament is thought,
Nor has more Credit to his Country brought.

While Fame is young, too weak to fly away,
Envy pursues her, like some Bird of Prey;
But once on Wing, then all the Dangers cease,
Envy her self is glad to be at Peace;
Gives over, weary'd with so high a Flight,
Above her Reach, and scarce within her Sight:
He, to this happy Pitch arriv'd at last,
Might have look'd down with Pride on Dangers past.

But such the Frailty is of Human kind,
Men toil for Fame, which no Man lives to find;
Long rip'ning under Ground this *China* lies;
Fame bears no Fruit, 'till the vain Planter dies,

And Nature, tir'd with his unusual Length
Of Life, which put her to her utmost Strength,
So vast a Soul unable to supply,
To save her self, was forc'd to let him die.

On the DEATH of the Learned
Mr. JOHN SELDEN.

By the Reverend Dr. BATHURST.

SO fell the Sacred *Sibyll*, when of old
Inspir'd with more than mortal Breast cou'd hold.
The gazing Multitude stood doubtful by,
Whether to call it Death, or Ecstasie:
She silent lies, and now the Nations find
No Oracles but i'th' Leaves she left behind.

Monarch of Times and Arts, who travell'dst o'er
New Worlds of Knowledge, undescry'd before,
And hast on Everlasting Columns writ
The utmost Bounds of Learning and of Wit;
Hadst thou been more like us, or we like thee,
We might add something to thy Memory.
Now thy own Tongues must speak thee, and thy Praise
Be from those Monuments thy self didst raise;
And all those* *Titles* thou didst once display,
Must yield thee Titles greater far than they.

Time, which had Wings'till now, and was not known
To have a Being but by being gone,
You did arrest his Motion, and have lent
A way to make him fix'd and permanent;
Whilst by your Labours Ages past appear,
And all at once we view a *Plato's* Year. ••
Actions and Fables were retriev'd by you;
All that was done, and what was not done too;
Which in your Breast did comprehended lye,
As in the Bosom of Eternity:
You purg'd Records and † Authors from their Rust,
And sifted Pearls out of *Rabbinick* Dust:
By you the ‡ *Syrian* Gods do live, and grow
To be Immortal, since you made them so.

* *Titles of Honour.* † *Edmerus, Fleeta, &c.* ‡ *De diis Syris.*

Inscriptions, Medals, † Statues look fresh still,
 Taking new Brasses and Marble from your Quills;
 Which so unravels Time, that now we do
 Live our own Age, and our Forefathers too.
 And, thus enlarg'd, by your Discoveries, can
 Make that an Ell, which Nature made a Span.
 If then we judge, that to preserve the State
 Of Things, is ev'ry Moment to create,
 The World's thus half your Creature, whilst it stands
 Rescu'd to Memory by your Learned Hands.
 And unto you, now fearless of Decay,
 Times past owe more, than Times to come can pay.
 How might you claim your Country's just Applause,
 When you stood square and upright as your Cause
 In doubtful Times, nor ever would forego
 Fair Truth and Right, whose Bounds you best did know.
 You in the Tow'r did stand another Tow'r,
 Firm to your self and us, whilst jealous Pow'r
 Your very Soul imprison'd, that no Thought
 By Books might enter, nor by Pen get out;
 And, stipp'd of all besides, left you confin'd
 To the one Volume of your own vast Mind;
 There Virtue and stout Honour pass'd the Guard,
 (Your only Friends that could not be debarr'd)
 And dwelt in your Retirement; arm'd with these
 You stood forth more than *Admiral* of our Seas.
 Your Hand enclos'd the * Watry Plains, and thus
 Was no less Fence to them, than they to us;
 Teaching our Ships to Conquer, while each Fight
 Is but a Comment on those Books you write.
 No foul Disgraces, nor the worst of Things,
 Made you, like him, whose Anger *Homer* sings,
 Slack in your Country's Quarrel, who adore
 Their Champion now, their Martyr heretofore:
 Still with your self contending, whether you
 Could bravelier Suffer, or could bravelier Do.

† Marmora Arundeliana.

* Mare Clausum.

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We ask not now for Ancestors, nor care
 Tho' *Selden* do nor Kindred boast, nor Heir;
 Such Worth best stands alone, and joys to be
 To't self both Founder and Posterity.
 As when old *Nilus*, who with bounteous Flows
 Waters an Hundred Nations as he goes,
 Scatt'ring rich Harvests, keeps his Sacred Head
 Amongst the Clouds still undiscovered.

Be't now thy *Oxford's* Pride, that having gone
 Thro' East and West, no Tongue nor Art unknown;
 Laden with Spoils thou hang'st thy * Arms up here,
 But set'st thy great Example ev'ry where.

Thus, when thy Monument shall itself lye dead,
 And thy † own Epitaph no more be read;
 When all thy Statues shall be worn out so,
 That even *Selden* would not *Selden* know;
 Ages to come shall in thy Virtue share:
 He that dies well makes all the World his Heir.

R. B. Tr. Coll. Oxon. 1654.

Against Immoderate Grief: To a Young Lady Weeping.

AN ODE in Imitation of *Casimire*.

By Mr. YALDEN.

Cou'd mournful Sighs, or Floods of Tears prevent
 The Ills, unhappy Men lament:
 Could all the Anguish of my Mind
 Remove my Cares, or make but Fortune kind;
 Soon I'd the grateful Tribute pay,
 And weep my troubled Thoughts away:

* *His Library given to the University.*

† *His Epitaph made by himself in the Temple Chappel.*

MISCELLANY POEMS. 49

To Wealth and Pleasure ev'ry Sigh prefer,
And more than Gems esteem each falling Tear.

II.

But since insulting Cares are most inclin'd
To triumph o'er th' afflicted Mind:
Since Sighs can yield us no Relief,
And Tears, like fruitful Show'rs, but nourish Grief;
Then cease, Fair Mourner, to complain,
Nor lavish such bright Streams in vain:
But still with chearful Thoughts thy Cares beguile,
And tempt thy better Fortunes with a Smile.

III.

The gen'rous Mind is by its Sufferings known,
Which no Affliction tramples down:
But when oppress'd will upward move,
Spurn down its Clog of Cares, and soar above.
Thus the young Royal Eagle tries
On the Sun-beams his tender Eyes:
And if he shrinks not at th' offensive Light,
He's then for Empire fit, and takes his soaring Flight.

IV.

Tho' Cares assault thy Breast on ev'ry side,
Yet bravely stem th' impetuous Tide:
No Tributary Tears to Fortune pay,
Nor add to any Loss a nobler Day.
But with kind Hopes support thy Mind,
And think thy better Lot behind:
Amidst Afflictions let thy Soul be great,
And show thou dar'st deserve a better State.

V.

Then, lovely Mourner, wipe those Tears away,
And Cares that urge thee to Decay:
Like ravenous Age thy Charms they waste,
Wrinkle thy youthful Brow, and blooming Beauties blast.
But keep thy Looks and Mind serene,
All gay without, and calm within:
For Fate is aw'd, and adverse Fortunes fly
A chearful Look, and an unconquer'd Eye.

To the Returning SUN:

By J. H.

Welcome thou glorious Spring of Light and Heat,
 Where hast thou made thy long Retreat?
 What Lands thy warmer Beams possessest,
 What happy *Indian* Worlds thy fruitful Presence blest?
 Where deep in the dark Bosom of the Ground,
 Thy wond'rous Operation's found,
 Even there thy Beams the Earth refine,
 And mix, and stamp thy Lustre thro' the dazzling *Mine*;
 Since thy Retreat so far from our cold Isle,
 She never wore a lovely Smile,
 No Joy her wither'd Brow adorn'd,
 In dark unlovely Days, and in long Nights she mourn'd.
 The poor dejected Beasts hung down their Heads,
 And trembled on their naked Beds;
 No Footsteps of green Life remain,
 But dying Fields, and Woods, and a bare bleak Plain;
 The drooping Birds were silent in the Groves,
 They quite forgot their Songs and Loves,
 Their feeble Mates sate sullen by, [should die.
 We thought the feather'd World resolv'd their Kind
 But see the Land revives at thy Approach,
 She blooms and quickens at thy touch,
 Her kindled Atoms Life receive,
 The Meadows, and the Groves, begin to stir and live;
 Mixt with thy Beams the Southern Breezes blow,
 And help the sprouting Buds below;
 The Infant Flow'rs in haste appear,
 And gratefully return Perfumes to the kind Air.
 The Trees and Fields again look fresh and gay,
 The Birds begin their softer Play,
 Thou hast their Life, nay more, their Love restor'd,
 Their late, and early Hymns praise thee, their wel-
 come Lord.

MISCELLANY POEMS. 31

The spreading Fire glides thro' the Plains and Woods,
It even pierces the cold Floods:
The duller Brutes feel the soft Flame,
The Fishes leap for Joy, and wanton in their Stream.

Against the FEAR of DEATH.

By the Honourable Sir ROBERT HOWARD.

SINCE all must certainly to Death resign,
Why should we make it dreadful, or repine?
How vain is Fear where nothing can prevent
The Loss, which he that loses, can't lament.
The Fear of Death is by our Folly brought,
We fly th' Acquaintance of it, in a Thought;
From Something into Nothing is a Change
Grown terrible, by making it so strange.
We always should remember Death is sure,
What grows familiar most, we best endure?
For Life and Death succeed like Night and Day,
And neither gives Encrease, nor brings Decay.
No more or less by what takes Birth or dies,
And the same Mass the teeming World supplies.
From Death we rose to Life; 'tis but the same,
Through Life again to pass, from whence we came.
With Shame we see our Passions can prevail,
Where Reason, Certainty, and Virtue fail.
Honour, that empty Name, can Death despise,
Scorn'd Love to Death as to a Refuge flies, }
And Sorrow waits for Death with longing Eyes.
Hope triumphs o'er the thought of Death, and Fate
Cheers Fools, and flatters the Unfortunate.

Perhaps, deceiv'd by Lust-supplying Wealth,
New enjoy'd Pleasures, and a present Health
We fear to lose, what a small Time must waste,
'Till Life it self grows the Disease at last:

52 *THE THIRD PART of*

Begging for Life, we beg for more Decay,
And to be long a dying only pray.

No just and temp'rate Thought can tell us why
We should fear Death, or grieve for them that die;
The time we leave behind, is ours no more,
Nor our Concern, than Time that was before.

'Twere a fond Sight, if those that stay behind
For the same Passage, waiting for a Wind
To drive them to their Port, should on the Shore
Lamenting stand, for those that went before.

We all must pass thro' Death's dead Sea of Night,
To reach the Haven of Eternal Light.

The D R E A M.

*Occasion'd by the Death of the most Noble
and Virtuous Lady, ELIZABETH
SEYMOUR Mother to His Grace the
Duke of Somerset.*

By Mr. J. TALBOT.

IF righteous Souls in their blest Mansions know,
Or what we Do, or Suffer here below,
And any Leisure from their Joys can find,
To Visit those whom they have left behind,
To view our endless Grievs, our groundless Fears,
Our hopeless Sorrows, and our fruitless Tears:
With Pity, sure, they see the kind Mistake,
Which weeping Friends at their Departure make:
They wonder why at their Release we grieve,
And mourn their Death, who then begin to Live.
Tir'd with the Care and Sorrow of the Day,
In silent Night the sad *Mecenas* lay,
His Mind still lab'ring with the deadly Weight
Of his dear Parent's much lamented Fate:

MISCELLANY POEMS. 53

'Till weary Nature with its Load oppress'd,
 Compos'd the Tempest of his troubled Breast,
 And borrow'd from his Grief some Time for Rest :
 When Sleep (Death's Image) to his Fancy brought
 The hourly Object of his waking Thought ;
 And lo ! his Mother's awful Shade appears,
 Not pale and ghastly, as the sullen Fears
 Of Brain-sick Minds their dismal Phantoms paint,
 But bright and joyful as a new-made Saint.
 A Crown of Glories shone around her Head ;
 She smil'd, and thus the happy Spirit said.

Hail, noble Son, whom pow'ful Fates design
 To fill the Glories of thy mighty Line,
 In whom the Good is mingled with the Great,
 As gen'rous Light unites with active Heat.
 For thee I thought Life pleasant, and for thee
 I after Death endur'd this World to see,
 And leave a while the Dwellings of the Blest,
 Where Heav'nly Minds enjoy Eternal Rest ;
 Where having reach'd the Universal Shore,
 I fear the Winds and Billows now no more ;
 No more in Anguish draw a painful Breath,
 Nor wrestle with that mighty Tyrant, Death,
 Who cannot boast he gave the Fatal Blow,
 I conquer'd Sin, from whence his Pow'r did flow :
 The proud Insulter threaten'd me in vain,
 For Heav'n increas'd my Patience with my Pain,
 'Till my unfetter'd Soul at last took Wing,
 The Grave its Conquest lost, and Death its Sting.

No longer then these Pious Sorrows shed,
 Nor vainly think thy happy Parent dead ;
 Whose deathless Mind from its weak Prison free,
 Enjoys in Heav'n its native Liberty :
 I soon distinguish'd in that blissful Place
 Thy God-like Ancestors, a num'rous Race ;
 There plac'd among the Stars, in them I see
 A Glorious Destiny reserv'd for thee.

Then weep no more ; ev'n here I still survive
 In thee, and in thy Virtuous Fair I live ;

54 *The* THIRD PART of

I saw her happy Mother shine on high,
 A brighter Spirit ne'er adorn'd the Sky;
 With Joy she met me at the Crystal Gate,
 And much enquir'd her beauteous Daughter's State,
 She wish'd her there; but Heav'n ordains it late,
 And long defers her Joys, that she may be
 A mighty Blessing to this World, and Thee.
 Long shall she live, and Ages yet to come
 Shall bless the happy Burden of her Womb:
 Still shall her Off-spring, with her Years, increase,
 With both, her Virtues, and thy Happiness.
 In all thy Race the wond'ring World shall find
 The Noble Image of each Parent's Mind.
 Thus bless'd in her and hers, thou shalt receive
 The richest Bounties Heav'n and Earth can give.
 Nor shall my Care be wanting to your Aid,
 My faithful Spirit shall hover o'er thy Head,
 And round thy lovely Fair a large Protection spread:
 'Till crown'd with Years and Honours here below,
 And ev'ry Gift kind Nature can bestow,
 You both retire to Everlasting Rest,
 And late increase the Joys and Number of the Blest.
 She spoke; her Fellow-Angels all around
 With joyful Smiles the happy Omen own'd;
 All bless'd the Noble Pair, and took their Flight
 To the bright Regions of unfading Light.

A HYMN to the MORNING,
 In Praise of LIGHT.

A N O D E.

By Mr. YALDEN.

L

PARENT of Day! whose beauteous Beams of Light
 Spring from the darksome Womb of Night: .

MISCELLANY POEMS. 55

And midst their Native Horrors show,
Like Gems adorning of the *Negro's* Brow.
Not Heav'n's fair Bow can equal thee,
In all its gaudy Drapery :
Thou first Essay of Light, and Pledge of Day!
That usher'st in the Sun, and still prepar'st his Way.

II.

Rival of Shade, Eternal Spring of Light!
Thou art the Genuin Source of it :
From thy bright unexhausted Womb,
The beauteous Race of Days and Seasons come.
Thy Beauty Ages cannot wrong,
But spight of Time thou'rt ever young :
Thou art alone Heav'n's modest Virgin Light,
Whose Face a Veil of Blushes hides from Human Sight.

III.

Like some fair Bride thou risest from thy Bed,
And dost around thy Lustre spread :
Around the Universe dispense
New Life to all, and quick'ning Influence,
With gloomy Smiles thy Rival Night
Beholds thy glorious Dawn of Light :
Not all the Wealth she views in Mines below,
Can match thy brighter Beams, or equal Lustre show.

IV.

At thy Approach Nature erects her Head,
The smiling Universe is glad :
The drowsie Earth and Seas awake,
And, from thy Beams, new Life and Vigour take :
When thy more chearful Rays appear,
Ev'n Gullt and Women cease to fear :
Horror, Despair, and all the Sons of Night,
Retire before thy Beams, and take their hasty Flight.

V.

To Thee, the grateful East their Altars raise,
And sing with early Hymns thy Praise :
Thou dost their happy Soil bestow,
Inrich the Heav'ns above, and Earth below.

36 *The THIRD PART of*

Thou risest in the fragrant East,
Like the fair Phoenix from her balmy Nest:
No Altar of the Gods can equal Thine,
The Air is richest Incense, the whole Land thy Shrine.

VI.

But yet thy fading Glories soon decay,
Thine's but a momentary Stay:
Too soon thou'rt ravish'd from our Sight,
Bore down the Stream of Day, and overwhelm'd with
Thy Beams to their own Ruin haste, [Light.
They're fram'd too exquisite to last:
Thine is a glorious, but a short-liv'd State,
Pity so fair a Birth should yield so soon to Fate.

VII.

Before th' almighty Artist fram'd the Sky,
Or gave the Earth its Harmony:
His first Command was for thy Light,
He view'd the lovely Birth, and blessed it.
In Purple Swadling-bands it struggling lay,
Not yet maturely bright for Day:
Old *Chaos* then a chearful Smile put on,
And from thy beauteous Form, did first presage its own.

VIII.

Let there be Light, the great Creator said,
His Word the active Child obey'd:
Night did her teeming Womb disclose, [rose.
And then the blushing Morn, its brightest Off-spring
A while th' Almighty wond'ring view'd,
And then himself pronounc'd it good:
With Night, said he, divide the Imperial Sway,
Thou my first Labour art, and thou shalt blest the Day.



A HYMN to DARKNESS.

By Mr. YALDEN.

I.

DARKNESS, thou first kind Parent of us all,
 Thou art our great Original:
 Since from thy universal Womb, [come.
 Does all thou shad'st below, thy num'rous Off-spring

II.

Thy wond'rous Birth is ev'n to Time unknown,
 Or like Eternity thou'dst none:
 Whilst Light did its first Being owe,
 Unto that awful Shade, it dares to Rival now.

III.

Say in what distant Region dost thou dwell!
 To Reason inaccessible:
 From Form, and duller Matter, free,
 Thou soar'st above the reach of Man's Philosophy.

IV.

Involv'd in thee, we first receive our Breath,
 Thou art our Refuge too in Death:
 Great Monarch of the Grave and Womb,
 Where-e'er our Souls shall go, to thee our Bodies come.

V.

The silent Globe is struck with awful Fear,
 When thy Majestick Shades appear:
 Thou dost compose the Air and Sea;
 And Earth a Sabbath keeps, sacred to Rest and Thee.

VI.

In thy serener Shades our Ghosts delight,
 And Court the Umbrage of the Night:
 In Vaults, and gloomy Caves, they stray,
 But fly the Morning's Beams, and sicken at the Day.

VII.

Tho' solid Bodies dare exclude the Light,
 Nor will the brightest Ray admit:

58 *The THIRD PART of*

No Substance can thy Force repel ; [dwell.
Thou reign'st in Depths below, do'st at the Center
VIII.

The sparkling Gems, and Oar in Mines below,
To thee their beauteous Lustre owe :
Tho' form'd within the Womb of Night,
Bright as their Sire they shine, with Native Rays of
IX. [Light..

When thou dost raise thy venerable Head,
And art in genuine Night array'd :
Thy *Negro* Beauties then delight, [bright.
Beauties like polish'd Jeat, with their own Darknes
X.

Thou dost thy Smiles impartially bestow,
And know'st no Diff'rence here below :
All things appear the same by thee,
Tho' Light Distinction makes, thou giv'st Equality,
XI.

Thou Darknes art the Lover's kind Retreat,
And dost the Nuptial Joys compleat :
Thou dost inspire them with thy Shade,
Giv'st Vigour to the Youth, and warm'st the yield-
XII. [ing Maid.

Calm, as the Bless'd above, the *Anchorites* dwell,
Within their peaceful, gloomy Cell :
Their Minds with Heav'nly Joys are fill'd,
The Pleasures Light deny, thy Shades for ever yield.
XIII.

In Caves of Night, the Oracles of old,
Did all their Mysteries unfold :
Darknes did first Religion grace,
Gave Terrors to the Gods, and Rev'rence to the Place,
XIV.

When the Almighty did on *Horeb* stand,
Thy Shades inclos'd the hallow'd Land :
In Clouds of Night he was array'd,
And venerable Darknes his Pavillion made.

MISCELLANY POEMS. 59

XV.

When he appear'd arm'd in his Pow'r and Might,
 He vail'd the Beatifick Light :
 When terrible with Majesty,
 In Tempests he gave Laws, and clad himself in thee.

XVI.

'Er the Foundation of the Earth was laid,
 Or brighter Firmament was made :
 E'er Matter, Time, or Place were known,
 'hou Monarch Darkness sway'dst these spacious

XVII. [Realms alone.

ut now the Moon, (tho' gay with borrow'd Light)
 Invades thy scanty Lot of Night :
 By Rebel Subjects thou'rt betray'd,
 The Anarchy of Stars depose their Monarch Shade.

XVIII.

et fading Light its Empire must resign,
 And Nature's Power submit to Thine :
 An universal Ruin shall erect thy Throne,
 And Fate confirm thy Kingdom, evermore thy own.

ENEAS his Meeting with Dido in the *Elyzian* Fields.

*being a Translation of Part of the Sixth
 Book of Virgil's Æneids, beginning at*

Hic quoque durus Amor, &c.

By Mr. WOLSELEY.

HERE those, who by Love's Cruelty have dy'd;
 Thick Myrtle Groves, and dark Retirements
 hide;
 ex'd with old Griefs, and pale with long Despairs,
 Death cannot free them from their lasting Cares.

Among the Trees *Pasiphae* does app^{ear},
Phadra, and *Procris*, and *Eradne*, here,
 Sad *Eriphyle* makes unpity'd Moan,
 Pointing to Wounds, that still accuse her Son.
 For her lost Honour, *Caneus* mourns in vain,
 By Death transform'd to her own Sex again.
 And *Laodamia*, with the numerous Throng
 Of hapless Lovers, weeping goes along.
 Among the rest forsaken *Dido*, round
 The Desert wanders, with a gaping Wound,
 Whom soon, as near the *Trojan* Hero drew,
 And that upbraiding injur'd Ghost thro' glimm'ning
 Shadows knew,
 (As he who sees, by the faint gloomy Light,
 A rising Moon half hid in Clouds and Night)
 Straight into Tears his penitent Pity broke,
 And to her, in the kindest Terms of Love unfeign'd,
 he spoke.

The killing News that did my Flight pursue
 I find, alas, (unhappy Queen) is true!
 Your Mark still fresh upon your Breast I see,
 That bleeding Wound you gave your self for me.
 Ah, 'tis too true! I was th' unlucky Cause
 Of your hard Fate! curs'd wretched Man! I was.
 By all the Gods, who rule above, I vow,
 And by that Faith (if any be) which sacred is below,
 Compell'd, and threaten'd, sad, and discontent,
 From your lov'd Shore, and dear Embrace, I went:
 That awful Pow'r, whose high Will to obey,
 Ev'n now thro' these infernal Shades and Dismal
 Paths I stray;
 Thro' endless Night, and unknown desert Lands
 Force me, delaying, by his dread Commands.
 Nor could I think the Loss of me would touch
 Your Heart so deep!---You valu'd me too much!
 Oh stay, and take not from my Eyes, unkind,
 A Face for ever present to my Mind!
 Whom do you fly? see him you held so dear!
 His just Defence and last Farewel do not refuse to hear.

MISCELLANY POEMS: 61

With such soft Words th' afflicted Heroe strove
To sooth her Anger, and revive her Love.
While rising Sighs oft stopt him as he spoke;
And falling Tears the tender Accents broke.

The Queen, who still resented his last Flight,
Now turns her Eyes from his unwelcome Sight,
And on the Ground, with sad Remembrance struck,
She fix'd a sullen and dejected Look.
Deaf to his Vows, regardless of his Tears,
Hard as a Rock her once kind Heart appears, }
And his vain Courtship unconcern'd she hears.
Frowning at length, averse to all he said,
Into the thickest of the Wood she fled;
Where her first Love attracts her just Desires,
Shares all her Griefs, and burns in equal Fires.

Wounded afresh with that reproachful Sight,
Afar the Prince pursues her scornful Flight,
And long lamenting her unhappy Fate,
With fruitless Sorrow pities her too late.

Out of the Italian of FULVIO TESTI. To Count Montecuccoli.

Against Pride upon sudden Advancement.

Ruscelletto Orgoglioso, &c.

PROUD and foolish noise Stream!
Who to some muddy Plash thy Birth do'st owe,
Which casually a Brook became,
Assisted by the Rain, and melting Snow:
Tho' now thou boasts thy swelling Tide,
Angust will soon be here, and end thy *short-liv'd Pride*.

II.

The *Thames*, great King of Floods! the *Thames*
Wish peaceful Course hastes gently to the Main;

E 3

62 *The THIRD PART of*

Yet he upon his silent Streams
The tallest Vessels does with ease sustain :
And while one Summer thee devours,
His Flood shall ne'er decrease, nor Time contract his

III. [Shores.

Thou foam'st, and boil'st along the Plain,
The Flocks and Shepherds threat'ning by the way ;
Through borrow'd Waters basely vain,
Lift'st up thy Head, and do'st regardless stray,
Troubled, oblique, and this alone,
Thy noisie Pride is all which thou canst call thy own,

IV.

I know, Sir, you may well admire,
To hear me Reason with a deaf'ning Stream,
But thus the Muse oft strikes the Lyre,
When she'd most Lofty and Majestick seem,
And in Mysterious Numbers shrowd
Deep Oracles, too deep, for the unthinking Croud.

V.

While thus I spake, there did appear
Phæbus, the God of every tuneful Lay,
A Laurel crown'd his beamy Hair,
Which with a brighter Light improv'd the Day ;
And thus he, what I saw, apply'd, [Pride.
Short is th' uncertain Reign, and Pomp of mortal

VI.

New Turns, and Changes ev'ry Day
Are of inconstant Chance the constant Arts,
Soon she gives, soon takes away,
She comes, embraces, nauseates you, and parts ;
But if she stays, or if she goes,
The wise Man little Joy, or little Sorrow shows,

VII.

Good is the Pilot, who preserves
His shatter'd Vessel on the Stormy Main ;
But he no less Applause deserves,
Who fears the Flattery of the war'ry Plain ;
Who never trusts the fairest Gale,
But dreads to be o'erset, and spreads but little Sail.

VIII.

Of all the Heroes known of old,
 I honour most *Agathocles's* Name;
 Who, tho' he made the sparkling Gold
 In polish'd Goblets on his Table flame:
 To temper, and rebate its Ray, [Clay.
 He mixt his Father's Trade, the good old Potter's

IX.

While thus the charming God went on,
 And fix'd in Wonder, and Delight I stood:
 Behold! the Upstart Stream was gone,
 No Drop remain'd of its insulting Flood:
 But the worst Cattle of the Plain, [dain.
 Trod o'er the thirsty Sand, and spurn'd it with Dis-

CATULLUS, *Epig.* XIX.

Suffenus iste, Vare, quem probè nôsti.

By the same Hand as the former.

Suffenus whom you know, the Witty,
 The Gay, the Talkative, and Pretty;
 And, all his Wonders to rehearse,
 The Thing which makes a World of Verse,
 I'm 'certain I should not belie him,
 To say he has several Thousands by him,
 Yet none deform'd with Critick Blot,
 Or wrote on Vellom to rub out.
 Royal Paper! Scarlet Strings!
 Gilded Backs! and such fine Things!
 But----When you read 'em, then the Witty,
 The Gay *Suffenus*, and the Pretty:
 Is the dullest, heaviest Clown,
 So alter'd, he can scarce be known.

64 *The THIRD PART of*

This is strange! that he who now
 Could so Flatter, Laugh, and Bow,
 So much Wit, such Breeding show,
 Should be so ungentle a Wight,
 Whenever he attempts to Write,
 And yet the Wretch is ne'er so pleas'd,
 As when he's with this Madness seiz'd.

}
}

Faith, Sir, we're all deceiv'd alike,
 All Labour in the same Mistake,
 Nor is the best of Men so clear
 From ev'ry Folly, but somewhere
 Still the *Suffenus* will appear.
 Quickly we other's Errors find,
 But see not our own Load behind.

}
}

Out of the Greek of MENAGE.

By the same Hand as the former.

WHile here for the fair *Amaryllis* I die,
 She o'er Rocks, and o'er Streams from my
 Passion does fly;
 O bring her, kind *Venus*! bring her here back again,
 And the best of my Heifers on thy Altar lyes slain:
 But if she's appeas'd, if to Love she incline,
 Take all my whole Herd, my little Herd is all thine.

Invitation into the Country. In Imitation of the XXXIVth Epig. of
CATULLUS.

By the same Hand as the former.

GO----for I'm impatient grown,
 Bid him leave the noisic Town.

Charge him he no longer stay,
 But with haste devour the way.
 Tho' a thousand times he's staid
 By that fond, bewitching Maid :
 Tho' she Summon all her Charms,
 Kifs him, prefs him in her Arms,
 Let him not the *Syren* mind,
 Tears are Water, Sighs are Wind,
 Tell him how kind Nature here
 Dresses up the youthful Year,
 Strowing on the thoughtless Hours,
 Opening Buds, and new-born Flow'rs ;
 Tell him, underneath this Shade
 Innocence and Mirth are laid ;
 Not without forbidden Claret,
 Books or Musick, if he'll hear it,
 See the Laurel ; and the Vine,
 Round about that Arbour twine,
 So we Wit, and Pleasure join ;
 So *Horace*, and *Anacreon* meet
 The Jolly God, within that Seat.
 Thus from Noise and Care set free,
 The Snares of Beauty we descie.
 Let him then no longer stay,
 But with haste devour the Way.

}
}

On Mrs. ARABELLA HUNT Singing.

PINDARICK ODE.

By Mr. Congreve.

I.

LET all be hush'd, each softer Motion cease,
 Be ev'ry loud tumultuous Thought at Peace,
 And ev'ry ruder Gasp of Breath
 Be calm, as in the Arms of Death.

E ;

66 *The THIRD PART of*

And thou most fickle, most uneasy Part,
 Thou restless Wanderer, my Heart,
 Be still; gently, ah gently, leave,
 Thou busie, idle thing, to heave.
 Stir not a Pulse; and let my Blood,
 That turbulent, unruly Flood,
 Be softly staid:

Let me be all, but my Attention, dead.
 Go, rest, y'unnecessary Springs of Life,
 Leave your officious Toil and Strife;
 For I would hear her Voice, and try
 If it be possible to die.

II.

Come all ye Love-sick Maids and wounded Swains,
 And listen to her Healing Strains.
 A wond'rous Balm between her Lips she wears,
 Of Sov'reign Force to soften Cares, [Tears:
 'Tis piercing as your Thoughts, and melting as your
 And this, through ev'ry Ear she does impart,
 (By tuneful Breath diffus'd) to ev'ry Heart.
 Swiftly the gentle Charmer flies,
 And to the tender Grief soft Air applies,
 Which, warbling Mystick Sounds,
 Cements the bleeding Panter's Wounds.
 But ah! beware of clam'rous Moan:
 Let no unpleasing Murmur or harsh Groan,
 Your slighted Loves declare:
 Your very tend'rest moving Sighs forbear,
 For even they will be too boist'rous here.
 Hither let nought but sacred Silence come,
 And let all sawcy Praise be dumb.

III.

And lo! Silence himself is here;
 Methinks I see the Midnight God appear,
 In all its downy Pomp array'd,
 Behold the rev'rend Shade:
 An ancient Sigh he sits upon,
 Whose Memory of Sound is long since gone,
 And purposely annihilated for his Throne:

MISCELLANY POEMS. 67

Beneath two soft transparent Clouds do meet,
 In which he seems to sink his softer Feet.
 A melancholy Thought, condens'd to Air,
 Stol'n from a Lover in Despair,
 Like a thin Mantle, serves to wrap
 In fluid Folds, his visionary Shape.
 A Wreath of Darkness round his Head he wears,
 Where curling Mists supply the want of Hairs :
 While the still Vapours, which from Poppies rise,
 Bedew his hoary Face, and lull his Eyes.

IV.

But hark ! the heav'nly Sphere turns round,
 And Silence now is drown'd
 In Extasie of Sound.
 How on a sudden the still Air is charm'd,
 As if all Harmony were just alarm'd !
 And ev'ry Soul with Transport fill'd,
 Alternately is thaw'd and chill'd.
 See how the Heav'nly Choir
 Come flocking to admire,
 And with what Speed and Care,
 Descending Angels cull the thinnest Air !
 Haste then, come all th' Immortal Throng,
 And listen to her Song ;
 Leave your lov'd Mansions, in the Sky,
 And hither, quickly hither fly ;
 Your Loss of Heav'n, nor shall you need to fear,
 While she Sings, 'tis Heav'n here.

V.

See how they crowd, see how the little Cherubs skip !
 While others sit around her Mouth, and sip
 Sweet Hallelujahs from her Lip.
 Those Lips, where in surprise of Bliss they rove :
 For ne'er before were Angels blest
 With such a luscious Feast
 Of Musick and of Love.
 Prepare then, ye immortal Choir,
 Each sacred Minstrel tune his Lyre,



And with her Voice in Chorus join,
 Her Voice, which next to yours is most Divine.
 Bless the glad Earth with Heav'nly Lays,
 And to that Pitch th' eternal Accents raise,
 Which only Breath inspir'd can reach,
 To Notes, which only she can learn, and you can teach:
 While we, charm'd with the lov'd Excess,
 Are wrapt in sweet Forgetfulness
 Of all, of all, but of the present Happiness:
 Wishing for ever in that State to lie,
 For ever to be dying so, yet never die.

To a Person of Honour, (Mr. EDWARD HOWARD) upon his Incomparable, Incomprehensible POEM, intitled the BRITISH PRINCES.

By Mr. WALLER.

SIR,
 YOU have oblig'd the *British* Nation more
 Than all their *Bards* could ever do before:
 And (at your own Charge) Monuments as hard
 As Brass, or Marble, to your Fame, have rear'd.
 For as all Warlike Nations take Delight
 To hear how their brave Ancestors could fight,
 You have advanc'd to Wonder their Renown,
 And no less virtuously improv'd your own;
 That 'twill be doubtful, whether you do write,
 Or they have acted, at a Nobler height.
 You (of your ancient Princes) have retriev'd
 More than the Ages knew in which they liv'd;
 Explain'd their Customs, and their Rights a-new,
 Better than all their *Druids* ever knew:
 Unriddled those dark Oracles as well
 As those that made 'em, could themselves foretel.
 For as the *Britains* long have hop'd in vain,
Arthur would come to govern them again:

have fulfil'd that Propheſie alone,
 in your Poem plac'd him on his Throne.
 Magick Power has your prodigious Pen,
 riſe the Dead, and give new Life to Men;
 Rival Princes meet in Arms, and Love,
 in diſtant Ages did ſo far remove.
 As Eternity has neither paſt,
 future, (Authors ſay) nor firſt, nor laſt;
 As all Inſtant: Your Eternal Muſe
 Ages can to any one reduce.

Why ſhould You (whoſe Miraeles of Art
 Life at Pleaſure to the Dead impart)
 loſe in vain your better buſied Head,
 ſerve what Times they liv'd in, or were dead,
 ſince you have ſuch Arbitrary Pow'r,
 the Defect in Judgment to go lower;
 to ſcoop to things ſo pitifully lewd,
 to take the Vulgar Latitude.
 No Man's fit to read what you have writ,
 holds not ſome Proportion with your Wit;
 Light can no way but by Light appear,
 muſt bring Senſe, that underſtands it here.

Upon the ſame.

By the Lord BUCKHURST.

COME on you Criticks, find one Fault who dares,
 Or read it backwards like a Witches Prayers,
 do as well; throw not away your Jeſts
 ſolid Nonſenſe that abides all Teſts.
 like Terſe Claret, when't begins to pall,
 and lies, and's of no uſe at all:
 its full Perfection of Decay
 Vinegar, and comes again in play.
 haſt a Brain, ſuch as it is indeed,
 what elſe ſhou'd thy Worm of Fancy feed!

70 *The THIRD PART of*

Yet in a Filberd I have often known
Maggots survive, when all the Kernel's gone.
This Simile shall stand in thy Defence,
'Gainst those dull Rogues that now and then write Sense.
Thy Wit's the same, whatever be thy Theam,
As some Digestions turn all Meat to Phlegm.
They lie, dear *Ned*, that say thy Brain is barren,
Where deep Conceits like Maggots breed in Carrion;
Thy stumbling founder'd Muse can trot as high
As any other *Pegasus* can fly.
So the dull Eel moves nimbler in the Mud,
Than all the swift Finn'd Racers of the Flood.

As skilful Divers to the bottom fall
Sooner than those who cannot swim at all;
So in this way of Writing without thinking,
Thou hast a strange Agility in sinking.
Thou writest below ev'n thy own Natural Parts,
And with acquired Dullness and new Arts }
Of Nonsense, seigest on kind Readers Hearts. }
Therefore, dear Rogue, at my Advice forbear }
Such loud Complaints 'gainst Criticks to prefer, }
Since thou art turn'd an arrant Libeller.
Thou sett'st thy Hand to what thy self does write:
Did ever Libel yet more sharply bite?

Upon the same.

THOU damn'd *Antipodes* to Common Sense,
Thou Fôil to *Fleckno*, prithee tell from whence
Does all this mighty Stock of Dullness spring?
Is it thy own; or hast it from *Snow-Hill*,
Assisted by some ballad-making Quill?
No, they fly higher yet, thy Plays are such
I'd swear they were Translated out of *Dutch*.
Fain wou'd I know what Dye thou dost keep,
If thou dost always, or dost never sleep?
Sure Hasty-Pudding is thy chiefest Dish,
With *Bullocks Liver*, or some stinking Fish:

MISCELLANY POEMS. 71

Garbage, Ox-cheeks, and Tripes, do feast thy Brain
Which nobly pays this Tribute back again.
With Dazy Roots thy Dwarfish Muse is fed,
A Gyant's Body with a Pigmy's Head.
Can'st thou not find among thy num'rous Race
Of Kindred, one to tell thee, that thy Plays
Are laught at by the Pit, Box, Galleries, nay, Stage?
Think on't a while, and thou wilt quickly find
Thy Body made for Labour, not thy Mind.
No other use of Paper thou shou'dst make,
Than carrying Loads and Reams upon thy Back.
Carry vast Burthens till thy Shoulders shrink,
But Curst be he that gives thee Pen and Ink.
Such dangerous Weapons shou'd be kept from Fools,
As Nurses from their Children keep Edge-Tools.
For thy dull Fancy a Muckinder is fit,
To wipe the Slabberings of thy Snotty Wit;
And though 'tis late, if Justice cou'd be found,
Thy Plays like blind-born Puppies shou'd be drown'd;
For were it not that we Respect afford
Unto the Son of an Heroick Lord,
Thine in the Ducking-Stool shou'd take her Seat,
Drest like her self in a great Chair of State;
Where, like a Muse of Quality she'd die,
And thou thy self shalt make her Elegy,
In the same Strain thou writ'st thy Comedy.

Upon the same.

As when a Bully draws his Sword,
Tho' no Man gives him a cross Word;
And all Perswasions are in vain,
To make him put it up again:
Each Man draws too, and falls upon him;
Ev'n so, dear Ned, thy desperate Pen
No less disturbs all Witty Men,
And makes them wonder what a Devil
Provokes Thee to be so uncivil,

72 *The THIRD PART of*

When thou, and all thy Friends must know 'em,
Thou yet wilt dare to Print thy Poem.

That poor Cur's Fare and thine, are one
Who has his Tail peg'd in a Bone;
About he runs, no body'll own him,
Men, Boys, and Dogs, are all upon him:
And first the greater Wits were at thee,
Now ev'ry little Fool will pat thee.
Fellows that ne'er were heard, or read of,
If thou writ'st on, will write thy Head off.

Thus Mastives only have a knack,
To cast the Bear upon his Back;
But when th' unwieldy Beast is thrown,
Mungrels will serve to keep him down.

On the same.

By Dr. S P R A T.

YOUR Book our old Knight Errants Fame revives,
Writ in a Stile agreeing with their Lives.
All Rumours Strength their Prowess did out-go,
All Rumours Skill your Verses far out-do:
To praise the *Welsh* the World must now combine,
Since to their Leeks you do your Laurel join:
Such lofty Strains your Country's Story fit,
Whose Mountain nothing equals, but your Wkt.
Bonduca, were she such, as here we see
(In *British* Paint) none could more dreadful be:
With naked Armies she encounter'd *Rome*,
Whose Strength with naked Nature you o'ercome.
Nor let small Criticks blame this mighty Queen,
That in King *Arthur's* Time she here is seen:
You that can make Immortal by your Song,
May well one Life Four Hundred Years prolong.
Thus *Virgil* bravely dar'd for *Dido's* Love,
The settled Course of Time and Years to move.
Though him you imitate in this alone,
In all things else you borrow help from none:

MISCELLANY POEMS. 73

No Antick Tale of *Greece* or *Rome* you take;
Their Fables and Examples you forsake.
With true Heroick Glory you display
A Subject new, writ in the newest way.

Go forth, great *Author*, for the World's Delight;
Teach it, what none e'er taught you, how to write:
They talk strange things that ancient Poets did;
How Trees, and Stones they into Buildings lead:
For Poems to raise Cities, now, 'tis hard,
But yours, at least, will build half *Paul's* Church-yard.

Another on the same.

By Mr. MAT. CLIFFORD.

WITH Envy, Criticks, you'll this Poem read,
Whose Author's Wit does more than Man ex-
Where all's so good alike, no Man can say [ceed;
This may be added, or that par'd away:
Where all's so new, no Search can ever trace
The Persons mention'd, in their Time, or Place.
Great Soul of Nature, which dost Books desire,
And their weak Aid in this thy History:
Thou art no Slave to Rule, or Precedent;
Where others imitate, thou dost invent.
It is, we grant, all thy Invention;
The Language too, intirely is thy own:
Thou leav'st as Trash, below thy great Pretence,
Grammar to Pedants; and to plain Men, Sense;
But as, in this thy matchless Poetry;
Thou follow'st none, so none can follow Thee.

On the Same.

By the Lord VAUGHAN.

WONDER not, Sir, that Praises yet ne'er due
To any other, are yet heap'd on You:

'Twas Envy robb'd you of your Praise before;
 Men see their Faults, and Envy now no more.
 'Tis but your Merit, nor can justly such,
 Which gave too little once; now give too much.
 Your Princes do all Poetry surpass
 As much as *Pen-main-maur* exceeds *Parnass*.
 It is so great a Prodigy of Wit,
 That Art and Nature both fall short of it:
 For leaving Art, and left of Nature too,
 Your Poem has no other Muse than You.

On these Two V E R S E S,
 Out of the same.

*But Fame had sent forth all her nimble Spies
 To blaze this Match, and lend to Fate some Eyes.*

By the Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

BUT wherefore all this Pother about Fame?
 A Man might say, says one; the very same
 Demand might well be made, another cries,
 Of Fate; and how it got, from Fame, such Eyes
 'Tis well; you're witty Persons both, say I;
 Yet to your Wit this boldly I'll reply:
 Fate is the Twin of Chance, by which you find
 Fate must needs see, except that Chance were blind
 For, among Friends, 'twere Inequality
 To think one should be blind, and t' other see.
 Now tell me, Criticks, do not all the Wise
 Profess that which they see, they see with Eyes?
 And the same Figure do not I advance,
 When I protest I saw a thing by Chance?
 Since then so various things by Chance we see,
 Fate might have Eyes to Multiplicity;
 But our mild Author says, it has but some;
 Thus, Critick vile, thus I have struck thee dumb:

MISCELLANY POEMS. 75

And thus subscribe my self, with Heart, and Hand,
The Author's Friend, most Humble Servant, and
Buckingham.

To the Prince and Princess of ORANGE, upon their Marriage.

Written by Mr. NAT. LEE.

HAIL, happy Warrior! hail! whose Arms have won
The fairest Jewel in the *English* Crown.
Happy in famous Dangers in the Field,
Happy in Courts which brightest Beauties yield.
Oh Prince! whose Soul is known so justly great,
As if that Heav'n took Leisure to create;
First, the rich Oar refin'd, then did allay,
Stamp'd thee his own, not shuff'd thee away.
With Wonder thus we all thy Temper prize,
Not but th' art bold and brave, as thou art wise.
Like the cool *English*, who approach their Fate
With Awe, and gravely first with Death debate.
They kindle slowly, but when once on Fire,
Burn on, and in the blaze of Fame expire.

Hail Princess! hail! thou fairest of thy Kind!
Thou Shape of Angels, with an Angel's Mind!
Whose Virtues shine, but so as to be born,
Clear as the Sun, and gentle as the Morn.
Whose brighter Eyes like lambent Glories move,
And ev'ry Glance wounds like a Dart of Love.
How well, oh Prince, how nobly hast thou fought,
Since to thy Arms the Fates such Beauty brought!
Methinks I hear thee in thy Nuptial Bed,
When o'er the Royal Maid thy Arms were spread.

Enough, kind Heav'n; well was my Sword employ'd,
Since all the Bliss Earth holds shall be enjoy'd.
Pains I remember now with vast Delight,
Well have I brav'd the thund'ring *French* in fight,
My Hazards now are Gains, and if my Blood
In Battel mix and raise the vulgar Flood,

Her Tears (for sure she'll be so good to mourn)
Like Balm shall heal the Wounds when I return.

But hark, 'tis rumour'd that this happy Pair
Must go, the Prince for *Holland* does declare,
Call'd to the Business of Important War. }
Go then, if thy Departure be agreed,
Your Friends must weep, Your Enemies shall bleed.

And if in Poets Minds, those vaster Souls,
Where all at once the vast Creation rolls,
To whom the Warrior is as much oblig'd,
As to Relievers Towns that are besieg'd ;
(For Death would to their Acts an End afford,
Did not Immortal Verse out-do the Sword)
If ought of Prophecie their Souls inspire,
And if their Fury gives a solid Fire;
Soft shall the Wastage be, the Seas and Wind,
Calm as the Prince, and as the Princess kind.
The World, why should not Dreams of Poets take,
As well as Prophets who but dream awake?
I saw them launch, the Prince the Princess bore,
While the sad Court stood crowding on the Shore.
The Prince still bowing on the Deck did stand,
And held his weeping Princess by the Hand.
Which waving oft, she bid them all farewell,
And wept as if she wou'd the Ocean swell.

Farewel! thou best of Fathers, best of Friends!
While the mov'd Duke, with a heav'd Sigh, commends
To Heaven the Care: in Tears his Eyes would swim,
But Manly Virtue binds them to the Brim.
Farewel (she cry'd) my Sister, thou dear Part,
Thou sweetest Part of my divided Heart.
To whom I all my Secrets did unfold,
Dear Casket! who did all my Treasures hold.
My little Love! her Sighs she did renew,
Once more (oh Heav'ns) a long and last Adieu!
Part! must I ever lose those pretty Charms?
Then swoons, and sinks into the Prince's Arms.
The Court beheld, and wept.

MISCELLANY POEMS. 77

Streight from their Griefs the pompous Navy fled
So fast, as if our Sighs increas'd their Speed.
When of a sudden, from the Reedy Court,
The *Tritons* all with their griev'd God resort ;
In Troops upon the wand'ring Waves they glide,
And round their lifted Lord in Triumph ride.
At their first Call the singing *Mermaids* come,
While the crown'd *Dolphins* lash the Silver Foam.

Thus waited, the glad Prince beheld from far
The *Belgick* Shore, and heard the Sound of War.
Some Hand unseen Heaven's *Azure* Curtains drew
To make this mighty Triumph Great and New, }
A thousand Golden Heads peep'd forth to view.
Cries, Shouts, and clapping Hands, all Ecstasie,
A hundred Cannons thundred to the Sky.
The Thunder answering did my Dream destroy,
And wak'd me from the Visionary Joy.

Against SLOTH: When the King was at *Oxford*.

*Hoc agite, ô Furones, circumspicit, & stimulat vos,
Materiamque sibi Ducis indulgentia quarit.*

I.

Hence, vain Attempter of the Good and Great;
Be gone from our secure Retreat,
With all thy dull unwieldy Train
That clog and curb the active Brain,
Which else would, like a metall'd Steed, run o'er
Vast Nature's yet unnumber'd Store;
O'er flow'ry Meads, and painted Fields,
And all the pleasant Scenes that beauteous Learn-
ing yields.

II.

We're doubly arm'd against thy Cheats, and thee,
 (Thy Cheats which only find a place
 Among the Ignorant and Base,)
 By Knowledge, and by Majesty.

Thou, constant Guest of ev'ry Popish Cell,
 Which do'st with Monks and Hermits dwell,
 Must leave, with them, this sacred Ground;
 Banish'd from King and Court, at least, for ten

III. [Miles round.

She's gone; and now, methinks, an active Fire
 Does all my willing Veins inspire:
 My drowsie Senses all anew
 Are waken'd by his pow'ful View.
 The Glorious Ruler of the Morning, so,
 But looks on Flow'rs, and streight they grow:
 And when his Beams their Light unfold,
 Ripens the dullest Earth, and warms it into Gold.

What art Thou, LOVE!

Written by Mr. J. Allestry.

0

I. [Charms!

WHAT art thou, Love! whence are those
 That thus thou bear'st an Universal Rule!
 For thee the Soldier quits his Arms,
 The King turns Slave, the wife Man Fool,

II.

In vain we chase thee from the Field,
 And with cool Thoughts resist thy Yoke:
 Next Tide of Blood, alas! we yield,
 And all those high Resolves are broke.

III.

Can we e'er hope thou shou'dst be true,
 Whom we have found so often base?

MISCELLANY POEMS. 79.

Cozen'd, and cheated, still we view,
And fawn upon the treacherous Face.

IV.

In vain our Nature we accuse;
And doat, because she says we must:
This for a Brute were an Excuse,
Whose very Soul and Life is Lust.

V.

To get our Likeness! what is that!
Our Likeness is but Misery;
Why should I toil to propagate
Another Thing as vile as I?

VI.

From Hands Divine our Spirits came,
And Gods, that made us, did inspire
Something more Noble in our Frame,
Above the Dregs of Earthly Fire.

*Verses spoken before the Duke and Dut-
chess of YORK, and Lady ANNE,
in Oxford Theatre, May 21, 1683.*

By the Lord Savile and Mr. Cholmondeley.

Lord Savil.

Great SIR,

I.

[Place,

WHEN last your Royal Brother blest'd this
And all about did his kind Beams dispense;
A Joy Divine was seen in ev'ry Face,
'Till Faction drove our Tutelar Angel hence.

II.

Heav'n knew how far our mortal Frame could bear;
Mingling our Rapture with some fit Allay;
And that, for future Bliss, we might repair:
Wisely reserv'd the Blessing of this Day.

80 *The* THIRD PART of

III.

Mr. C----- to the Duke.

We miss'd a Royal Brother by his Side;

Lord S----- to the Dutchess. [enters]

We long'd to see those Charms which him o'

Mr. C----- to the Lady Anne.

You, Madam, was our only Joy and Pride,

Who represented half the *Stuart's* Name.

IV.

Lord S----- to the Duke. [He]

Would you then know how much you're welco

Think what a Joy in Royal Breasts did flow,

When fatal *Gloster* all our Hopes did bear,

Which the Gods lost to show their Care of yo

V.

When Fears and Jealousies ran high, and loud;

And Zeal mistaken, blinded wilful Eyes,

Heav'n shook the Rod to the Rebellious Crowd,

Threat'ning to snatch the *Gem*, they could not pr

VI.

Mr. C----- to the Dutchess.

Oxford (we hope) will not displease your View,

Where *York* first learn'd the Rudiments of Wa

Those early Virtues here in Blossom grew,

Which now in Growth and full Perfection are,

VII.

Tho' here new Towers and Buildings daily rise,

And, Arms thrown off, we wear the peaceful Go

Our Breasts admit no Change, know no Disguis

Prepar'd with Pens and Swords t'assert the Cro

VIII.

Lord S-----

This is the Place, in which the sacred Names

Of Kings and Heroes annually resound;

The Triumphs, Wars, and Peace of *Charles* and *Jas*

From Age to Age, are with fresh Laurels crown

IX. *Mr. C-----*

MISCELLANY POEMS. 81

IX.

Mr. C-----

As when a Prince's long expected Birth,
Glads ev'ry Heart, and each Muse tunes her Voice.
To the Lady Anne.

Or when the Captive Monarchs of the Earth,
Beg to be Slaves, and in your Chains rejoice.

X.

Lord S-----

But why, in lazy Numbers, do we bind [As]
Our Thoughts? which should in active Raptures
As the Celestial Circles unconfin'd,
And run'd to their Eternal Harmony.

XI.

Musick's the Dialect of happy Souls,
When sever'd from the Earth's unwieldy Load,
The universal Language, by both Poles
Of the vast distant Nations understood.

XII.

Let Instruments and Voices both combine,
To celebrate the Glories of this Day:
Let Art and Ecstasie their Forces join,
And in melodious Paths of Error stray.

Here they sat down, and Musick play'd; which being ended, they stood up again, and spake by way of Pastoral,

Lord S----- Damon.

Mr. C----- Thyrsis.

D A M O N.

Thyrsis, whom the Gods inspire,
Glory of our tuneful Quire,
What auspicious Pow'r is thine,
This Day's happy Influence?
See'st thou how the Nymphs and Swains
Trip it o'er the flow'ry Plains,

VOL. III.

F

Deck'd in Liveries far more gay,
 Than could e'er be given by *May* ?
 Craggy Hills their Tops advance,
 Fauns and Satyrs on them dance ;
 To the whistling of the Wind,
 With the Birds sweet Musick join'd ;
 Trees; with their unwonted Pleasure,
 Wave their shady Tops in measure.

Thyr. Damon, think it nothing strange
 You discern so great a Change,
 Since our humble Dwelling's blest
 With so strange, so great a Guest.
 Life and Mirth the Gods bestow,
 And Beauty wheresoe'er they go ;
 And if *Jove* vouchsafe to come
 To *Philemon's* Country home,
 His Presence gives it Grace Divine,
 And turns the Cottage to a Shrine.

Dam. Such fine Stories Poets sing,
 How their Gods, and *Jove* their King,
 Envy Shepherds happy Days,
 Pleas'd to hear their well-tun'd Lays ;
 Quit the blissful Seats above,
 Choosing here on Earth to love.
 Pretty Fables, proper Themes,
 For Poetick airy Dreams.
 But these are Joys which Men awake,
 Never must expect to take.

Thyr. Cease thy Doubts, thou faithless Swain,
 View but yonder glorious Train,
 'Tell me if the Skies can show
 Such a Constellation? *Dam.* No.

Thyr. Should the Deities combine,
 And in one their Glories join.

Dam. Heav'n's whole Pride too mean would be
 To compare with what we see ;
 But prithee, Shepherd, can't declare
 What these glorious Strangers are ?

Thyr. *Damon*, that's a Work too high
For such Swains as you and I.
'Tis enough our softer Lays

Alcon or *Lycoris* praise;
But the Princely *Daphnis* Name
Fills the loudest Trump of Fame.

Dam. Oft was *Daphnis* the sublime
Argument of *Egon*'s Rhime.

Thyr. *Daphnis*, and the Nymph that shares
All his Pleasures, all his Cares.

Dam. While he sung his Victories,

Thyr. And her no less conqu'ring Eyes,

Dam. Glad Rocks escho'd to his Voice,

Thyr. Vales return'd the tuneful Noise.

Dam. Savage Inmates of the Wood
All compos'd, and list'ning stood.

Thyr. Distant Hills their Tops did bend,
Leaning as they did attend;

But since *Egon* left the Plain,

All the under Crew in vain

Strive to sing what may appear

Worthy Princely *Daphnis* Ear.

Dam. Fear not, *Thyrsis*, there does rest,
In great *Daphnis*' noble Breast;

Too much Goodness to refuse

Tribute from an humble Muse:

Did the Gods accept alone

Worthy Victims, they'd have none.

Thyr. Then, tho' we cannot entertain

Daphnis in a lofty Strain,

Nor his great Exploits set forth,

Or his Peerless Lady's Worth;

Such a homely Muse as ours,

Can bid them welcome to these Bow'rs:

Damon begin: to *Phyllis* I,

Thou to *Daphnis* shalt apply.

[*Thyr.* Mine Ear

Dam. Content. *Thyr.* But stay. *Dam.* Why stay?
Heav'nly Musick seems to hear;

84 *The THIRD PART of*

Phaëbus will his Quire prevent,
And pay the Duty which we meant.

Dam. Let's attend whilst *Phaëbus* sings,
And tune our Oat-pipes to his Strings.

Musick again; which ended,

Ah *Thyrsis*! how shall humble Swains,
As thou and I, perform such Strains?
Can we a fitting Present make,
For us to give, or these to take?

Thyr. The Garland *Chloris* made, I'll bring.
When I sung *Sirephon* from the Ring,
Tho' *Cæsar's* Birth-day it should crown,
Fresh Roses will for that be blown.

Dam. I have a Lamb as white as Snow,
Tho' half engag'd to *Pan*, by Vow:
I'll sacrifice it here; for he
Pan, or some greater God must be.

Thyr. Why dost thou talk of Sacrifice?
These seem not angry Deities.
Would cruel *Sylvia* were here,
She'd learn to think her self less Fair,
And in a noble Mixture find
Humility with Beauty join'd.

Dam. Then may it please the Royal Three,
T'accept an hearty Wish from me;
By all true Swains be *Daphnis* fear'd,
And no Whig Wolves come near his Herd.

Thyr. May each bright Nymph look gay and y
Doubling the Stock from whence they sprung.

Both. Then yearly Hecatombs we'll pay,
If ev'ry Spring brings such a May.



H U M A N E L I F E.

*Suppos'd to be spoken by an Epicure, in
Imitation of the Second Chapter of
the Wisdom of Solomon.*

A P I N D A R I C K O D E.

Inscribed to the Lord Hunston.

By Mr. Yalden.

THEN will penurious Heav'n no more allow !
 No more on its own darling Man bestow !
 Is it for this he Lord of all appears,
 And his great Maker's Image bears !
 To toil beneath a wretched State,
 Oppress'd with Miseries and Fate:
 Beneath his painful Burthen groan,
 And, in this beaten Road of Life, drudge on !
 Amidst our Labours we possess
 No kind Allays of Happiness :
 No soothing Joys can call our own,
 To make this bitter Drug go down ;
 Whilst Death an easie Conquest gains,
 And the insatiate Grave in endless Triumph reigns.
 With Threats, and Pangs, into the World we come,
 The Curse and Burthen of the Womb :
 Nor wretched to our selves alone,
 Our Mothers Labours introduce our own,
 In Cries and Tears our Infancy we waste,
 Those sad Prophetick Tears that flow,
 By Instinct of our future Woe ;
 And ev'n our Dawn of Life with Sorrows over-cast.
 Thus we toil our a restless Age,
 Each his laborious Part must have,
 Down from the Monarch to the Slave, [Stage.
 And o'er this Farce of Life, then drop beneath the

II.

From our first drawing Vital Breath,
 From our first starting from the Womb,
 Until we reach the destin'd Tomb,
 We all are posting on, to the dark Goal of Death
 Life, like a Cloud that fleets before the Wind
 No Mark, no kind Impression, leaves behind,
 'Tis scatter'd like the Winds that blow,
 Boisterous as them, full as inconstant too,
 That know not whence they come, nor where they
 Here we're detain'd a while, and then
 Become Originals again :

Time shall a Man to his first self restore,
 And make him intire nothing, all he was before
 No Part of us, no Remnant shall survive:
 And yet we impudently say, we live:
 No! we but ebb into our selves again,
 And only come to be, as we had never been.

III.

Say, learned Sage, thou that art mighty wife!
 Unriddle me these Mysteries:
 What is the Soul, the Vital Heat
 That our mean Frame does animate?
 What is our Breath, the Breath of Man,
 That buoys his Nature up, and does even Life sustain
 Is it not Air, an empty Fume,
 A Fire that does it self consume?
 A warmth that in a Heart is bred,
 A lambent Flame with Heat and Motion fed.
 Extinguish that, the whole is gone,
 This boasted Scene of Life is done:
 Away the Phantom takes its Flight,
 Damn'd to a loathsome Grave, and an Eternal Night
 The Soul, th' Immortal Part we boast,
 In one consuming Minute's lost:
 To its first Source it must repair,
 Scatter with Winds, and flow with common Air,
 Whilst the fall'n Body, by a swift Decay,
 Resolves into its Native Clay:

MISCELLANY POEMS: 87

For Dust and Ashes are its second Birth,
And that incorporates too, with its great Parent Earth.

IV.

Nor shall our Names, or Memories survive,

Alas, no part of Man can live !

The empty Blasts of Fame shall die,

And even those Nothings taste Mortality.

In vain, to future Ages, we transmit

Heroick Acts, and Monuments of Wit :

In vain, we dear-bought Honours leave,
To make our Ashes gay, and furnish out a Grave,

Ah treacherous Immortality !

For thee, our stock of Youth we waste,

And urge on Life, that ebbs too fast ;

To purchase thee with Blood, the Valiant fly,
And to survive in Fame, the Great and Glorious die.

Lavish of Life, they squander this Estate,

And for a poor Reversion wait :

Bankrupts and Misers, to themselves they grow,

Imbitter wretched Life, with Toils and Woe,

To hoard up endless Fame, they know not where, or

V. [how.

Ah think, my Friends, how swift the Minutes haste !

The present Day intirely is our own,

Then seize the Blessing e'er 'tis gone :

To Morrow, fatal Sound ! since this may be our last.

Why do we boast of Years, and sum up Days !

'Tis all imaginary Space :

To Day, to Day is our Inheritance,

'Tis all penurious Fate will give,

Posterity'll to Morrow live, [hence.

• Our Sons crowd on behind, our Children drive us

With Garlands then your Temples Crown,

And lye on Beds of Roses down :

Beds of Roses we'll prepare,

Roses that our Emblems are.

• Awhile they flourish on the Bough,

And drink large Draughts of Heav'nly Dew :

88 *The* THIRD PART of

Like us, they smile, are young, and gay,
And like us too, are Tenants for a Day, [Wry.
Since with Night's blasting Breath, they vanish swift a-

VI.

Bring chearful Wine, and costly Sweets prepare:
'Tis more than Frenzy now to spare:
Let Cares and Business wait awhile:
Old Age affords a thinking Interval;
Or if they must a longer hearing have,
Bid them attend below, adjourn into the Grave.
Then gay and sprightly Wine produce,
Wines that Wit and Mirth infuse:
That feed, like Oil, th' expiring Flame, [Fama
Revive our drooping Souls, and prop this tottering
That when the Grave our Bodies has engross'd,
When Virtues shall forgotten lie,
With all their boasted Plety,
Honours, and Titles, like our selves, be lost;
Then our Recorded Vice shall flourish on,
And our Immortal Riots be for ever known.
This, this is what we ought to do,
The great Design, the grand Affair below!
Since bounteous Nature's plac'd our Steward here,
Then Man his Grandeur should maintain,
And in Excess of Pleasure Reign,
Keep up his Character, and Lord of all appear.

ELEGY: Occasioned by the Reading
and Transcribing Mr. *Edmund Waller's*
Poem, of DIVINE LOVE, since
his DEATH.

By Mr. J. TALBOT.

SUCH were the last, the sweetest Notes that hung
Upon our dying Swan's melodious Tongue:

MISCELLANY POEMS. 89

Notes, whose strong Charms the dulcist Ear might move,
And melt the hardest Heart in Flames of Love:

Notes, whose Seraphic Raptures speak a Mind
From Human Thoughts, and Earthly Dross refin'd;
So just their Harmony, so high their Flight,
With Joy I read them, and with Wonder write.

Sure, happy Saint, this Noble Song was giv'n
To fit Thee for th' approaching Joys of Heav'n:
Love, wond'rous Love, whose Conquest was thy Theme,
Has taught thy Soul the airy way to climb;
Love snatch'd Thee, like *Elijah*, to the Sky,
In Flames that not consume, but purifie:
There with thy Fellow-Angels mix'd, and free
From the dull Load of dim Mortality,
Thou feel'st new Joys, and feed'st thy ravish'd Sight
With unexhausted Beams of Love and Light;
And sure, bless'd Spirit, to compleat thy Bliss,
In Heav'n thou sing'st this Song, or one like this.

A new Ballad, call'd, The Brawny Bishop's Complaint.

To the Tune of Packington's Pound.

I.

WHen B---- perceiv'd the beautiful Dames,
Who flock'd to the Chappel of hilly St. James,
On their Lovers the kindest Looks did bestow,
And smil'd not on him while he bellow'd below,

To the Princess he wena

With pious intent,

This dangerous Ill in the Church to prevent:

O Madam! quoth he, our Religion is lost,

If the Ladies thus ogle the Knights of the Toast.

II.

Your Highness observes how I labour and sweat,
Their Affections to raise, and new Flames to beget;

H 4

90 *The* THIRD PART of

And sure when I preach, all the World will agree,
That their Ears and their Eyes should be pointed on me:

But now I can't find

One Beauty so kind,

As my Parts to regard, or my Presence to mind.

Nay, I scarce have a sight of any one Face,

But those of old *Oxford*, and ugly *Arglas*.

III.

These sorrowful Matrons with Hearts full of Truth,

Repent for the manifold Sins of their Youth:

The rest with their Tattle my Harmony spoil;

And *Bur--ton*, *An---sey*, *K---gston* and *B---le*

Their Minds entertain

With Thoughts so profane,

'Tis a Mercy to find that at Church they contain;

Ev'n *Hen---ham*'s Shapes their weak Fancies intice,

And rather than me they will ogle the * *Vice*.

IV.

These Practices, Ma'am, my Preaching disgrace;

Shall Laymen enjoy the just Rights of my Place?

Then all may lament my Condition for hard;

To thresh in the Pulpit without a Reward.

Then pray condescend

Such Disorders to end,

And from the ripe Vineyards such Labourers send:

Or build up the Seats, that the Beauties may see

The Face of no brawny Pretender but me.

V.

The Princess by rude Importunities press'd,

Tho' she laugh'd at his Reasons, allow'd his Requests

And now *Britain*'s Nymphs in a Protestant Reign

Are lock'd up at Pray'rs like the Virgins in *Spain*;

And all are undone

As sure as a Gun,

Whenever a Woman is kept like a Nun.

If any kind Man from Bondage will save her,

The Lads in Gratitude grants him the Favour.

* *Mr. B---ty Vice-Chamberlain.*

MOSCHUS. IDYL. I.

Done into English by Mr. J. R.

HER Son not heard of, and by none descry'd,
 In a shrill Voice thus pensive *Venus* cry'd.
 He who can News of a stray *Cupid* tell,
 My Run-a-way, shall be rewarded well.
 His Fee for the obliging News is this,
 He may come hither, and demand a Kiss.
 But if he can the Vagabond restore;
 He shall have Kisses, and have somewhat more.
 Amongst a Hundred you the Boy may know,
 Large are his Tokens, and his Marks enow.
 Not white his Body, but resembling Flame;
 His Eyes all cruel, and his Heart the same:
 Soft are his Words, where he designs no Love,
 Nor do his Heart and Tongue together move.
 Sweet is his Voice as Honey when he's pleas'd,
 But when enrag'd, how hard to be appeas'd!
 He always lies; 'tis a pernicious Boy,
 Fraud is his Sport, and Tyranny his Joy.
 Bold are his Eyes, divinely curl'd his Hair;
 Small are his Hands, but oh! they kill from far!
 How great, how large is their extensive Pow'r,
 From which great *Pluto's* self is not secure!
 Close are his Thoughts and Soul, his Body bare.
 Swift as a Bird, he strikes an amorous Pair,
 Invades the inmost Fortrefs of the Fair.
 Small is his Bow, nor are his Arrows great,
 And yet ev'n these have reach'd the Heav'nly Seat.
 A Golden Quiver on his Back he ties,
 Where his Artillery in dreadful Order lies.
 All cruel, all,-----but oh! the cruel Boy
 Does with his Taper *Phabus* self annoy;
 Torments ev'n me, his Mother, ruins all my Joy-
 Charge him from me; if seen, with an Arrest;
 Let Pity be a Stranger to your Breast.

If you can seize him, lead the Captive bound,
 Let no Compassion for his Tears be found.
 Avoid his Kisses, and his am'rous Wiles,
 There's worse than Poison in his treach'rous Smiles,
 Nay, should he offer you his Arms, beware,
 Of Arrows tips with Fire have a Care.

Against ENJOYMENT.

By Mr. YALDEN.

WE Love and Hate, as restless Monarchs fight,
 Who boldly dare invade another's Right:
 Yet when thro' all the dang'rous Toils they've run,
 Ignobly quit the Conquests they have won;
 Those charming Hopes that made them valiant grow,
 Fall'd with Enjoyment, make them Cowards now.

Our Passions only form our Happiness,
 Hopes still enlarge, as Fears contract it less:
 Hope with a gaudy Prospect feeds the Eye,
 Soothes ev'ry Sense, does with each Wish comply;
 But false Enjoyment, the kind Guide destroys,
 We lose the Passion in the treach'rous Joys.
 Like the gay Silk-worm; when it pleases most,
 In that ungrateful Web it spins, 'tis lost.

Fruition only cloy's the Appetite,
 More does the Conquest, than the Prize delight;
 One Vict'ry gain'd, another fills the Mind,
 Our restless Wishes cannot be confin'd.
 Like boist'rous Waves, no settled Bounds they know,
 Fix at no Point, but always ebb or flow.

Who most expects, enjoys the Pleasure most,
 'Tis rais'd by Wishes, by Fruition lost:
 We're charm'd with distant Views of Happiness,
 But near Approaches make the Prospect less.
 Wishes, like painted Landscips, best delight,
 Whilst Distance recommends them to the Sight.

MISCELLANY POEMS. 93

Plac'd afar off, they beautiful appear,
But show their sickle and nauseous Colours, near.

Thus the fam'd *Midas*, when he found his Store
Increasing still, and would admit of more,
With eager Arms his swelling Bags he press'd;
And Expectation only made him bless'd:
But when a boundless Treasure he enjoy'd,
And ev'ry Wish was with Fruition cloy'd:
Then damn'd to Heaps, and surfeited with Ore,
He cast that Gold, he doated on before.

Prologue to the Musick-meeting in York-buildings.

By Dr. GARTH.

WHERE Musick and more pow'rful Beauties reign,
Who can support the Pleasure, and the Pain?
Here their soft Magick those two Syrens try;
And if we listen, or but look, we die.
Why should we then the Wondrous Tales admire,
Of *Orpheus* Numbers, or *Amphion's* Lyre?
Behold this Scene of Beauty, and confess
The Wonder greater, and the Fiction less.
Like Human Victims here we are decreed
To worship those bright Altars where we bleed.
Who braves his Fate in Fields, must tremble here:
Triumphant Love more Vassals makes than Fear.
No Faction Homage to the Fair denies,
The Right Divine's apparent in their Eyes.
That Empire's fix'd, that's founded in Desire;
Those Fires the Vestals guard, can ne'er expire.



94 *The THIRD PART of*
PRIAM'S Lamentation and Petition to
ACHILLES, for the Body of his
SON HECTOR.

Translated from the Greek of HOMER. 'Ιλιάδ. α.

By Mr. CONGREVE.

Beginning at this Line,

*Ὡς ἄρ' ὁ φωνήεις ἀπέβη πρὸς μακρὸν Ὀλύμπου
 Ἑμείας:—*

Argument Introductory to this Translation.

Hector's Body (after he was Slain) remain'd still in the Possession of Achilles; for which Priam made great Lamentation. Jupiter had Pity on him, and sent Iris to comfort and direct him, after what manner he should go to Achilles's Tent, and how he should there Ransom the Body of his Son. Priam accordingly orders his Chariot to be got ready, and preparing rich Presents for Achilles, sets forward to the Grecian Camp, accompany'd by no Body but his Herald Idæus. Mercury, at Jupiter's Command, meets him by the way, in the Figure of a young Grecian, and, after bemoaning his Misfortunes, undertakes to drive his Chariot, unobserv'd, through the Guards, and to the Door of Achilles's Tent; whilst having perform'd, he discover'd himself a God, and giving him a short Instruction, how to move Achilles to Compassion, flew up to Heaven.

SO spake the God, and Heav'nward took his Flight;
 When Priam from his Chariot did alight;
 Leaving Idæus there, alone he went
 With Solemn Pace, into Achilles' Tent.
 Heedless, he pass'd through various Rooms of State,
 Until approaching where the Heroe sat;

MISCELLANY POEMS.

95

There at a Feast, the good old *Priam* found
Jove's best belov'd with all his Chiefs around :
 Two only were t' attend his Person plac'd,
Automedon and *Alcimus*; the rest
 At greater Distance, greater State express'd.

}.

Priam, unseen by these, his Entrance made,
 And at *Achilles'* Feet his Aged Body laid,
 About his Knees, his trembling Arms he threw,
 And clasp'd 'em hard, as they together grew, [close;
 Then caught his Hands, and press'd, and kiss'd 'em.
 Those Hands, th' inhuman Authors of his Woes;
 Those Hands, whose unrelenting Force had cost
 Much of his Blood, (for many Sons he lost)
 Now bath'd in Tears, he to his Cheeks did lay;
 As if he meant to wash their Guilt away.

But, as a Wretch who has a Murder done,
 And seeking Refuge, does from Justice run;
 Ent'ring some House, in haste, where he's unknown,
 Creates Amazement in the Lookers on :
 So did *Achilles* gaze, surpris'd to see
 The Godlike *Priam's* Royal Misery;
 All on each other gaz'd, all in surprize
 And mute, yet seem'd to question with their Eyes.
 'Till he at length the solemn Silence broke;
 And thus the venerable Suppliant spake.

Divine *Achilles*, at your Feet behold.
 A prostrate King, in Wretchedness grown old :
 Think on your Father, and then look on me,
 His hoary Age and helpless Person see;
 So furrow'd are his Cheeks, so white his Hairs,
 Such, and so many his declining Years;
 Could you imagine (but that cannot be)
 Could you imagine, such his Misery!
 Yet it may come, when he shall be oppress'd,
 And neighb'ring Princes lay his Country waste;
 Nay, at this time perhaps some pow'ful Foe,
 Who will no Mercy, no Compassion show,
 Ent'ring his Palace, sees him feebly fly
 And seek Protection, where no Help is nigh.

96 The THIRD PART of

In vain, he may your fatal Absence mourn,
And wish in vain for your delay'd Return ;
Yet, that he hears you live, some Comfort gives,
And while he hopes (tho' vainly) he believes :
It glads his Soul to think, he once may see
His much-lov'd Son ; wou'd that were granted me !
But I, most wretched I ! of all bereft !
Of all my Royal Sons, how few are left !
Yet Fifty goodly Youths I had to boast,
When first the *Greeks* invaded *Hien's* Coast ;
Nineteen, the joyful Issue of one teeming Womb,
Are now, alas ! a mournful Tribute to one Tomb ;
Merciless War this Devastation wrought,
And their strong Nerves to Dissolution brought.

Still one was left, in whom was all my Hope,
My Age's Comfort, and his Country's Prop ;
Hector, my Darling, and my last Defence,
Whose Life alone, their Deaths could recompence :
And, to compleat my Store of counsell's Woe,
Him you have slain— of him bereav'd me too !

For his sake only, hither am I come ;
Rich Gifts I bring, and Wealth, an endless Sum ;
All to redeem that fatal Prize you won,
A worthless Ransom for so brave a Son.

Fear the just Gods, *Achilles* ; and on me
With Pity look, think you your Father sees,
Such as I am, he is, alone in this,
I can no Equal have in Miseries ;
Of all Mankind, most wretched and forlorn,
Bow'd with such Weight, as never has been born ;
Reduc'd to kneel and pray to you, from whom
The Spring and Source of all my Sorrows come ;
With Gifts, to court mine and my Country's Bane,
And kiss those Hands, which have my Children slain.
He spake.-----

Now, sadness o'er *Achilles*' Face appears,
And viewing *Priam*, for his Father fears ;
That, and Compassion melt him into Tears,

3

Then, gently with his Hand he put away
Old Priam's Face, but he still prostrate lay,
And there with Tears, and Sighs, afresh did moan
Th' untimely Death of his beloved Son.
But Passion diff'rent ways Achilles turns,
Now he Patroclus, now his Father mourns:
Thus both with Lamentations fill'd the Place,
'Till Sorrow seem'd to wear one common Face.

The Lamentations of Hecuba, Andromache, and Helen, over the Dead Body of Hector. Translated from the Greek of Homer. Iliad. ω.

By Mr. CONGREVE.

Beginning at this Line,

Ἦν δ' ὅ γ' ἀνέκλιπτο δαίμων ἄνδρα κτεάνων ἀντιφρονέοντα.

Connexion of this with the former Translation.

Priam, at last, moves Achilles to Compassion, and after having made him Presents of great Value, obtains the Body of his Son. Mercury awakens Priam early in the Morning, and advises him to haste away with the Body, lest Agamemnon should be informed of his doing in the Camp: He himself helps to harness the Mules and Horses, and conveys him safely, and without Noise, Chariot and all, from among the Grecian Tents; then flies up to Heav'n, leaving Priam and Idæus to travel on with the Body toward Troy.

NOW did the Saffron Mozn her Beams display,
Gilding the Face of Universal Day;
When mourning Priam to the Town return'd;
Slowly his Chariot mov'd, as that had moven'd,

98 *The THIRD PART of*

The Mules beneath the mangled Body go,
As bearing (now) unusual Weight of Woe.
To Pergamus high Top *Cassandra* flies,
Thence, the afar the sad Procession spies:
Her Father and *Idæus* first appear,
Then *Hector's* Corps extended on a Bier;
At which, her boundless Grief loud Cries began,
And, thus lamenting, thro' the Streets she ran:
Hither, ye wretched Trojans, hither all!
Behold the Godlike Hector's Funeral!
If e'er you went with Joy, to see him come
Adorn'd with Conquest and with Laurels home,
Asssemble now, his Ransom'd Body see,
What once was all your Joy, now all your Misery!

She spake, and straight the num'rous Crowd obey'd,
Nor Man, nor Woman, in the City afraid;
Common Consent of Grief had made 'em one,
With clam'rous Moan to *Scæa's* Gate they run,
There the lov'd Body of their *Hector* meet,
Which they, with loud and fresh Lamentings, greet.
His Rev'rend Mother, and his Tender Wife,
Equal in Love, in Grief had equal Strife:
In Sorrow they no Moderation knew,
But wildly wailing, to the Chariot flew;
There strove the rolling Wheels to hold, while each
Attempted first his breathless Corps to reach;
Aloud they beat their Breasts, and tore their Hair,
Rending around with Shrieks the suff'ring Air.

Now had the Throng of People stop'd the Way,
Who would have there lamented all the Day,
But *Priam* from his Chariot rose, and spake,
Trojans enough; Truce with your Sorrows make;
Give way to me, and yield the Chariot Room;
First let me bear my Hector's Body home,
Then mourn your fill. At this the Crowd gave way,
Op'ning a Pass, like Waves of a divided Sea.

Idæus to the Palace drove, then laid,
With Care, the Body on a sumptuous Bed,

MISCELLANY POEMS. 99

And round about were skilful Singers plac'd,
Who wept, and sigh'd, and in sad Notes express'd
Their Moan; All in a Chorus did agree
Of Universal, Mournful Harmony.

Andromache alone no Notes could find,
No Musick wild enough for her distracted Mind;
Her Grief, long smother'd, now from Silence broke,
And thus (close pressing his pale Cheeks) she spoke.

Andromache's Lamentation.

O my lost Husband! let me ever mourn
Thy early Fate, and too untimely Urn:
In the full Pride of Youth thy Glories fade,
And thou in Ashes must with them be laid.
Why is my Heart thus miserably torn!
Why am I thus distress'd! why thus forlorn!
Am I that wretched Thing, a Widow left?
Why do I live, who am of Life bereft?
Yet I were blest, were I alone undone;
Alas, my Child! where can an Infant run?
Unhappy Orphan! thou in Woes art nurs'd;
Why were you born?---- I am with Blessings curst!
For long e'er thou shalt be to Manhood grown,
Wide Desolation will lay waste this Town:
Who is there now that can Protection give,
Since He, who was her Strength, no more doth live?
Who of her Rev'rend Matrons will have Care?
Who save her Children from the Rage of War?
For He to all Father and Husband was,
And all are Orphans now, and Widows by his Loss.
Soon will the *Grecians*, now, insulting come,
And bear us Captives to their distant Home;
I, with my Child, must the same Fortune share,
And all alike, be Pris'ners of the War;
'Mongst base-born Wretches he his Lot must have,
And be to some inhumane Lord a Slave.
Else some avenging *Greek*, with Fury fill'd,
Or for an only Son, or Father kill'd

100 THE THIRD PART of

By *Hector's* Hand, on him will vent his Rage,
 And, with his Blood, his thirsty Grief assuage;
 For many fell by his relentless Hand, [stain'd.
 Biting that Ground, which with their Blood was
 Pierce was thy Father (O my Child) in War,
 And never did his Foe in Battel spare;
 Thence come these Sufferings, which so much have
 Much Woe to all; but sure, to me the most. [cost,
 I saw him not, when in the Pangs of Death,
 Nor did thy Lips receive his latest Breath;
 Why held he not to me his dying Hand?
 And why receiv'd not I his last Command?
 Something he would have said, had I been there,
 Which I should still in sad Remembrance bear;
 For I could never, never Words forget,
 Which, Night and Day, I would with Tears repeat,
 She spake, and wept afresh, when all around,
 A gen'ral Sigh diffus'd a mournful Sound.
 Then *Hecuba*, who long had been oppress'd
 With boiling Passions in her aged Breast,
 Mingling her Words with Sighs and Tears, began
 A Lamentation for her darling Son.

Hecuba's Lamentation.

Hector, my Joy, and to my Soul more dear
 Than all my other num'rous Issue were;
 O my last Comfort, and my best belov'd!
 Thou, at whose Fall, ev'n *Jove* himself was mov'd,
 And sent a God his dread Commands to bear,
 So far thou wert high Heav'n's peculiar Care!
 From fierce *Achilles'* Chains thy Corpse was freed;
 So kind a Fate was for none else decreed:
 For all my other Sons, ta'en by his Hands,
 Were sold like Slaves, and shipt to Foreign Lands.
 Thou too wert sentenc'd by his barb'rous Doom,
 And dragg'd, when dead, about *Pierces'* Tomb.

MISCELLANY POEMS. 101

His lov'd *Patroclus*, whom thy Hands had slain;
And yet that Cruelty was urg'd in vain,
Since all could not restore his Life again.
Now fresh and glowing, even in Death thou art,
And fair as he who fell by *Phœbus'* Dart.

Here weeping *Hecuba* her Passion staid,
And universal Moan again was made;
When *Helen's* Lamentation hers supply'd,
And thus, aloud, that fatal Beauty cry'd,

Helen's Lamentation.

O *Hector*, thou wert rooted in my Heart,
No Brother there had half so large a Part:
Scarce my own Lord, to whom such Love I bore,
That I forsook my Home; scarce he had more!

O would I ne'er had seen that fatal Day;
Would I had perish'd when I came away.
Now, twenty Years are past, since that sad Hour,
When first I landed on this ruin'd Shore.
For Ruin (sure) and I, together came!
Yet all this time from thee I ne'er had Blame,
Not one ungentle Word, or Look of Scorn,
Which I too often have from others born;
When you from their Reproach have set me free,
And kindly have reprov'd their Cruelty;
If by my Sisters, or the Queen revil'd,
(For the good King, like you, was ever mild)
Your Kindness still has all my Grief beguil'd.
Ever in Tears let me your Loss bemoan,
Who had no Friend alive, but you alone:
All will reproach me now, where-e'er I pass,
And fly with Horror from my hated Face.
This said; she wept, and the vast Throng was mov'd,
And with a gen'ral Sigh her Grief approv'd.
When *Priam* (who had heard the mourning Crowd)
Rose from his Seat, and thus he spake aloud,

*Cease your Lamentings, Trojans, for awhile,
And sell down Toys to build a Fun'ral Pile;*

*Fear not an Ambush by the Grecians laid,
For with Achilles Twelve Days Truce I made.*

He spake, and all obey'd as with one Mind,
Chariots were brought, and Mules and Oxen join'd;
Forth from the City all the People went,
And Nine Days Space was in that Labour spent:
The Tenth, a most stupendious Pile they made,
And on the Top the Manly Hector laid,
Then gave it Fire; while all, with weeping Eyes,
Beheld the rolling Flames and Smoak arise.
All Night they wept, and all the Night it burn'd;
But when the Rosie Morn with Day return'd,
About the Pile the thronging People came,
And with black Wine quench'd the remaining Flame.
His Brothers then, and Friends search'd ev'ry where,
And gath'ring up his snowy Bones with Care,
Wept o'er 'em; when an Urn of Gold was brought,
Wrapt in soft Purple Palls, and richly wrought,
In which the Sacred Ashes were interr'd;
Then o'er his Grave a Monument they rear'd.
Meantime, strong Guards were plac'd, and careful Spies,
To watch the Grecians; and prevent Surprize.
The Work once ended, all the vast Resort
Of mourning People went to Priam's Court;
There they refresh'd their weary Limbs with Rest,
Ending the Fun'ral with a Solemn Feast.

PARAPHRASE upon HORACE.

ODE XIX. LIB. I.

By Mr. CONGREGUE.

Mater seva Cupidinum, &c.

I.

THE Tyrant Queen of soft Desires,
With the resistless Aid of sprightly Wine

MISCELLANY POEMS. 103

And wanton Ease, conspires
 To make my Heart its Peace resign,
 And re-admit Love's long rejected Fires.
 For beauteous *Glycera* I burn,
 The Flames so long repell'd with double Force return:
 Endless her Charms appear, and shine more bright
 Than polish'd Marble when reflecting Light;
 With winning Coyness she my Soul disarms,
 And when her Looks are coldest, most she warms:
 Her Face darts forth a thousand Rays,
 Whose Lustre an unwary Sight betrays,
 My Eye-balls swim, and I grow giddy while I gaze.

II.

She comes! she comes! she rushes in my Veins!
 At once all *Venus* enters, and at large she reigns!
Cyprus no more with her Abode is blest,
 I am her Palace, and her Throne my Breast.
 Of Savage *Scythian* Arms no more I write,
 Or *Parthian* Archers, who in flying fight,
 And make rough War their Sport;
 Such idle Themes no more shall move,
 Nor any thing but what's of high Import:
 And what's of high Import, but Love?
 Vervain and Gums, and the green Turf prepare;
 With Wine of Two Years old, your Cups be fill'd:
 Afford our Sacrifice and Prayers,
 The Goddess may incline her Heart to yield.

HORACE, Lib. II. Ode XIV.

Imitated by Mr. CONGREVE.

*Æquæ Fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,
 Laboribus Annis, &c.*

AH! no, 'tis all in vain, believe me 'tis
 This pious Artifice.

104 *The THIRD PART of*

Not all these Pray'rs and Alms can buy
 One Moment tow'rd Eternity.
 Eternity! that boundless Race,
 Which Time himself can never run:
 (Swift, as he flies, with an unweary'd Pace,) *(P)*
 Which, when Ten Thousand, Thousand Years are d
 Is still the same, and still to be begun.
 Fix'd are those Limits, which prescribe
 A short Extent to the most lasting Breath;
 And though thou cou'dst for Sacrifice lay down
 Millions of other Lives to save thine own,
 'Twere fruitless all: not all would bribe
 One Supernumerary Gasp from Death.

II.

In vain's thy inexhausted Store
 Of Wealth, in vain thy Pow'r,
 Thy Honours, Titles; all must fail,
 Where Piety it self does nought avail.
 The Rich, the Great, the Innocent and Just,
 Must all be huddl'd to the Grave,
 With the most Vile and Ignominious Slave,
 And undistinguish'd lye in Dust.
 In vain the Fearful flies Alarms,
 In vain he is secure from Wounds of Arms,
 In vain avoids the faithless Seas,
 And is confin'd to Home and Ease,
 Bounding his Knowledge, to extend his Days,
 In vain are all those Arts we try,
 All our Evasions, and Regret to die:
 From the Contagion of Mortality,
 No Climate is pure, no Air is free:
 And no Retreat
 Is so Obscure, as to be hid from Fate.

III.

Thou must, alas! thou must, my Friend;
 (The very Hour thou now dost spend
 In studying to avoid, brings on thine End.) *7*

MISCELLANY POEMS. 105

Thou must forego the dearest Joys of Life;
 Leave the warm Bosom of thy tender Wife,
 And all the much-lov'd Off-spring of her Womb,
 To moulder in the cold Embraces of a Tomb.

All must be left, and all be lost;
 Thy House, whose stately Structure so much cost,
 Shall not afford

Room for the stinking Carcass of its Lord.
 Of all thy pleasant Gardens, Grotts and Bow'rs,
 Thy costly Fruits, thy far-fetch'd Plants and Flow'rs,
 Nought shalt thou save;

Unless a Sprig of Rosemary thou have,
 To wither with thee in the Grave:
 The rest shall live and flourish, to upbraid
 Their Transitory Master Dead.

IV.

Then shall thy long-expecting Heir,
 A Joyful Mourning wear:
 And Riot in the Waste of that Estate
 Which thou hast taken so much Pains to get.
 All thy hid Stores he shall unfold,
 And set at large thy Captiv'd Gold.

That precious Wine, condemn'd by thee
 To Vaults and Prisons, shall again be free:
 Bury'd alive tho' now it lyes,

Again't shall rise,
 Again its sparkling Surface show,
 And free as Element, profusely flow.
 With such choice Food he shall set forth his Feasts
 That Cardinals shall wish to be his Guests;
 And pamper'd Prelates see
 Themselves out-done in Luxury.



An ODE, in Imitation of *HORACE*,

ODE IX. LIB. I.

By Mr. CONG REVE.

Vides ut alta, &c.

BLESS me, 'tis cold! how chill the *Air* !
 How naked does the World appear !
 But see (big with the Off-spring of the North)
 The teeming Clouds bring forth.
 A Show'r of soft and fleecy Rain
 Falls, to new-cloath the Earth again.
 Behold the Mountain-Tops, around,
 As if with Fur of Ermins crown'd:
 And lo! how by Degrees
 The universal Mantle hides the Trees,
 In hoary Flakes, which downward fly,
 As if it were the Autumn of the Sky,
 Whose Fall of Leaf would theirs supply :
 Trembling, the Groves sustain the Weight, and bow
 Like aged Limbs, which feebly go
 Beneath a venerable Head of Snow.

II.

Diffusive Cold does the whole Earth invade,
 Like a Disease, thro' all its Veins 'tis spread,
 And each late living Stream is numb'd and dead.
 Let's melt the frozen Hours, make warm the Air;
 Let chearful Fires *Sol's* feeble Beams repair;
 Fill the large Bowl with sparkling Wine;
 Let's drink, 'till our own Faces shine,
 'Till we like Suns appear,
 To light and warm the Hemisphere.
 Wine can dispencc to all both Light and Heat,
 They are with Wine incorporate:
 That pow'rful Juice, with which no Cold dares mix,
 Which still is fluid, and no Frost can fix;

MISCELLANY POEMS. 107

Let that but in Abundance flow,
And let it Storm and Thunder, Hail and Snow,
'Tis Heaven's Concern; and let it be
The Care of Heaven still, for me:
These Winds, which rend the Oaks and plough the Seas,
Great *Jove* can, if he please,
With one commanding Nod appease.

III.

Seek not to know to Morrow's Doom;
That is not ours, which is to come,
The present Moment's all our Store:
The next, should Heav'n allow,
Then this will be no more:
So all our Life is but one Instant *Now*.
Look on each Day you've past
To be a mighty Treasure won:
And lay each Moment out in haste;
We're sure to live too fast,
And cannot live too soon.
Youth does a thousand Pleasures bring,
Which from decrepid Age will fly;
Sweets that wanton i' th' Bosom of the Spring,
In Winter's cold Embraces die.

IV.

Now Love, that everlasting Boy, invites
To revel, while you may, in soft Delights:
Now the kind Nymph yields all her Charms,
Nor yields in vain to youthful Arms.
Slowly she promises at Night to meet,
But eagerly prevents the Hour with swifter Feet.
To gloomy Groves and obscure Shades she flies,
There veils the bright Confession of her Eyes.
Unwillingly she stays,
Would more unwillingly depart,
And in soft Sighs conveys
The Whispers of her Heart.
Still she invites and still denies,
And vows she'll leave you if y'are rude;

108 *The THIRD PART of*

Then from her Ravisher she flies,
But flies to be pursu'd:
If from his Sight she does her self convey,
With a feign'd Laugh she will her self betray,
And cunningly instruct him in the Way.

*To Sir GODFREY KNELLER, draw-
ing my Lady HIDE's Picture.*

By Mr. B. HIGGONS.

THE Cyprian Queen drawn by *Apelles'* Hand,
Of perfect Beauty did the Pattern stand,
But then bright Nymphs from ev'ry Part of *Greece*,
Did all contribute to adorn the Piece,
From each a sev'ral Charm the Painter took,
(For no one Mortal so divine could look)
But, happier *Kneller*, Fate presents to you
In one that finish'd Beauty, which he drew.
But oh, take heed, for vast is the Design,
And Madness 'twere for any Hand but thine.
For mocking Thunder bold *Salmonus* dies,
And 'tis as rash to imitate her Eyes.

SONG on a LADY Indispos'd.

By Mr. B. HIGGONS.

F *Lavia's* Eyes, like Fires suppress'd,
More fiercely flame again,
Nor can her Beauty be decreas'd,
Nor alter'd by her Pain.

Those various Charms which round her play,
And do her Face adorn,

MISCELLANY POEMS: 109

Still as they ripen, fall away,
Fresh Beauties still are born.

So doth it with the Lovers fare,
Who do the Dame adore,
One Fit of Love kill'd by Despair,
Another rages more.

*To a LADY, who Raffling for the King
of FRANCE's Picture, flung the highest
Chances on the Dice.*

By Mr. B. HIGGONS.

Fortune exerts her utmost Pow'r for you,
Nor could she more for her own *Louis* do;
She thought some mighty Kingdom was the Stake,
And did this Throw for the great Monarch make;
But as all Princes at far Distance woove,
First send their Image where their Heart is due:
So now, thrice happy Nymph, would you resort,
Where Fate invites you, to the *Gallic* Court:
That lucky Genius which the Picture gave,
Would make the great Original your Slave:
He, like the Piece, can only be your Prize,
Who never yields, but to the brightest Eyes.

*On my Lady SANDWICH's being staid
in Town by the immoderate Rain.*

By Mr. B. HIGGONS.

THE charming *Sandwich* would from Cities fly,
While at her Feet adoring Princes lye;
And all her nobler Conquests would forego,
Lest glorious Slaves and Peasants to subdue:

110 *The THIRD PART of*

Thus Conqu'ring Monarchs who have Kingdoms won,
And all their Neighb'ring States with Arms o'er-run;
For want of Work, their Armies to employ,
Remote and Salvage Provinces destroy :
But Heav'n in pity weeps, while we complain,
Or else, our Tears exhal'd, drop down in Rain.
The darken'd Sun does scarce thro' Clouds appear,
And Tempests rage to keep our Wishes here.
The Floods free Passage to her Scorn deny,
And Nature disobey's her Cruelty.
But could the Waves rise equal to our Flame,
We'd drown the World, to stop the flying Dame.

Ovid's Love-Elegies. Book I. Eleg. XV.

Of the Immortality of the Muses.

Inscrib'd to Mr. DRYDEN.

By HENRY CROMWELL, Esq;

THY well-known Malice, fretful Envy, cease,
Nor tax the Muse and me----
With a weak Genius, and inglorious Ease ;
What----I should then, whilst Youth does Vigour yield,
Pursue the dusty Glories of the Field :
Our Father's Praise ! or bend my utmost Care
To the dull Noise of the litigious Bar ;
No ! these must die ;----but the most noble Prize,
That which alone can Man immortalize,
Must from the Muses Harmony arise :
Homer shall live, whilst *Tenedos* shall stand,
Or *Ida's* Top survey the neighb'ring Strand,
Whilst *Simois* Streams along the Vallies glide,
And in the Sea discharge their rapid Tide :----
Hesiod shall live, 'till Corn is not in use,
'Till the plump Grape denies its wealthy Juice : ----

MISCELLANY POEMS. III

The World *Callimachus* shall ever prize,
 For what his Fancy wants, his Art supplies:-----
 The Tragedies of mighty *Sophocles*
 Shall in no Age their just Applauses miss:-----
 So well *Aratus* of the Planets wrote,
 That Sun and Moon must fail when he's forgot:----
 When crafty *Davus* a hard Father cheats
 To serve the Son,----when easie Cully treats
 The jilting Whore and Bawd, the Figures shew,
 The Comick from *Menander's* Model drew:-----
Ennius, whose Muse by Nature was design'd
 Compleat, had Art with bounteous Nature join'd;----
 And Tragick *Accius*, of Stile sublime,
 And weighty Words, shall stand the shock of Time:----
 Whilst *Jason's* Golden Fleece shall have a Name,
 Who shall a Stranger be to *Varro's* Fame?-----
Lucretius Nature's Causes did rehearse
 In such a lofty and commanding Verse,
 As shall remain 'till that one fatal Day,
 Which must the World it self in Ruins lay:-----
Virgil, thy Works Divine shall Patterns stand
 For each succeeding Age's copying Hand,
 Whilst *Rome* shall all its conquer'd World com-
 mand:-- ---

Whilst *Cupid* shall be arm'd with Bow and Dart,
 And flaming Shafts shall pierce the Lover's Heart;
 Shall we, O sweet *Tibullus*, love each Line
 That comes from that soft moving Pen of thine:-----
 Both East and West resound with *Gallus* Fame,
Gallus and his *Lycoris* are their Theme:-----
 Statues and Tombs with Age consume and die;
 'Tis Verse alone has Immortality:
 To Verse must yield the greatest Acts of Kings;
 Riches and Empire are but empty things,
 Without the lasting Fame a Poet brings:
 Let vulgar Spirits trivial Blessings chuse;
 May thy *Castalian* Spring inspire my Muse,

112 *The THIRD PART of*

O God of Wit! and Myrtles wreath my Hair;
Then the too fearful Lover may repair
To what I write, to free his Breast from Care:
As living Worth Detraction still attends,
Which after Death a juster Fame defends;
So I shall my last Fun'ral Flame survive,
And in my better Part for ever live.

Considerations on the Eighty Eighth
P S A L M.

By Mr. PRIOR.

HHeavy, O Lord, on me thy Judgments lye,
And curs'd I am; for God neglects my Cry,
O Lord, in Darkness and Despair I groan;
And ev'ry Place is Hell; for God is gone.
O Lord, arise, and let thy Beams controul
Those horrid Clouds, that press my frighted Soul;
O rise, and save me from Eternal Night,
Thou that art the God of Light.

Downward I hasten to my destin'd Place;
There none obtain thy Aid, none sing thy Praise.
Soon I shall lye in Death's deep Ocean drown'd:
Is Mercy there; is sweet Forgiveness found?
O save me yet, whilst on the Brink I stand;
Rebuke the Storm, and set me safe to Land.
O make my Longings and thy Mercy sure,
Thou that art the God of Power.

Behold the weary'd Prodigal is come
To Thee, his Hope, his Harbour, and his Home;
No Father he could find, no Friend abroad,
Depriv'd of Joy, and destitute of God.
O let thy Terrors and his Anguish end!
Be thou his Father, and be thou his Friend:

MISCELLANY POEMS. 113

Receive the Son thou didst so long reprove,
Thou that art the God of Love.

*The Curse of BABYLON, Para-
phras'd from the XIIIth Chapter of
ISAIAH.*

A PINDARICK O D E.

By THO. YALDEN.

I.

NOW let the fatal Banner be display'd!
Upon some lofty Mountain's Top
Go set the dreadful Standard up!
And all around the Hills the bloody Signals spread.
For lo, the num'tous Hosts of Heav'n appear!
Th' imbattl'd Legions of the Sky,
With all their dread Artillery,
Draw forth in bright Array, and muster in the Air.
Why do the Mountains tremble with the Noise?
And Valleys eccho back their Voice:
The Hills tumultuous grow and loud,
The Hills that groan beneath the gath'ring Multitude,
Wide as the Poles of Heav'n's Extent,
So far's the dreadful Summons sent:
Kingdoms, and Nations, at his Call appear,
For ev'n the Lord of Hosts commands in Person there.

II.

Start from thy Lethargy, thou drowsie Land;
Awake, and hear his dread Command!
Thy black tempestuous Day comes low'ring on,
O fatal Light! O inauspicious Hour!
Was ever such a Day before!
So stain'd with Blood, by Marks of Vengeance known,

G 2.

114 *The THIRD PART of*

Nature shall from her steady Course remove,
 The well-fix'd Earth be from its Basis rent,
 Convulsions shake the Firmament,
 Horror seize all below, Confusion reign above.
 The Stars of Heav'n shall sicken at the sight,
 Nor shall the Planets yield their Light :
 But from the wretched Object fly,
 And like extinguish'd Tapers quit the darken'd Sky.
 The rising Sun, as he was conscious too,
 As he the fatal Bus'ness knew,
 A deep, a bloody Red shall stain,
 And at his early Dawn shall set in Night again.

III.

To the destroying Sword I've said, Go forth,
 Go fully execute my Wrath !
 Command my Hosts, my willing Armies lead,
 For this Rebellious Land and all therein shall bleed.
 They shall not grieve me more, no more transgress,
 I will consume the stubborn Race :
 Yet Brutes and Salvages I justly spare,
 Useless is all my Vengeance there,
 Ungrateful Man's the greater Monster far.
 On guiltless Beasts I will the Land bestow,
 To them th' Inheritance shall go,
 These elder Brothers now shall Lord it here below,
 And if some poor Remains escape behind,
 Some Relicts left of lost Mankind :
 Th' astonish'd Herds shall in their Cities cry,
 When they behold a Man, Lo there's a Prodigy !

IV.

The *Medes* I call to my Assistance here,
 A People that delight in War :
 A gen'rous Race of Men, a Nation free
 From vitious Ease, and *Persian* Luxury.
 Silver is despicable in their Eyes,
 Contemn'd the useless Metal lyes :
 Their conqu'ring Iron they prefer before
 The finest Gold, ev'n *Ophir's* tempting Ore.

MISCELLANY POEMS. 115

By these the Land shall be subdu'd,
Abroad their Bows shall overcome,
Their Swords and Flames destroy at Home,
For neither Sex nor Age shall be exempt from Blood.
The Nobles, and the Princes of thy State,
Shall on the Victor's Triumphs wait :
And those that from the Battel fled,
Shall be, with Chains oppress'd, in cruel Bondage led.

V.

I'll visit their Distress with Plagues and Miseries,
The Throws that Womens Labours wait,
Convulsive Pangs, and bloody Swear,
Their Beauty shall consume, and vital Spirits seize.
The ravish'd Virgins shall be born away,
And their dishonour'd Wives be led,
To the insulting Victor's Bed,
To brutal Lusts expos'd, to Fury left a Prey.
Nor shall the teeming Womb afford
Its forming Births a Refuge from the Sword :
The Sword, that shall their Pangs increase,
And all the Throws of Travel curse with Barrenness,
The Infants shall expire with their first Breath,
And only live in Pangs of Death :
Live, but with early Cries to curse the Light,
And, at the Dawn of Life, set in Eternal Night.

VI.

Even *Babylon*, adorn'd with ev'ry Grace,
The Beauty of the Universe :
Glory of Nations ! the *Chaldeans* Pride,
And Joy of all th' admiring World beside.
Thou *Babylon* ! before whose Throne
The Empires of the Earth fall down :
The prostrate Nations Homage pay,
And Vassal Princes of the World obey.
Thou that with Empire art exalted now,
Shalt in the Dust be trampil'd low :
Abject and low upon the Earth be laid,
And deep in Ruins hide thy ignominious Head,

116 *The THIRD PART of*

Thy strong amazing Walls, whose impious Height
 The Clouds conceal from human Sight;
 That proudly now their polish'd Turrets rear,
 Which bright as neighb'ring Stars appear,
 Diffusing Glories round th' enlighten'd Air;
 In Flames shall downwards to their Center fly,
 And deep within the Earth, as their Foundations, lie.

VII.

Thy beauteous Palaces (tho' now thy Pride!)
 Shall be in Heaps of Ashes hid:
 In vast surprizing Heaps shall lye,
 And even their Ruins bear the Pomp of Majesty.
 No bold Inhabitant shall dare,
 Thy ras'd Foundations to repair:
 No pitying Hand exalt thy abject State;
 No! to succeeding Times thou must remain,
 An horrid exemplary Scene,
 And lye from Age to Age, ruin'd and desolate.
 Thy Fall's decreed, (amazing turn of Fate!)
 Low as *Gomorrhah's* wretched State:
 Thou *Babylon* shalt be like *Sodom* curst, [ing Lust.
 Destroy'd by Flames from Heav'n, and thy more burn-

VIII.

The Day's at Hand, when in thy fruitful Soil,
 No Labourer shall reap, no Mower toil:
 His Tent the wand'ring *Arab* shall not spread,
 Nor make thy curst Ground his Bed;
 Tho' faint with Travel, tho' oppress'd with Thirst,
 He to his drooping Herds shall cry aloud,
 Taste not of that imbitter'd Flood, [curst.
 Taste not *Euphrates* Streams, they're pois'nous all and
 The Shepherd to his wand'ring Flocks shall say,
 When o'er thy Battlements they stray,
 When in thy Palaces they graze,
 Ah fly, unhappy Flocks! fly this infectious Place.
 Whilst the sad Traveller that passes on,
 Shall ask, Lo where is *Babylon*!
 And when he has thy small Remainder found,
 Shall say, I'll fly from hence, 'tis sure accursed Ground.

MISCELLANY POEMS. 117

IX.

Then shall the Savages and Beasts of Prey,
 From their deserted Mountains haste away;
 Every obscene and vulgar Beast,
 Shall be to *Babylon* a Guest:
 Her Marble Roofs, and ev'ry Cedar Room,
 Shall Dens, and Caves of State, to Nobler Brutes, become,
 Thy Courts of Justice, and Tribunals too,
 (O Irony to call them so!).
 There, where the Tyrant and Oppressor bore
 The Spoils of Innocence and Blood before;
 There shall the Wolf and Savage Tyger meet,
 And griping Vulture shall appear in State, [great.
 There Birds of Prey shall rule, and rav'nous Beasts be
 Those uncorrupted shall remain,
 Those shall alone their Genuine Use retain,
 There Violence shall thrive, Rapine and Fraud shall

X.

[Reign,

Then shall the melancholly Satyrs groan,
 O'er their lamented *Babylon*;
 And Ghosts that glide with Horror by,
 To view where their unbury'd Bodies lye;
 With doleful Cries shall fill the Air,
 And with Amazement strike th' affrighted Traveller;
 There the Obscener Birds of Night,
 Birds that in gloomy Shades delight,
 Shall Solitude enjoy, live undisturb'd by Light,
 All the ill Omens of the Air,
 Shall scream their loud Presages there.
 But let them all their dire Predictions tell,
 Secure in Ills, and fortify'd with Woe,
 Heav'n shall in vain its future Vengeance show;
 For thou art happily insensible,
 Beneath the reach of Mis'ries fell,
 Thou needst no Desolation dread, no greater Curses fear;



118 *The* THIRD PART of

Out of *Horace*, Lib. II. Ode III.

Æquam Memento —

By an Eminent Hand.

I.

BE calm, my *Delius*, and serene,
 However Fortune change the Scene!
 In thy most dejected State,
 Sink not underneath the Weight;
 Nor yet, when happy Days begin,
 And the full Tide comes rolling in,
 Let a fierce unruly Joy
 The settled Quiet of thy Mind destroy :
 However Fortune change the Scene,
 Be calm, my *Delius*, and serene!

II.

Be thy Lot good, or be it ill,
 Life ebbs out at the same rate still :
 Whether with busie Cares oppress,
 You wear the fullen Time away ;
 Or whether to sweet Ease and Rest,
 You sometimes give a Day ;
 Carelessly laid,
 Underneath a friendly Shade
 By Pines, and Poplars, mixt Embraces made ;
 Near a River's sliding Stream,
 Fetter'd in Sleep, bless'd with a Golden Dream.

III.

Here, here, in this much envy'd State,
 Let ev'ry Blessing on thee wait ;
 Bid the *Syrian Nard* be brought,
 Bid the hidden Wine be sought,
 And let the Roses short-liv'd Flow'r,
 The smiling Daughter of an Hour,
 Flourish on thy Brow :
 Enjoy the very, very Now!

MISCELLANY POEMS. 119.

While the good Hand of Life is in,
While yet the fatal Sifters Spin.

IV.

A little hence, my Friend, and Thou
Must into other Hands resign
Thy Gardens and thy Parks, and all that now
Bears the pleasing Name of Thine!
Thy Meadows, by whose planted Tides,
Silver *Tyber* gently glides!
Thy pleasant Houses; all must go;
The Gold that's hoarded in 'em too:
A jolly Heir shall set it free,
And give th' imprison'd Monarchs Liberty.

V.

Nor matters it, what Figure here,
Thou dost among thy Fellow-Mortals bear;
How thou wert born, or how begot;
Impartial Death matters it not:
With what Titles thou dost shine,
Or who was First of all thy Line:
Life's vain Amusements! amidst which we dwell;
Nor weigh'd, nor understood, by the grim God of Hell!

VI.

In the same Road (alas!) all travel on!
By all alike, the same sad Journey must be gone!
Our blended Lots together lye,
Mingled in one common Urn;
Sooner or later out they fly:
The fatal Boat then wafts us to the Shore,
Whence we never shall return,
Never!-----never more!

The GROVE.

SEE how *Damen's* Age appears,
This Grove declares his fading Years;
For this he planted once, and eat
The Maiden Fruits of what he set,

THE PRIZED PARY of

Young I was then, like him, not now,
Sagacious, nor old, as yet I know.
Time, my *Leaves* will raze
In Time to come with Time, and he
Come then, in Love and youthful War,
Let's pass the smiling Hours away,
Before the tender Artless Mark
Grow white upon its fading Bark;
And flow, like *Down's* Course, that we
Are Old, and Grey, as well as he.

Love but One.

I.

SEE these two little Books that slowly creep,
In *Fairy Winkings* through the Plains,
I knew them once one River swift and deep,
Blessing and blest by Poets Strains.

II.

Then touch'd with Awe, we thought some God did part
Those Floods out of his sacred Jarr;
Transforming ev'ry Weed into a Flow'r,
And ev'ry Flow'r into a Star.

III.

But since it broke it self, and double glides,
The naked Banks no Drefs have worn;
And yon dry barren Mountain now derides
These Vallies, which lost Glories mourn.

IV.

Such, *Chloris*, is thy Love; which, while it ran
Confin'd within a single Stream,
Fir'd ev'ry tuneful Son of mighty *Pan*:
And thou wert mine, and all Mens Theam.

V.

But when imparted to one Lover more,
It in two Streams did faintly creep;
The Shepherds common Muse grew low and poor,
And mine, as lean as these my Sheep,

VI.

Alas! that Honour, *Chloris*, thou hast lost,
Which we to thy full Flood did pay!
While now, that Swain, that swears he loves thee most,
Slakes but his Thirst, and goes away!

*To the Author of SARDANAPALUS;
upon that, and his other Writings.*

TH O' Teaching thy peculiar Business be,
Learn this one Lesson, Schoolmaster, of me;
Where good Sense fails, the best Description's vile;
And a rough Verse the noblest Thoughts will spoil.
Think it not Genius, to know how to scan,
Nor great, to show a Monster for a Man.
Wound not the Ear with ill-tun'd Prose in Rhime:
Nor mistake furious Fustian for Sublime:
Believe this Truth, and thy vain Tumbling quit:
What is not Reason, never can be Wit.
From the Boy's Hand, take *Horace* into thine,
And thy rude Satyrs by his Rules refine.
See thy gross Faults in *Boyleau's* faithful Glass,
And get the Sense, to know thy self an Ass.

*On my Lady HYDE. Occasioned by
the Sight of her Picture.*

By Mr. GEORGE GRANVILLE.

THE Painter with immortal Skill may trace
A beauteous Form, or shew a Heav'nly Face;
The Poet's Art, less straiten'd and confin'd,
Can draw the Virtues, and describe the Mind.
Unlock the Shrine, and to the Sight unfold
The secret Gems, and all the inside Gold.
This dazzling Beauty is a lovely Case
Of shining Virtues, spotless as her Face.

122 *The THIRD PART of* .

With Graces that attract, but not ensnare,
Divinely Good, as she's divinely Fair.

Two only Patterns do the Muses name,
Of perfect Beauty, but of guilty Fame;
A *Venus* and a *Helen* have been seen,
Both perjur'd Wives, the Goddess and the Queen;
In this the Third, are reconcil'd at last
Those jarring Attributes of Fair and Chast;
This matchless Charmer is a Beam of Light,
Without a Cloud or Spot, for ever bright,
With Beauty, nor affected, vain, nor proud,
With Greatness, easie, affable, and good,
The Soul, and Source of all that we admire,
Of ev'ry Joy, but hope to our Desire:
Like the chaste Moon, she shines to all Mankind,
But to *Endymion* is her Love confin'd;
What cruel Destiny on Beauty waits,
When on one Face depend so many Fates;
Oblig'd by Honour to relieve but one,
By Thousands we despair, and are undone.

*An Imitation of the Second Chorus, in the
Second Act of SENECA's THYESTES.*

By Mr. GEORGE GRANVILLE.

AT length the Gods, propitious to our Pray'rs,
Compose our Tumults, and conclude our Wars,
The Sons of *Inachus* repent the Guilt
Of Crowns usurp'd, and Blood of Parents spilt;
For impious Greatness, Vengeance is in store,
Short is the Date of all ill-gotten Pow'r.

Give Ear, ambitious Princes, and be wise,
Listen, and learn wherein true Greatness lyes;
Place not your Pride in Roofs that shine with Gems,
In Purple Robes, nor sparkling Diadems,
Nor in Dominion, nor Extent of Land;
He's only Great who can himself command,

Whose Guard is peaceful Innocence, whose Guide
Is faithful Reason, who is void of Pride,
Checking Ambition, nor is idly vain
Of the false Incense of a Popular Train.

Who without Strife or Envy can behold
His Neighbour's Plenty, and his Heaps of Gold,
Nor covets other Wealth, but what we find
In the Possessions of a Virtuous Mind.

Fearless he sees, who is with Virtue crown'd,
The Tempest rage, and hears the Thunder sound;
Most truly Noble, who contemning Fate,
In midst of Spears and Jav'lines keeps his State,
Compos'd and firm he stands, nor shrinks to feel
The piercing Arrow, or the pointed Steel;
Disdaining Chance, regardless he looks down,
Ever the same, whether the Smile or Frown :
Serenely as he liv'd, resigns his Breath,
Meets Destiny half way, nor grieves at Death.

Ye Sov'raign Lords, who sit like Gods in State,
Aving the World, and bustling to be Great;
Boast not of Pow'r, nor of Imperial Sway,
Vassals your selves, who ev'ry Lust obey;
The Reins of Empire ill besit those Hands,
Where Passion governs, and where Rage commands.

What is this Fame, for which our Kings are Slaves ?
The Breath of Fools, and Blast of flatt'ring Knaves.
A peaceful Conscience, and a gen'rous Breast,
Of all the Gifts of Fortune are the best.

What need of Arms and Instruments of War,
Or batt'ring Engines which destroy from far ?
Who Lord of his own Appetites can be,
The greatest King and Conqueror is He;
Bless'd with a Pow'r which nothing can destroy,
And each is his own Master to enjoy.

Whom worldly Luxury and Poms allure,
They tread on Ice, and find no Footing sure;
Place me, ye Gods, in some obscure Retreat,
Oh ! keep me Innocent, make others Great :

124 *The THIRD PART of*

In quiet Shades, content with Rural Sports,
Give me a Life, remote from guilty Courts,
Where free from Hopes or Fears, in humble Ease
Unheard of I may live, and die in Peace.

Happy the Man, who thus retir'd from Sight,
Studies himself, and seeks no other Light!
But most unhappy he, who sits on high,
Expos'd to ev'ry Tongue, and ev'ry Eye,
Whose Follies blaz'd about, to all are known,
And are a Secret to himself alone:
Worse is an Evil Fame, much worse, than none

*Verſes written laſt Summer at Althrop by the
Hallifax, in a blank Leaf of a Waller, upon
Vandyke's Picture of the old Lady Sunder-*

Vandyke had Colours, Softneſs, Fire, and Art
When the fair *Sunderland* inflam'd his Heart
Waller had Numbers, Fancy, Wit and Fire,
And *Sachariſſa* was his fond Deſire.
Why then at *Althrop* ſeem her Charms to faint
In theſe ſweet Numbers, and that glowing Pain
This happy Seat a fairer Miſtreſs warms;
This ſhining Offſpring has eclips'd her Charms
The different Beauties in one Face we find;
Soft *Amoret* with brighteſt *Sachariſſa* join'd.
As high as Nature reach'd, their Art could ſoar
But ſhe ne'er made a finiſh'd Piece before.

*Amor omnibus idem: Or, The Force of
in all Creatures; being a Translation of
Verſes in Virgil's Third Georgick, from
209. to Verſe 285.*

Whether the nobler Horſes Breed you raiſe
Or duller Herds your fertile Paſſures

MISCELLANY POEMS. 125

Nothing will more a vig'rous Strength produce
 Than to forbid them the licentious Use
 Of Love's enfeebling Rites: Be therefore sure,
 Your Bulls are pastur'd by themselves secure;
 Let some broad River, or a rising Hill
 Be interpos'd; or let them take their Fill
 In closer Stalls: for wanton Love's Desire
 Is kindled at the Eyes; whose wasteful Fire
 Consumes them by degrees, and makes them slight
 Their Food, while they behold the pleasing Sight.
 Besides the fierce Encounters that ensue,
 When Rival Bulls th' alluring Object view:
 Who, both inspir'd with Jealousie and Rage,
 For the fair Female bloody Battels wage:
 'Till with black Blood their Sides are cover'd o'er,
 And their curl'd Foreheads meet with hideous Roar,
 Which neighb'ring Groves, and distant Caves rebound,
 And great *Olympus* eccho's back the Sound,
 Whilst the glad Victor does the Spot maintain,
 And of his warlike Hazards reaps the Gain.
 The conquer'd Foe forsakes the hostile Place,
 With deep Resentments of his past Disgrace:
 The ignominious Wounds the Conqu'ror gave,
 In his griev'd Mind no slight Impression leave:
 Departing, he his absent Love does moan,
 Looks back with longing Eyes, and many a Groan,
 On those his Ancient Realms, where once he Rul'd
 alone. }
 Then with redoubl'd Care his Strength supplies, }
 Rough on the flinty Ground all Night he lyes, }
 And Shrubs and prickly Thistles for his Food suffice. }
 Then runs his Horns into some solid Oak,
 Whose reeling Trunk does scarce sustain the Stroke:
 With vain Assaults provokes the yielding Air,
 And makes his Flourishes before the War.
 Then with his Force and Strength prepar'd, does go
 With headlong Rage against th' unwary Foe:
 Like a white Wave, that is descry'd from far,
 Rolling its Vastness tow'ards the frighted Shoar;

126 *The THIRD PART of*

'Till with loud Noise, against the pointed Beaks
And solid Rocks, the moving Mountain breaks;
Whilst the chaf'd Billows from the Bottom throw
The rising Sands, that on the Surface flow.

All Creatures thus the Force of Love do find;
For, whether they be those of Human Kind,
Or savage Beasts, or *Neptune's* spawning Fry,
Or wanton Herds, or painted Birds that fly,
They all the like transporting Fury try.

'Tis with this Rage the Lyonsess is stung,
When o'er the Forest (mindless of her Young)
She sternly stalks: 'Tis then the shapeless Bear
With fierce Desire does to the Woods repair,
And wide Destruction makes: 'Tis then we see
The Savage Boar's and Tyger's Cruelty.
Let then the Sun-burnt Traveller forbear
In *Libya's* sandy Desarts to appear.

See how the Winds the trembling Stallions fray,
When first to their sagacious Nostrils they
The distant Female's well-known Scent convey!
Then no restraining Curbs, nor cruel Blows,
Nor hollow Caves, nor obvious Rocks oppose
Their Passage, nor the Sea's objected Force,
That bears the Mountains down its violent Course.
The *Sabine* Boar does then prepare to wound,
And whets his foamy Tusks, and paws the Ground;
His Sides against the rugged Tree does tear,
And hardens both his Shoulders for the War.

What does the * Youth, in whose enraged Veins
The heat of Love's distemper'd Fever reigns?
Through stormy Seas he his bold Fortune tries,
Tho' in his Face the obvious Billows rise,
And dash him back to Shoar; whilst from the Throats
Of Heav'n its loud Artill'ry rattles down
On his devoted Head: Nor can the Sound
Of Waters, which against the Rocks rebound,

* *Leander.*

Recal his desp'rate Course, nor all the Tears
Occasion'd by his careful Parents Fears,
Nor his lov'd * Nymph, who soon the self-same }
Fortune shares.

'Twere long to tell the spotted *Lynxes* Wars,
By Love excited : Or the furious Jars
Of prowling Wolves, or Mastives head-strong Rage:
Ev'n tim'rous Stags will for their Hinds engage.

But most of all in Mares the am'rous Fire
Appears ; whom *Venus* did her self inspire.
What time that *Pornian Glaucus* (to improve
Their Speed) with-held them from the Rites of Love ;
With Rage incens'd they struck their Master dead,
And on his mangl'd Limbs by Piece-meal fed.
O'er craggy Mountains Love their Way does guide,
And spurs them through the Depths of Rivers wide :
When Spring's soft Fire their melting Marrow burns
(For 'tis in Spring the lusty Warmth returns)
They to the Tops of steepest Hills repair,
And with wide Nostrils snuff the Western Air,
Wherewith conceiving, (wonderful to tell)
Without the Stallions Help their Bellies swell :
Whose frantick Fury makes them scour amain
O'er solid Rocks, and through the liquid Plain,
Nor Hills, nor straight'ning Vales, their giddy }
Course restrain :

Nor do they tow'rds the Sun's uprising steer
Their head-strong way, nor tow'rds the frozen Bear,
Nor towards the Place where tepid *Auster* pours
Upon the pregnant Earth his plenteous Show'rs :
'Till from their lustful Groins at last does fall
Their Off-spring, which the Shepherds rightly call
Hippomanes : A slimy, pois'nous Juice,
Which mut'ring Step-Dames in Inchantments use, }
And in the mystic Cup their pow'rful Herbs infuse.
But Time is lost, which never will renew,
Whilst ravish'd we the pleasing Theam pursue.

* *Hero.*

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To Mr. CONGEEVE. An Epistolary
Ode. Occasioned by his late Play.

From Mr. YALDEN.

FAm'd Wits and Beauties share this common Fate,
To stand expos'd to publick Love and Hate,
In ev'ry Breast they diff'rent Passions raise,
At once provoke our Envy, and our Praise.
For when, like you, some noble Youth appears,
For Wit and Humour fam'd above his Years:
Each emulous Muse, that views the Laurel won,
Must praise the Worth so much transcends their own,
And, while his Fame they envy, add to his Renown.
But sure, like you, no Youth cou'd please,
Nor at his first Attempt boast such Success:
Where all Mankind have fail'd, you Glories won:
Triumphant are in this alone,
In this, have all the Bards of old out-done.

II.

Then may'st thou rule our Stage in Triumph long,
May'st thou its injur'd Fame revive,
And matchless Proofs of Wit, and Humour give,
Reforming with thy Scenes, and charming with thy Song.
And tho' a Curse ill-fated Wit pursues,
And waits the fatal Dowry of a Muse:
Yet may thy rising Fortunes be
Secure from all the Blasts of Poetry;
As thy own Laurels flourishing appear, [Fear.
Unfally'd still with Cares, nor clogg'd with Hope and
As from its Wants, be from its Vices free,
From nauseous servile Flattery:
Nor to a Patron prostitute thy Mind,
Tho' like *Augustus* Great, as fam'd *Mecenas* Kind.

III.

Tho' great in Fame! believe me, gen'rous Youth,
Believe this oft-experienc'd Truth, [Worth.
From him that knows thy Virtues, and admires their
Tho'

Tho' thou'rt above what vulgar Poets fear,
 Trust not th' ungrateful World too far;
 Trust not the Smiles of the inconstant Town:
 Trust not the Plaudits of a Theatre,
 (Which *D---fy* shall, with thee and *Dryden* share)
 Nor to a Stage's Int'rest sacrifice thy own.
 Thy Genius, that's for nobler things design'd,
 May at loose Hours oblige Mankind:
 Then great as is thy Fame, thy Fortunes raise,
 Join thriving Int'rest to thy barren Bays,
 And teach the World to envy, as thou do'st to praise.
 The World, that does like common Whores embrace,
 Injurious still to those it does caress:
 Injurious as the tainted Breath of Fame,
 That blasts a Poet's Fortunes, while it sounds his Name.

IV.

When first a Muse inflames some youthful Breast,
 Like an unpractis'd Virgin, still she's kind:
 Adorn'd with Graces then, and Beauties blest,
 She charms the Ear with Fame, with Raptures fills
 [the Mind.

Then from all Cares the happy Youth is free,
 But those of Love and Poetry:
 Cares, still allay'd with pleasing Charms, [Arms.
 That Crown the Head with Bays, with Beauty fill the
 But all a Woman's Frailties soon she shows,
 Too soon a stale Domestick Creature grows:
 Then wedded to a Muse that's nauseous grown,
 We loath what we enjoy, drudge when the Pleasure's
 For tempted with imaginary Bays, [gone.
 Fed with immortal Hopes, and empty Praise:
 He Fame pursues, that fair, that treach'rous Bait,
 Grows wise when he's undone, repents when 'tis too late.

V.

Small are the Trophies of his boasted Bays,
 The Great Man's Promise for his flatt'ring Toil,
 Fame in Reverſion, and the-publick Smile,
 All vainer than his Hopes, uncertain as his Praise.

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'Twas thus in mournful Numbers heretofore,
Neglected *Spencer* did his Fate deplore:
Long did his injur'd Muse complain,
Admir'd in midst of Wants, and Charming still in vain,
Long did the generous *Comely* mourn,
And long oblig'd the Age without Return:
Deny'd what ev'ry Wretch obtains of Fate,
An humble Roof, and an obscure Retreat,
Condemn'd to needy Fame, and to be miserably great.
Thus did the World thy great Fore-fathers use,
Thus all the inspir'd Bards before,
Did their Hereditary Ills deplore: [Muse.
From tuneful *Chaucer's*, down to thy own *Dryden's*
VI.

Yet, pleas'd with gandy Ruin, Youth will on,
As proud by publick Fame to be undone:
Pleas'd, tho' he does the worst of Labours chase,
To serve a barb'rous Age, and an ungrateful Muse.
Since *Dryden's* self, to Wit's great Empire born,
Whose Genius and exalted Name,
Triumph with all the Spoils of Wit and Fame;
Must midst the loud Applause his barren Laurels mourn.
Ev'n that fam'd Man whom all the World admires,
Whom ev'ry Grace adorns, and Muse inspires:
Like the great injur'd *Tasso* shows,
Triumphant in the midst of Woes;
In all his Wants Majestick still appears,
Charming the Age to which he owes his Cares,
And cherishing that Muse whose fatal Curse he bears.

From Mag. Col. Oxon:



On his MISTRESS Drown'd.

By Mr. SPRAT.

SWEET Stream, that dost with equal Pace
Both thy self fly, and thy self chace,
Forbear a while to flow,
And listen to my Woe.

Then go, and tell the Sea that all its Brine
Is fresh, compar'd to mine;

Inform it that the gentler Dame,
Who was the Life of all my Flame,
In the Glory of her Bud
Has pass'd the fatal Flood.

Death by this only Stroke triumphs above
The greatest Power of Love:

Alas, alas! I must give o'er,
My Sighs will let me add no more.

Go on, sweet Stream, and henceforth rest
No more than does my troubled Breast;
And if my sad Complaints have made thee stay,
These Tears, these Tears shall mend thy Way.

*To the Earl of CARLISLE, upon the
Death of his Son before LUXEMBURG.*

By Mr. STEPNEY.

HE's gone! and was it then by your Decree,
Ye envious Pow'rs, that we should only see }
This Copy of your own Divinity?
Or thought ye it surpassing Human State,
To have a Blessing lasting as 'twas great?
Your cruel Skill you better ne'er had shown,
Since you so soon design'd him all your own,

Such tort'ring Favours to the Damn'd are giv'n,
 When, to encrease their Hell, you show 'em Heav'n.
 Was it too Godlike, he shou'd long inherit
 At once his Father's, and his Uncle's Spirit?
 Yet as much Beauty, and as calm a Breast
 As the mild Dame, whose teeming Womb he blest.
 H' had all the Favours Providence cou'd give,
 Except its own Prerogative to live:
 Reserv'd in Pleasures, and in Dangers bold;
 Youthful in Action, and in Prudence old:
 His humble Greatness, and submissive State,
 Made his Life full of Wonder, as his Fate.
 One, who to all the Heights of Learning bred,
 Read Books, and Men, and practis'd what he read.
 Round the wide Globe scarce did the busie Sun
 With greater Haste, and greater Lustre run.
 True Gallantry and Grandeur he descri'd,
 From the *French* Fopperies, and *German* Pride.
 And like th' industrious Bee, where-e'er he flew,
 Gather'd the Sweets which on sweet Blossoms grew.
Babel's confused Speeches on his Tongue,
 With a sweet Harmony and Concord hung.
 More Countries than for *Homer* did contest,
 Do strive who most were by his Presence blest.
 Nor did his Wisdom damp his Martial Fire,
Minerva both her Portions did inspire,
 Use of the Warlike Bow, and Peaceful Lyre.
 So *Cæsar* doubly triumph'd when he wrote,
 Showing like Wit, as Valour when he fought.
 If God (as *Plato* taught) Example takes
 From his own Works, and Souls by Patterns makes;
 Much of himself in him he did unfold,
 And cast him in his darling *Sidney's* Mold,
 Of too refin'd a Substance to be old.
 Both did alike disdain an Hero's Rage,
 Shou'd come like an Inheritance by Age.
 Ambitiously did both conspire to twist
 Bays with the Ivy, which their Temples kist:

Scorning to wait the slow Advance of Time,
Both fell like early Blossoms in their Prime,
By blind Events, and Providence's Crime.
Yet both, like *Cedrus*, o'er their yielding Foe
Obtain'd the Conquest, in their Overthrow;
And longer Life do purchase by their Death,
In Fame compleating what they want in Breath.
Oh! had kind Fate stretch'd the contracted Span,
To the full Glories of a perfect Man;
And as he grew, cou'd ev'ry rolling Year
A new Addition to our Wonder bear,
H' had paid to his illustrious Line that Stock
Of Ancient Honour, which from thence he took.
But oh!

So hasty Fruits, and too ambitious Flow'rs,
Scorning the Midwifery of rip'ning Show'rs,
In spite of Frosts, spring from th' unwilling Earth,
But find a Nip untimely as their Birth.

Abortive Issues so delude the Womb,
And scarce have Being, ere they want a Tomb.

Forgive (my Lord) the Muse, that does aspire
With a new Breath to fan your raging Fire;
Whose each officious and unskilful Sound
Can with fresh Torture but enlarge the Wound.
Cou'd I, with *David*, curse the guilty Plain,
Where one more lov'd than *Jonathan* was slain;
Or cou'd I Flights high as his Merits raise,
Clear as his Virtue, deathless as his Praise;
None who (tho' Laurels crown'd their aged Head)
Admir'd him living, and ador'd him dead,
With more Devotion shou'd enrol his Name
In the long consecrated List of Fame.
But since my artless and unhallow'd Strain
Will the high Worth, it should commend, prophane;
Since I despair my humble Verse shou'd prove
Great as your Loss, or tender as your Love;
My Heart with Sighings, and with Tears mine Eye,
Shall the Defect of written Grief supply.

The INSECT. Against BULK.*Inest sua gratia parvis.*

By Mr. T A L D E N.

WHere Greatness is to Nature's Works deny'd,
 In Worth and Beauty it is well supply'd:
 In a small Space the more Perfection's shown,
 And what is exquisite, in Little's done.
 Thus Beams contracted in a narrow Glass,
 To Flames convert their larger useless Rays.

'Tis Nature's smallest Products please the Eye,
 Whilst greater Births pass unregarded by:
 Her Monsters seem a Violence to Sight;
 They're form'd for Terror, Insects to delight.
 Thus when she nicely frames a Piece of Art,
 Fine are her Strokes, and small in ev'ry Part;
 No Labour can she boast more wonderful,
 Than to inform an Atom with a Soul:
 To animate her little beauteous Fly,
 And cloath it in her gaudy'st Drapery.

Thus does the little Epigram delight,
 And charm us with its Miniature of Wit:
 Whilst tedious Authors give the Reader Pain,
 Weary his Thoughts, and make him toil in vain;
 When in less Volumes we more Pleasure find,
 And what diverts, still best informs the Mind.

'Tis the small Insect looks correct and fair,
 And seems the Product of her nicest Care.
 When weary'd out with the stupendous Weight
 Of forming Prodigies, and Brutes of State:
 Then she the Insect frames, her Master-piece,
 Made for Diversion, and design'd to please.

Thus *Archimedes*, in his Crystal Sphere,
 Seem'd to correct the World's Artificer:

MISCELLANY POEMS. 135

Whilst the large Globe moves round with long
His beauteous Orbs in nimbler Circles play: [Delay,
This seem'd the Nobler Labour of the Two,
Great was the Sphere above, but fine below.

Thus smallest Things have a peculiar Grace,
The Great w' admire, but 'tis the Little please;
Then since the Least so beautifully show,
B' advis'd in Time, my Muse, and learn to know }
A Poet's Lines shou'd be correct, and few.

Written in a LADY's Advice to a DAUGHTER.

TIS true----in these well-polish'd Lines,
The Author's Noble Genius shines:
A happy Wit, a Thought well weigh'd,
And in a charming Dress convey'd,
Adorn each curious Page----'tis true:
But what's all this, fair Maid, to you?
Have lovely Faces need of Paint?
Are Mannals useful to a Saint?
Let careless Nymphs be ply'd with Rules,
Let Wit be thrown among the Fools:
In both of these you boast a Store,
Compar'd with which, our Author's poor.
Alas! as he directs his Pen
To Maids, shou'd you advise the Men;
Shou'd you your easie Minutes vex,
To make Reprisals on the Sex,
We great Pretenders then shou'd find
Our selves, our darling selves, out-shin'd, }
Not more in Body than in Mind:
She-Wit and Sense wou'd mount the Throne,
And our lov'd *Salic-Law* be gone.



*An incomparable Ode of MALHERB'S
Written by him when the Marriage was
a foot between this King of France, and
Anne of Austria. Translated by a Person
of Quality, a great Admirer of the Ex-
cellence of the French Poetry.*

Cette Anne si belle,
Qu'on vante si fort,
Pourquoy ne vient Elle ?
Vrayment, Elle a tort !

This Anna so Fair,
So talk'd of by
Fame,
Why don't she appear ?
Indeed, she's to blame !

Sen Louis soupire
Après ses Appas :
Que veut elle dire,
Que elle ne vient pas ?

Lewis sighs for the sake
Of her Charms, as they
say :
What Excuse can she
make,
For not coming away ?

Si il ne la possède,
Il s'en va Mourir ;
Donnons y Remede,
Allons la Querir.

If he doesn't possess,
He dies with despair ;
Let's give him Redress,
And go find out the Fair.

N O T E.

The Translator propos'd to turn this Ode with all imaginable Exactness ; and he hopes he has been pretty just to Malherb, only in the Sixth Line he has made a small Addition of these Three Words-----as they say-----which he thinks is excusable, if we consider that the French Poet there talks too familiarly of the King's Passion, as if the King himself had owned it to him. The Translator thinks it more mannerly and respectful in Malherb to pretend to have the Account of it only by Hear-say.

Written in a Lady's WALLER.

THE lovely Owner of this Book
 Does here on her own Image look :
 Each happy Page, each finish'd Line
 Does with her matchless Graces shine ;
 And is, with common Verse compar'd,
 What she is among Beauty's Herd,
 The Poet boasts a lofty Thought,
 In softest Numbers smoothly wrought ;
 Has all that pleases the Severe,
 And all that charms a list'ning Ear.
 And such the Nymph is---blest with all
 That we can Sweet, or Noble call :
 For never sure was any Mind,
 Of all that from Heav'n's Treas'ry came,
 Of better Make, and more Refin'd,
 Or lodg'd within a fairer Frame :
 Such Angels seem, when pleas'd to wear
 Some lovely Dress of colour'd Air !
 Oh, had she liv'd, before the old
 Bard had so many Winters told :
 Then, when his youthful Veins ran high,
 Enflam'd with Love, and Poetry :
 He only to this shining Maid
 The Tribute of his Verse had paid :
 No meaner Face, no lesser Name
 Had fix'd his Eyes, or fed his Flame ;
 Her Beauties had employ'd his Tongue,
 And *Sacharissa* dy'd unsung.

Written in the Leaves of a Fan.

FLA VIA the least and slightest Toy
 Can, with resistless Art, employ.
 This Fan, in meaner Hands, wou'd prove
 An Engine, of small Force, in Love.

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Yet she, with graceful Air and Meen,
(Not to be told! or safely seen!)
Directs its wanton Motions so,
That it wounds more than *Cupid's Bow*;
Gives Coolness to the matchless Dame,
To ev'ry other Breast a Flame.

On the Dutchess of Portsmouth's Picture.

HAD she but liv'd in *Cleopatra's Age*,
When Beauty did the Earth's great Lords engage,
Britain, not *Egypt*, had been Glorious made;
Augustus then, like *Julius*, had obey'd:
A nobler Theam had been the Poet's Boast,
That all the World for Love had well been lost.

A S O N G.

By the Earl of *ROCHESTER*.

INsulting Beauty, you mispend
Those Frowns upon your Slave;
Your Scorn against such Rebels bend,
Who dare with Confidence pretend,
That other Eyes their Hearts defend,
From all the Charms you have.

Your conqu'ring Eyes so partial are,
Or Mankind is so dull,
That while I languish in Despair,
Many proud senseless Hearts declare,
They find you not so killing Fair,
To wish you merciful.

They an inglorious Freedom boast;
I triumph in my Chains;

MISCELLANY POEMS. 139

Nor am I unreveng'd, though lost;
Nor you unpunish'd, though unjust,
When I alone, who love you most,
Am kill'd with your Disdain.

SONG for the KING's Birth-Day.

SHINE forth, bright Sun, and gild the Day,
With a more than common Ray.
The Day that gave us more,
Than all the rolling Years that thou
Hast number'd out, could e'er bestow,
Or Britain wish before.

From Greenness of Youth, to Ripeness of Age,
With what Dangers, what Troubles did *Caesar* engage,
In the Field, on the Flood,
Through the Waves, and through Blood,
~~The Race of bright Honour he ran!~~
How great in Distress,
How Calm in Success!
In both, how much more than Man!

C H O R U S.

Where-e'er his Birth had been by Fortune plac'd,
Such Virtue Heav'n must needs have crown'd at last.

Heav'n has been just, and Right has prevail'd,
Tho' by Hell's Malice, and Forces assail'd;
Rebellion and Faction are sunk whence they rose,
And *Caesar* the Wounds of his Nation does close,
Rewarding his Friends, and forgiving his Foes.
In the Glory gain'd by War,
Vulgar Hands and Fortune share;
But the more Noble and Solid Renown
That arises from Pardon to Penitents shown,
All render to *Caesar*, 'tis *Caesar's* alone.

*HARRY MARTIN's Epitaph.**By HIMSELF.*

HERE, or elsewhere, (all's one to you, to me)
 Earth, Air, or Water, gripes my Ghostless Dust,
 None knowing when brave Fire shall set it free;
 Reader, if you an oft-try'd Rule will trust,
You'll gladly do and suffer what you must.

*To his Friend Captain Chamberlain;
 in Love with a Lady he had taken in
 an Algerine Prize at Sea.*

In Allusion to the 4th Ode of Horace, Book the 2d.

By Mr. YALDEN.

I.

TIS no Disgrace (brave Youth) to own
 By a Fair Slave you are undone:
 Why dost thou blush to hear that Name!
 And stifle thus a gen'rous Flame!
 Did not the Fair *Briseis* heretofore
 With pow'rful Charms subdue?
 What tho' a Captive, still she bore
 Those Eyes that Freedom cou'd restore,
 And make her haughty Lord, the proud *Achilles*, bow,

II.

Stern *Ajax*, tho' renown'd in Arms,
 Did yield to bright *Tecmessa's* Charms:
 And all the Laurels he had won,
 As Trophies at her Feet were thrown.
 When Beautiful in Tears, he view'd the mourning Fair,
 The Hero felt her Pow'r;
 Tho' great in Camps, and fierce in War,

MISCELLANY POEMS. 141

But Divine *Cynthia* saw his Grief,
Th' Effect of conqu'ring Charms;
Unask'd, the Goddess brings Relief,
And falls into his Arms.

S O N G.

FAirest of thy Sex, and best,
Admit my humble Tale;
'Twill ease the Torment of my Breast,
Tho' I shall ne'er prevail.

No fond Ambition me does move
Your Favour to implore,
I ask not for Return of Love.
But Freedom to adore.

To the KING. In the Year 1686.

By Mr. George Granville.

Heroes of old, by Rapine and by Spoil,
In Search of Fame, did all the World embroil,
Thus to their Gods each then ally'd his Name,
This sprang from *Jove*, and that from *Titan* came;
With equal Valour, and with like Success,
Dread King, might'st thou the Universe oppress:
But Christian Rules constrain thy Martial Pride;
Peace is thy Choice, and Piety thy Guide:
By thy Example Kings may learn to Sway,
Heroes are taught to Fight, and Saints to Pray.
The *Grecian* Chiefs had Virtue but in share;
Nestor was Wise, but *Ajax* Brave in War:
Their very Deities were grac'd no more,
Mars had the Courage, *Jove* the Thunder bore:
But all Perfections meet in *James* alone,
And *Britain's* King is all the Gods in one.

144 *The THIRD PART of*

But yet suspect not thy officious Friend,
 All jealous Thoughts remove:
 Tho' I with Youthful Heat commend,
 For thee I all my Wishes send,
 And if she makes thee blest, 'tis all I ask of Love.

A SONG. By a LADY.

YE Virgin Pow'rs, defend my Heart
 From am'rous Looks and Smiles,
 From saucy Love, or nicer Art,
 Which most our Sex beguiles.

II.

From Sighs and Vows, from awful Fears,
 That do to Pity move;
 From speaking Silence, and from Tears,
 Those Springs that water Love.

III.

But if through Passion I grow blind,
 Let Honour be my Guide;
 And when frail Nature seems inclin'd,
 There place a Guard of Pride.

IV.

An Heart whose Flames are seen, tho' pure,
 Needs ev'ry Virtue's Aid;
 And she who thinks her self secure,
 The soonest is betray'd.

Written by a LADY.

STREPHON hath Fashion, Wit, and Youth,
 With all Things else that please;
 He nothing wants but Love and Truth
 To ruin me with ease.

But he is Flint, and bears the Art
 To kindle fierce Desire,

MISCELLANY POEMS. 145

Whose Pow'r enflames another's Heart,
And he ne'er feels the Fire,

O how it does my Soul perplex,
When I his Charms recall,
To think he shou'd despise our Sex;
Or, what's worse, love 'em all.

So that my Heart, like *Noah's Dove*,
In vain has sought for Rest,
Finding no Hopes to fix my Love,
Returns into my Breast.

Paraphras'd out of HORACE, the 23d Ode of the 2d Book.

By Dr. POPE.

THE wary Gods lock up in Cells of Night
Future Events, and laugh at Mortals here.
If they to pry into 'em take delight,
If they too much presume, or too much fear.
O Man! for thy short Time below
Enjoy thy self, and what the Gods bestow:
Unequal Fortunes here below are shar'd;
Life to a River's Course may justly be compar'd:
Sometimes within its Bed,
Without an angry Curl or Wave,
From the Spring Head
It gently glides to the Ocean, its Grave.
Then unawares, upon a sudden Rain,
It madly overflows the neighb'ring Plain:
It ploughs up beauteous Ranks
Of Trees, that shaded and adorn'd its Banks:
Overturns Houses, Bridges, Rocks,
Drowns Shepherds and their Flocks:
Horror and Death rage all the Valley o'er,
The Forests tremble, and the Mountains roar.

L O V E's Antidote.

W H E N I sigh by my Mistress, and gaze on
those Eyes.

Where all-conquering Love in Garrison lyes :
When her Nose I commend, with a true *Roman* Bend,
And run on in Flatt'ry, World without End :
On her ample high Forehead, and her little soft Hand,
To which, if compar'd, the best Iv'ry is tann'd : [flow,
On her Words which with Grace from her Rosie Lips
And such Harmony make, as was ne'er heard below,
Then the bristles with Pride, and swells with Disdain,
And slights her Adorer, now fast in her Chain.
With Storm in her haughty Looks, and in her Words
Thundery

Then drunken with Love do I reel to the Wonder :
There with Three or Four Glasses my Languishing
passies,
And off slides the Load, Love lays on his Asses.
Then I swear I'll for ever keep out of the Scrape,
Love's Sovereign Antidote is the Blood of the Grape.

Anacreon *Imitated.*

O F T the Reverend Dotards cry,
Why so loving, *Daphnis*, why?
Love's a Thing for Age alone :
Love's a God, and you're too young.
Let the Harvest crown your Brow,
And adorn your Head with Snow :
Love may boldly enter then :
Years will countenance your Flame.
Fruits, unripe, disgust the Taste ;
Falling ripe they please us best.
Colts are skittish ; but the Dam,
(Once a Colt) is still and tame :

Reverend Dotards, why so wise?
 Why these Reverend Fooleries!
 Who neglects to back the Horse,
 Till his Years compute him worse?
 Gen'rous Brutes that latest die,
 Early to Enjoyment fly:
 Vig'rous Nature scorns a Tye.
 Gather'd Fruits are best of all;
 We despise them when they fall.
 Thus your Follies show to me,
 What my Rev'rend Age shall be.
 Bring the Glass then, bring the Fair,
 Fill it, 'tis a Health to her.
 For experimental I
 Will a great Example be,
 To convince such Rev'rend Fools
 Of their own mistaken Rules.

Anacreon Imitated.

OH how pleasant is't! how sweet!
 While with Beauties exquisite
 Nature paints the fragrant Grove,
 Thus to walk and talk of Love.
 Here no envious Eastern Gale
 Sells us Pleasure by Retail.
 Western Breezes here dispense
 Joys so full, they cloy the Sense.
 Gods! oh Gods! how sweet a Shade
 Has that Honey-Suckle made,
 Clasp'ing round that spreading Tree,
 Clasp'ing fast, and apeing me.
 Me who, there with *Celia* laid,
 First inform'd the lovely Maid
 So to clasp, and so to twine.
 Oh! how sweet a Life is mine!

Anacreon. Imitated.

COME fill't up, and fill it high,
 The barren Earth is always dry;
 But well steep'd in kindly Show'rs,
 It laughs in Dew, and smiles in Flow'rs.
 The Jovial Gods did, sure, design,
 By the Immortal Gift of Wine,
 To drown our Sighs, and ease our Care,
 And make's content to Revel here.
 To Revel, and to Reign in Love,
 And be throughout like those above.

P A L L A S.

*P*allas destructive to the *Trojan* Line, [Divine;
 Raz'd their proud Walls tho' built with Hands
 But Love's bright Goddess with propitious Grace,
 Preserv'd a Hero to restore the Race:
 So the fam'd Empire where the *Iber* flows,
 Fell by *Eliza*, and by *Anna* rose.

From Virgil's First Georgick, beginning at
Imprimis venerare Deos, &c.

Translated into English Verse by Henry Sacheverell.

Dedicated to Mr. Dryden.

FIRST let thy Altars smoak with sacred Fire,
 Thy early Labours the just Gods require.
 Let *Ceres* Blessings usher in the Year,
 To give an Omen to thy future Care.
 With Sacrifice adorn her grassie Shrine,
 With Milk, with Honey, and with flowing Wine.

MISCELLANY POEMS. 149

Then go, the mighty Goddess to adore,
 When Spring buds forth, and Winter is no more.
 Then well-fed Lambs thy plenteous Tables load,
 And mellow Wines give Appetite to Food.
 Whilst the cool Shade by small refreshing Streams
 Invite soft Sleep, and gentle pleasing Dreams.
 The Rustick Youth the Goddess shou'd implore
 To bless their Fruits, and to encrease their Store.
 Thrice let the Sacrifice in Triumph led
 Crown the new Off-spring of her fruitful Bed.
 A joyful Quire shall sing her Praises round,
 And with unequal Motions beat the Ground.
 Whilst Oaken Branches on their Temples twine,
 To shew the better Use of Corn and Wine.
 The Goddess thus appeas'd, will bend her Ear,
 And with a plenteous Harvest will reward your Care.
 The certain Seasons of the Year to know {flow,
 Great Jove has taught us, and from whence they }
 Droughts, Rains, and Winds their certain Signs }
 forego.

Those Messengers of Fate fly to provide the Way,
 To give the Signal of a gloomy Day.
 The Moon her Tokens constantly fulfils,
 And with her Beams points out th' approaching Ills.
 Her waining Orb puts on a various Form,
 To give the Sign of an impending Storm.
 When South Winds rise, the Herdsmen justly fear,
 And seek a Shelter when the Tempest's near.
 First from a gentle Blast the Winds arise,
 Whose Infant Voice in whisp'ring Murmurs flies, }
 Then with loud Clamours fills the troubled Skies. }
 By small Degrees advanc'd, it stronger grows,
 'Till every Point each other does oppose.
 Then through the jarring Zones it frets and roars,
 And lifts the swelling Billows to the Shoars.
 Vast watry Mountains roll upon the Sand,
 And angry Surges beat the trembling Land.
 A harsh, shrill Noise the echoing Cavern fills,
 And strikes the Ear from the resounding Hills;

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Whose rev'rend Tops, with aged Pine-trees crown'd,
 Rock with the Wind, and tremble with the Sound.
 Then threat'ning Surges hardly can forbear
 The tatter'd Vessel, while the Seamen fear
 Each rolling Billow shou'd their last appear.
 The frighten'd Native of the troubled Waves
 His long accustom'd Habitation leaves,
 Now born aloft a winged Army soar
 To seek for Safety on a calmer Shoar.
 The More-Hen, conscious of the Tempest near,
 Plays on the Sand, and so prevents her Fear.
 The Hern forsakes his ancient marshy Bed,
 And pow'rs to Heav'n while Clouds bedew his Head:
 Sometimes he's met by a descending Star,
 Which warns the Tempest rushing from afar.
 The headlong Planet glides in fiery Streams,
 And shoots through Darkness with its Radiant Beams.
 It cuts the Shadows with a Train of Light,
 And makes a Medly of the Day and Night.
 A sportive Whirlwind lifts the moving Sand,
 In mystick Circles dancing on the Land.
 Now wanton Feathers whiten all the Flood;
 And sapless Leaves fly o'er the shaken Wood,
 At distance black'ning in a dusky Cloud.
 But when a new-fledg'd Storm comes blust'ring forth,
 And quits the thund'ring Regions of the North:
 When East and West in distant Poles conspire,
 Uniting Rage, to swell the Deluge higher,
 With rapid Streams the full-charg'd Channels flow,
 Collecting Forces as they farther go.
 Th' unruly Tide no sturdy Banks control,
 O'er unknown Plains the furious Torrents roll.
 The Reapers mourn, to see the Deluge bear
 Their long expected Labours of the Year.



EPILOGUE to the Ladies, spoke by Mr.
Wilks at the Musick-Meeting in Drury-
Lane, where the English Woman sings.
Written by Mr. Manwaring upon the
occasion of their both singing before the
Queen and K. of Spain at Windsor.

WITH Joy we see this Circle of the Fair,
 Since the late Trial of the tuneful Pair;
 Your Country's Friends, you love the Native Strains
 Of Musick here, where *England's* Genius reigns.
 In other Walls tho' Harmony be found,
 You know it's foreign, and disdain the Sound.
 Who haunt new Consorts, Faction would create,
 And are Dissenters in *Apollo's* State;
 They shun our Stages where he keeps his Court,
 And to some gloomy Meeting-house resort.
 While you with Duty own his rightful Cause,
 And guard this Place establish'd by his Laws.
 But now your Charms a nobler Task pursue,
 And *Spain* a Revolution waits from You;
 That blooming Hero you at Courts admir'd,
 In Arms must triumph, by your Praises fir'd:
 Success is Yours, and Victory inclines
 Still to that side on which your Favour shines.
Mars will himself conduct our future Wars,
 When every *Venus* for this Prince declares;
 When freely serving this well-weigh'd Design,
 Our Nation's Treasure and its Beauty join.
 Yet when this happy Scheme by Wisdom wrought,
 Is by his Valour to Perfection brought;
 And his glad Subjects shall their King receive,
 Grac'd with a Crown which only *Anne* could give;
 Reflecting then what Wonders he had seen,
 The Court, these Beauties, and our glorious Queen,
 That warm Idea he shall still retain,
 And think, tho' seated on the Throne of *Spain*,

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*Time with the Treasure of such Justice crown'd,
Be left a brighter Empire than he found.*

A S O N G.

By Sir JOHN EATON.

TELL me not I my Time mispend,
This Time lost to remove me;
Faire thou time, I have my End,
So Care: only love me.

II.

Tell me not others Flocks are full,
Mine poor, let them depaite me
Who more stound with Milk and Wool,
So I will only praise me.

III.

Time others eather Ears with these
Unappertaining Stories;
He ne'er felt the World's Disease,
Who car'd not for its Glories.

IV.

For Pity, thou that wiser art,
Whole Thoughts lye wide of mine;
Let me alone with my own Heart,
And I'll ne'er envy thine.

V.

Nor blame him who e'er blames my Wit,
That seeks no higher Prize,
Than in unenvy'd Shades to sit,
And sing of *Coleris* Eyes.



Amster.

*Another SONG in Imitation of Sir John
Eaton's Songs.*

By the late Earl of Rochester.

TOO late, alas! I must confess
You need no Arts to move me:
Such Charms by Nature you possess,
'Twere Madness not to love ye.

Then spare a Heart you may surprize,
And give my Tongue the Glory
To boast, tho' my unfaithful Eyes
Betray a kinder Story.

The BALLAD of TOM and WILL.

TOM and Will were Shepherds Swains,
That liv'd and lov'd together,
When Fair *Pastora* crost their Plains,
Alas, why came she thither!
For tho' they fed two several Flocks,
They felt but one Desire:
Pastora's Eyes and Amber Locks
Set both their Hearts on Fire.

II.

Tom came of a Genteel Race,
By Father and by Mother;
Will was Noble, but, alas,
He was a younger Brother.
Tom was forlorn, *Will* was sad,
No Huntsman nor no Fowler;
Tom was held the properer Lad,
But *Will* the better Bowler.

III.

Tom was young, but something bald,
It seem'd no Imperfection;

154. *The THIRD PART of*

Will was grey, but yet not old,
 And browner of Complexion;
 The touching Flames their Breast did bear
 They could no longer smother,
 For tho' they knew they Rivals were,
 They still lov'd one another.

IV.

Tom would drink her Health, and swear
 His very Ghost should haunt her;
Will would take her by the Ear,
 And with his Voice inchaunt her;
Tom kept always in her Sight,
 And ne'er forgot his Duty,
 But *Will* was witty, and could write
 Sweet Sonnets on her Beauty.

V.

Pastora was a lovely Lass,
 And of a gentle Nature,
 Divinely good: and fair she was,
 And kind to ev'ry Creature;
 Of Favours she was provident,
 But yet not over-sparing;
 She gave no loose Incouragement,
 Yet kept Men from despairing.

VI.

Which of these Two she loved most,
 Or whether she lov'd either,
 'Tis thought they'l find it to their Cost,
 That she indeed lov'd neither;
 Yet so charming, so sweet was she,
 So pleasing of Behaviour,
 That *Tom* thought he, and *Will* thought he,
 Was chiefest in her Favour.

VII.

Thus did she handle *Tom*, and *Will*,
 Who both did dote upon her.
 For graciously she us'd them still,
 Yet still preserv'd her Honour.

She'dealt her Favours equally,
They both were well-contented,
And kept them still from Jealousie,
Nor easily prevented.

VIII.

'Till tat'ling Fame had made Report
Of Fair *Pastora's* Beauty,
Pastora's sent for to the Court,
There to perform her Duty:
'Unto the Court *Pastora's* gone,
There were no Court without her,
The Queen, amongst her Train, had none
Was half so fair about her.

IX.

Tom hang'd his Dog, and cast away
His Shepherd's Hook and Waller;
Will broke his Pipe, and curs'd the Day
That e'er he made a Ballad:
Their Nine-pins and their Bowls they broke,
Their Sports were turn'd to Tears;
'Tis time for me an End to make,
Let them go shake their Ears:

To the Reverend Dr. SHERLOCK,
Dean of St. PAUL's; on his Practical
Discourse concerning DEATH.

By Mr. PRIOR.

FORGIVE the Muse, who in unhallow'd Strains
The Saint one Moment from his God detains:
For sure, whate'er you do, whate'er you are,
'Tis all but one good Work, one constant Pray'r.
Forgive her; and intreat that God, to whom
Thy favour'd Vows with kind Acceptance come,
To raise her Numbers to that blest Degree
That suits a Song of Piety and Thee.

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Wondrous good Man! whose Labours may repell
 The force of Sin, may stop the Rage of Hell:
 Who, like the *Baptist*, from thy God wert sent
 To be the Voice, and bid the World repent:
 Thee, Youth shall study; and no more engage
 His flatt'ring Wishes for uncertain Age;
 No more, with fruitless Care, and cheated Strife,
 Chase fleeting Pleasure through this Maze of Life;
 Finding the wretched All He here can have
 But present Food, and but a Future Grave;
 Each, great as *Philip's* Son, shall sit and view
 This sordid World, and, weeping, ask a New.
 Decrepit Age shall read Thee, and confess
 Thy Labours can assuage, where Med'cines cease:
 Shall bless thy Words, their wounded Souls Relief;
 The Drops that sweeten their last Dregs of Life;
 Shall look to Heav'n, and laugh at all beneath,
 Own Riches gather'd Trouble; Fame, a Breath;
 And Life an Ill, whose only Cure is Death. }

Thy even Thoughts with so much Plainness flow,
 Their Sense untutor'd Infancy may know,
 Yet to that height is all that Plainness wrought,
 Wit may admire, and letter'd Pride be taught:
 Easie in Words thy Style, in Sense sublime,
 On its blest Steps each Age and Sex may rise, }
 'Tis like the Ladder in the Patriarch's Dream,
 Its foot on Earth, its height beyond the Skies.
 Diffus'd its Vertue, boundless is its Pow'r,
 'Tis publick Health, and Universal Cure:
 Of Heav'nly Manna 'tis a second Feast,
 A Nation's Food, and All to ev'ry Taste.

To its last height mad *Britain's* Guilt was rear'd,
 And various Deaths for various Crimes she fear'd;
 With your kind Works her drooping Hopes revive,
 You bid her read, repent, adore, and live.
 You wrest the Bolt from Heav'n's avenging Hand,
 Stop ready Death, and save a sinking Land.
 O save us still! still bless us with thy Stay!
 O want thy Heav'n, 'till we have learnt the Way!

MISCELLANY POEMS. 157

Refuse to leave thy destin'd Charge too soon,
 And for the Church's good, defer thy own!
 O live! and let thy Works urge our Belief!
 Live to explain thy Doctrine by thy Life;
 'Till future Infancy, baptiz'd by thee;
 Grow ripe in Years, and old in Piety;
 'Till Christians, yet unborn, be taught to die;
 Then in full Age, and hoary Holiness
 Retire, great Teacher, to thy promis'd Bliss:
 Untouch'd thy Tomb, uninjur'd be thy Dust,
 As thy own Fame amongst the future Just,
 'Till in last Sounds the dreaded Trumper speaks,
 'Till Judgment calls, and quickned Nature wakes,
 'Till through the utmost Earth, and deepest Sea
 Our scatter'd Atoms find their hidden way,
 In haste to cloath their Kindred Souls again,
 Perfect our State, and build Immortal Man:
 Then fearless, Thou, who well sustain'dst the Fight,
 To Paths of Joy, and Worlds of endless Light,
 Lead up all those who heard thee, and believ'd;
 'Midst thy own Flock, great Shepherd, be receiv'd,
 And glad all Heav'n with Millions thou hast sav'd.

On the Countess of Dorch----er.

By the E. of D----t.

Proud with the Spoils of Royal Cully,
 With false Pretence to Wit and Parts;
 She swaggers like a batter'd Bully,
 To try the Tempers of Mens Hearts.

Tho' she appear as glitt'ring fine,
 As Gems, and Jewels, and Paint can make her;
 She ne'er can win a Breast like mine,
 The Devil and Sir *David* take her,

LA jeune Iris aux cheveux gris
 Disoit à Theodate,
 Retournons, mon cher à Paris,
 Avant que l'on combatte ;

Vous me donnés trop de souci,
 Car Guillaume ne vaille.
 Hélas ! que feriez-vous icy
 Le jour d'une bataille ?

Il est uray que vous partirés
 Sans Lauriers & sans Gloire,
 Et que vous Embarrasserés
 Ceux qui font Vêtre Histoire ;

Mais vous devés laisser ces soins
 A D' Espreaux & Cornaillés,
 Vous ne les payerés pas moins,
 Quand vous serés merueille.

Vous punirez, une autre-fois
 Ces gens qui m'ont pillée.
 Qu'elle honte qu'à Charleroy
 Ils m'eussent amonée !

Quoy que je sois aimée de vous,
 Et que je sois bien sage,
 J'aurois passé parmy ces fous
 Pour un Rebut de Page.



A Paraphrase on the FRENCH.

IN Grey-hair'd *Celia*'s wither'd Arms
As mighty *Lewis* lay,
She cry'd, if I have any Charms,
My Dearest let's away.

For you, my Love, is all my Fear,
Hark how the Drums do Rattle:
Alas, sir! what shou'd you do here
In dreadful Day of Battle?

Let little *Orange* stay and fight,
For Danger's his Diversion;
The Wife will think you in the Right,
Not to expose your Person.

Nor vex your Thoughts how to repair
The Ruins of your Glory:
You ought to leave to mean a Care
To those who Pen your Story.

Are not *Basilan* and *Corneile* paid
For Panegyrick Writing?
They know how Heroes may be made
Without the help of Fighting.

When Foes too saucily approach,
'Tis best to leave them fairly:
Put Six good Horses in your Coach,
And carry me to *Marly*.

Let *Boufflers*, to secure your Fame,
Go take some Town, or buy it;
Whilst you, great Sir, at *Nastredane*,
To *Deum* sing in quiet.

*The Story of PHOEBUS and DAPHNE.
From the First Book of OVID's Meta-
morphoses.*

By Mr. Charles Hopkins.

NO Beauteous Nymph could Youthful *Phæbus* move,
 'Till *Daphne's* Charms inspir'd him first with Love,
 A Virgin, sprung from *Peneus* Silver Stream,
 Fair as the Cryſtal Waters, whence ſhe came.
 No blind Effects of Chance ſubdu'd the God,
 But juſt Revenge which injur'd *Cupid* ow'd.
 For *Phæbus* ſaw him as his Bow he drew,
 And ſcoffing, cry'd, Thoſe are not Arms for you;
 To me your Quiver and your Shafts reſign,
 They load your Shoulders, but fit well on mine;
 Your Arrows drop from your enervate Arm,
 And are not ſent with Force enough to harm;
 But when I ſhoot, with my unerring Hands,
 On the fleet Shaft as fleet a Death attends.
 Witneſs the monſtrous *Python* lately ſlain,
 Againſt whoſe Scales your Darts had been in vain;
 He ſtill had liv'd, and ravag'd all the Plain.
 In yonder Vale, by me, behold him kill'd,
 Shedding his poiſ'nous Gore o'er all the Field.
 Be you content to kindle amorous Fires,
 Inſpiring childiſh Loves, and ſoft Deſires;
 Attempt not things beyond your feeble Pow'rs,
 Hold your own Empire, and uſurp not ours.
 The ſlighted God, in ſhort, replies, By thee
 Let other Breſts be pierc'd, but thine by me:
 As Human Force is conquer'd by Divine,
 So ſhalt thou find my Pow'rs excelling thine.
 He ſpoke, and ſpread his Wings, and mounted up,
 Nor reſted, 'till he reach'd *Parnaffus* top.
 From his full Quiver all his Darts he drew,
 And, from them all, he made his Choice of two,

MISCELLANY POEMS. 161

Differing the Passions, which their Points create,
 The one producing Love, the other Hate :
 With this, the beauteous Virgin's Breast he pierc'd ;
 But he wounds *Phabus* deeper with the first.
 High on the Mountain's utmost Cliff he stood,
 And took his fatal Aim, and shot the God :
 Swiftly it flies thro' the invenom'd Reins ;
 Fires all his Blood, and poisons all his Veins.
 The deadly Shafts their purpos'd Ends obtain ;
 Work Love in him, in her as fierce Disdain.
 Her only Joy was ranging thro' the Grove,
 To shun her Lovers, and their Tales of Love.
 There the wild Bears were wounded with her Spear :
 Her only Passion was to conquer there.
 All her Attire was like *Diana's* Train,
 Alike her Humour in avoiding Men.
 Her numerous Courtiers met with numerous Slights,
 She fled from *Hymen*, and his hated Rites :
 Oft had her Father prompted her to wed ;
 By fond Desires of future Grandsons led :
 Oft had he told her, that she ow'd a Debt,
 Of smiling Nephews, which he hop'd for yet.
 She starts, and thinks she understands him wrong,
 Nor would have heard it from another Tongue.
 Then hanging on her Father, thus she pray'd,
 Oh ! only lov'd of all your Sex, she said,
 Oh ! give me leave to live, and die a Maid. }
 He, too indulgent, yields, but yields in vain,
 To what she cannot from her self obtain ;
 That matchless Form was made to be admir'd,
 And she is, in her own despatch, desir'd :
 The youthful *Phabus* courts her for his Bride,
 And loves too fiercely to be long deny'd.
 With Hopes, he would not, for his Godhead, lose,
 By his own Oracles deceiv'd, he woos.
 As Fires, in spacious Fields of Stubble thrown,
 When the first Blaze of Flame is once begun, }
 The Winds, with Fury, drive the Torrent on :

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So burns the God, and so receives the Fires,
 And sooths, with flattering Hopes, his fond Defires.
 He sees her Hair dishevell'd on her Back,
 And part, in Circles, twining round her Neck.
 If such their Charms (disorder'd thus) he cry'd,
 Ah! what if Nature were with Art supply'd.
 He sees her sparkling Eyes, that shine like Stars,
 But with an Influence far more strong than theirs.
 He sees her balmy Lips, and longs to kiss;
 For, oh! he is not satisfy'd he sees.
 Her Hands and Arms fill his unwear'd Sight;
 He looks on all, with Wonder, and Delight.
 He sees her snowy Thighs, her swelling Breast;
 If ought lay hid, he still concludes it best:
 And yet, in vain is all the God can say,
 The dear, disdainful Virgin will not stay,
 But flies the swifter, as she hears him pray.

}

Stay *Daphne*, stay, it is no Foe pursues,
 I follow not as lustful Satyrs use:
 The trembling Deer fly from the Lyon so,
 The Lambs from Wolves, each from his mortal Foe,
 They, by their swift Pursuit, their Prey design;
 But Love, the tender'st Love occasions mine.
 Beware, dear Maid, lest any barb'rous Thorn
 Tear those soft Limbs, too beauteous to be torn.
 Rough are the Ways you follow with such speed,
 Ah! yet beware, be cautious how you tread;
 Or stay, or do not make such dangerous Haste,
 I too will stay, or not pursue so fast.

Stay, *Daphne*, stay; ah! whither do you run?
 Alas! fond Nymph, you know not whom you run.
 No Rustick lab'ring Hind, no Savage Swain,
 I keep no lowing Herds upon the Plain.
Delphos, and *Tenedos*, my Rule obey,
 In several Isles, I several Scepters sway.
 All Nations offer Incense at my Shrine,
 And all those Beams that light the World, are mine;
Jove does acknowledge me his Darling Son,
 And gives me Pow'r, the greatest, next his own,

MISCELLANY POEMS. 163

I know what Time bears in her teeming Womb,
And all that was, and is, and is to come.
I teach soft Numbers to the Mighty Nine,
The wondrous Harmony they make, is mine.
Sure are the Wounds I send from ev'ry Dart,
But Love made surer, when he pierc'd my Heart.
To the sick Earth safe Remedies I give,
Allotting Man a longer time to live;
To me, the use of every Herb is known,
Vain Art, alas! since Love is cur'd by none.
To all besides they do their Aid afford,
Unable only to relieve their Lord.

Much more he would have told the flying Fair,
But the regardless Virgin would not hear.
With doubled Swiftneſs ſhe out-runs the Wind,
And leaves his yet unfinish'd Speech behind.
The Winds, that toſs'd her flowing Robes abroad,
Show'd a whole Heav'n of Beauty to the God.
Her naked Limbs to his full View diſplay'd;
The God, the raviſh'd God, ſaw all the Maid.
Her ev'ry Step inflames his fierce Deſires,
Her ev'ry Motion fans the raging Fires.
Still the Fair Nymph grew lovelier as ſhe fled,
Loose in the Air her Golden Locks were ſpread,
And her Cheeks glow'd with an unuſual Red. }
Th' impatient God admits no more Delay,
And throws no more unheeded Words away:
Stronger, his pliant Limbs he ſtrives to move,
Love urges on, he takes new Force from Love.
So the ſwift Greyhound, when his Game he views,
With eager Stretch o'er all the Plain purſues.
Now comes ſo near, that he is forc'd to ſtoop,
With the falſe Hopes he has to ſnatch her up.
The trembling Hare runs on, with dreadful doubt,
Whether ſhe is already ſeiz'd, or not.
She uſes all her Art to help her Flight;
And doubles, juſt enough to 'ſcape the Bite.
So *Daphne* flies, wing'd with her Mortal Fear;
Wing'd with his Love, ſo *Phaon* follows her.

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But he still gains Advantage in the Race,
 For Love redoubles his impetuous Pace.
 With Arms expanded, he pursues the Fair,
 And plies his eager Feet so very near,
 She feels his Breath warm thro' her flying Hair. }
 Now, as her utmost Force was well-nigh spent,
 And her o'er-labour'd Legs began to faint;
 Her Course to that delightful Stream she bends,
 Which from her Father's Silver Urn descends :
 With moving Looks the Waters she surveys,
 And thus the sad and lovely Suppliant prays.
 Oh! save me yet, ere I am quite betray'd,
 Exert your Godhead, and preserve a Maid.
 To some new Form change my too Charming Shape,
 Or let me lose my Being, to escape.
 Immediate Grant was giv'n her, as she pray'd,
 And sudden Numness thro' her Limbs was spread;
 Thin Films o'er all her lovely Frame are cast,
 And with close Folds they compass in her Waste.
 Her Hair to Leaves, her Arms to Branches shoot,
 Her Feet, depriv'd of Swiftness, form the Root;
 Her beauteous Head chang'd to the leafy top,
 And yet not wholly, ere the God came up.
 For now he ran with more immoderate Speed,
 But not with haste enough t' embrace the Maid.
 Still lovely, tho' of Human Shape bereft,
 And he still loves her, in the Shape sh' has left.
 He lays his Hand upon the new made Plant,
 While yet her Heart, beneath the Rind, did pant;
 He clasp'd her, with the thought of what sh' had been,
 And, oh! he wish'd her still the same, as then;
 With the same Scorn his Kisses she disdain'd,
 Her Scorn, alas! was all she still retain'd.
 I have thee now, such as thou art, he cry'd,
 And thou shalt be my Tree, tho' not my Bride.
 My Quiver shall be hung upon thy Boughs,
 And thy dear Leaves be wreath'd about my Brows;
 Thou shalt the Heads of Demi-Gods adorn,
 And be by Poets, and their Heroes, worn;

MISCELLANY POEMS. 165

When *Cæsar* shall from vanquish'd Nations come,
 Drawn in his Chariot thro' the Streets of *Rome*;
 Then to the Capitol their Spoils they bring,
 And *Io Pæans* make the Temple ring:
 Then, planted at *Augustus* gilded Doors,
 Thou, like a Household God, shalt guard his Floors,
 And as the Tresses on my Youthful Head
 Keep their first Lustre still, and never fade:
 The verdant Beauty of thy Leaves shall last,
 Not to be wither'd by the Winter's Blast.
 Thus the God finish'd, and the Laurel bow'd
 Her Branches down, to thank the bounteous God.

*To the Right Honourable CHARLES,
 Earl of Dorset and Middlesex, &c.*

By Mr. Charles Hopkins.

AS Nature does in new-born Infants frame,
 With their first Speech, their careful Fost'rer's
 Name;
 Whose needful Hands their daily Food provide,
 And by whose Aid they have their Wants supply'd:
 You are, my Lord, the Poets earliest Theme,
 And the first Word he speaks, is *Dorset's* Name.
 To You the Praise of ev'ry Muse is due,
 For ev'ry Muse is kept alive by You.
 Their boasted Stream, from your rich Ocean pours,
 And all the Helicon they drink, is yours.
 What other Subject can the Muses chuse,
 Or who besides is worthy of a Muse?
 They shall to future Ages make you known,
 Their Verse shall give you Fame; but more, your own
 Immortal Wit shall its great Patron boast,
 When others, of an equal Rank, are lost.

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While eating Time all other Tombs devours,
 No *Mausoleum* shall endure, but yours.
 Life to your self, by your own Verse, you give,
 And only you, and whom you please, shall live;
 Thus, you must *Nassau's* God-like Acts proclaim,
 And, farther than his Trumpets, sound his Fame.
 Whose hundred Mouths of nothing else shall tell,
 But him who fought, and him who sung so well.
 Ev'n after Death, you shall your Honours share,
 You, for improving Wit, and He, for War.

*Part of the Story of JUPITER and EUROPA :
 From the latter End of the Second Book
 of Ovid's Metamorphoses.*

By Mr. Charles Hopkins.

Greatness does always our Desires oppose,
 And Majesty, and Love, are Mortal Foes.
Jove knew too well it hinder'd the Design,
 He could not compass in a Form Divine.
 He casts his Eagle off, and Royal Crown,
 And lets his Bolts fall to the Pavement, down.
 Divested thus, he quits the blest Abode,
 Without one Mark left to reveal the God:
 He that was wont to Reign, and Rule on High,
 And shake the World with Thunder from the Skys
 Of all the Gods, the most ador'd and fear'd,
 Now changes to a Bull, and joins the Herd.
 Large Curls adorn'd his Front, and hid his Chest,
 Of all, he seem'd by far the noblest Beast,
 By something still distinguish'd from the rest.
 His Whiteness did the new-fal'n Snow exceed,
 While it remains unfully'd, as it fell.
 His Horns were small, like glittering Jewels bright,
 And seem'd design'd for Beauty, more than Fight.

MISCELLANY POEMS. 167

His peaceful Look no signs of Fury shows,
 He wears no marks of Terror on his Brows.
 The Royal Maid beheld him with Delight,
 Surpriz'd with Pleasure at th' unusual Sight:
 Yet was her Pleasure first allay'd with Fear,
 'Till by degrees at last, advancing near,
 With Flow'rs, more welcome than his heav'nly Food,
 (Giv'n by those Hands) she fed the ravish'd God,
 Softly, with secret Joy, those Hands he prest,
 And, too too eager to be wholly blest,
 Hardly, ah! hardly he forbears the rest. }
 Now with large Leaps he bounds upon the Land,
 Anon, he rolls along the Golden Sand.
 As her Fears vanish'd, she approach'd the Beast,
 And vent'ring farther, stroak'd his *Panting Breast*, }
 And crown'd his Horns with Flow'rs; too ven-
 t'rous at the least.

More Favours thus th' unwary Nymph bestow'd,
 Than she had giv'n him, had he seem'd a God.
 Still daring more, down on his Back she sat;
 Alas! she knew not who sustain'd her Weight.
 Then, then the God rose with his wish'd-for Prey,
 And, wing'd with his Success, soon reach'd the Sea.
 Vain were her Cries, all her Resistance vain,
 While *Now* in Triumph bore her through the Main.
 She casts her Eyes on the forsaken Coast,
 Which lessen'd, 'till the View was wholly lost.
 She sigh'd, and wept, and look'd despairing back,
 Yet still she held his Horns, still clasp'd his Neck:
 While with the Winds her looser Garments flow'd,
 And spread a grateful Cov'ring o'er the God.



To C. C. Esq;

By Mr. CHARLES HOPKINS.

IN vain, my Friend, so often I remove,
 I find that Absence still increases Love;
 The barbarous Foe, like an ingrateful Guest,
 Too strongly lodg'd, possesses all my Breast.
 Gladly I suffer'd him to share my Soul,
 But now the Traitor has usurp'd it whole:
 I burn with Pains, too great to be endur'd,
 And yet I neither can, nor would be cur'd.
 In other Ills, all Remedies we try;
 But, fond of this, we grow content to die.
 For all were useless here to help my Grief,
 And I should strive in vain, to find Relief.
 In vain I rush'd amidst the Thund'ring War,
 Endeavour'd, all in vain, to meet it there;
 In all the heat of Fight I thought on her.
 If conqu'ring Camps refus'd to give me Ease,
 The Town, at my Return, affords me less.
 Without Concern, its Wealth and Pomp I see,
 And all its Pleasures are but lost on me;
 If, with my Friends, I should to Plays resort;
 Without a Smile I see the Comick Sport.
 I mingle no Applauses with the Pit,
 Nor mind the Action, nor the Author's Wit.
 I see the shining Beauties sit around,
 But have no room left for another Wound.
 I fly for Refuge to the Country now,
 But that is savage, and denies it too.
 Retirement still foment the raging Fire, [spire
 And Trees, and Fields, and Floods, and Verse con- }
 To spread the Flame, and heighten the Desire.
 Wildly I range the Woods, and trace the Groves,
 To ev'ry Oak I tell my hopeless Loves;
 Torn by my Passion, to the Earth I fall,
 I kneel to all the Gods, I pray to all:

MISCELLANY POEMS. 169

Nothing but Echo answers to my Prayer,
And she speaks nothing, but Despair, Despair.
I give relentless Heav'n this last Reply,
I do despair, and will resolve to die.

The Story of CINYRAS and MYRRHA: From the Tenth Book of OVID's Me- tamorphoses.

By Mr. Charles Hopkins.

FAR, far from hence, you virtuous Maids remove,
Fly from a Story of incestuous Love.
Be not a Father, nor his Daughter, near;
I sing of things unfit for such to hear.
But should you listen, and believe them true,
Believe the Vengeance that attends them too.
If Sin could reach to such a dismal height,
And Nature suffer an Abuse so great;
Yet when she bore so monstrous an Offence,
'Tis well the Scene was laid remote from hence.
From vengeful Gods our World exempted stands,
There are no Judgments due to guiltless Lands.
Her Gums, and Perfumes, let *Arabia* boast,
Forgetful of the mighty Price they cost.
While *Myrrha* spreads her impious Branches there,
Her Sweets are purchas'd at a Rate too dear.
The God of Love, to clear himself from Blame,
Denies he gave the Wound, or rais'd the Flame.
The Brauds of Furies kindled this Desire
And thy devoted Bosom did inspire, }
With a large share of their Infernal Fire.
To hate your Father, were a dreadful Fate;
And yet to love him thus, is worse than Hate.
Look on the Princes of the shining East,
Whose only Strife is, who should please you best.
By the loud Fame of conqu'ring Beauty led,
A Royal Troop of Lovers court your Bed:

From the whole World, chuse one, and make him best;
 Excepting one, take any of the rest.
 She was too conscious of her impious Love,
 Which, when she long had labour'd to remove,
 Her last Recourse was to the Pow'rs above.
 By what resistless Fury am I driv'n?
 Defend me, Pity; preserve me, Heav'n.
 Expel this raging Passion from my Soul,
 Oh! let me never act a Crime so foul.
 If that's a Crime, which yet your partial Pow'rs
 Allow to ev'ry Kind they form, but ours.
 All Creatures else without Distinction join,
 Regard no Limits, and respect no Line.
 The feather'd Kind fly mingling with their Young;
 Birds pair with Birds, from whom of late they sprung.
 The lawless Herds in flow'ry Pastures feed,
 And, by promiscuous Leaps, increase their Breed.
 Unbounded, o'er the spacious Plains they range,
 Chuse as they please, and as they please they change.
 Wisely, with Nature, happy Brutes comply,
 And as she prompts them, they improve their Joy;
 But, foolish Man against himself conspires,
 Inventing Laws, to curb his free Desires.
 Industrious to destroy his own Consent,
 He makes those Bars, which Nature never meant.
 Yet there are Nations, no such Customs bind;
 Where Men, and Women, all in common join'd,
 With doubled Love, exalt their gen'rous Kind.
 Where Daughters with indulgent Fathers wed,
 And, without Scandal, mount the Genial Bed.
 Had my Stars plac'd my Birth in such a Clime,
 I might have had my Wish, without a Crime.
 I might have been, of all I love, possess'd;
 Like them I had enjoy'd, like them been blest.
 Hence, impious Thoughts, from my distracted Brain;
 Be gone all Hopes, since all, alas! are vain.
 Tho' he possesses Charms enough, to move
 The coldest Virgin to the Warmth of Love;

MISCELLANY POEMS. 77

Yet to that Warmth my Passion must not rise,
 For I must view him with a Daughter's Eyes.
 Were I not so, all my Desires were free:
 Alas! it is a Sin in none but me.
 Engag'd already, in too strict a Tie,
 I might be nearer, were I not so nigh.
 Should Piety advise me to remove,
 Whence I might possibly forget my Love;
 In vain I should endeavour to be gone,
 Compell'd to stay, by what I seek to shun.
 Still to be present in his lovely Sight,
 Still gaze on him, in whom my Eyes delight,
 Talk, touch, and kiss, do more, if more I might. }
 Wretch that I am! ah! whither do I run!
 Is there not too too much already don't
 How would the Act all Ties of Blood confound,
 And think, oh! think, how would your Titles found?
 Your Father's Whore, a Mother to the Son,
 Born of your Mother; Sister to your own.
 Oh! what Remorse will such an Action bring.
 How fiercely will a guilty Conscience sting?
 How will the Furies haunt your anxious Breast,
 And rob your Soul of her Eternal Rest?
 Advance their Torches to your dazzled Sight,
 By Day in Visions, and in Dreams by Night!
 Since then, Divine and Human Laws forbid
 Our Bodies e'er should join in such a Deed,
 Let not the Thought it self Reception find,
 But banish it, for ever, from your Mind.
 Could you resolve, were you so lost to Shame;
 Durst you attempt a Deed, you dare not name!
 Still, the foul Crime would his Concurrence want,
 Which he, ah! too too good, will never grant.
 Oh! that I could my self from Love redeem,
 Or that an equal Fury reign'd in him.
 In Thoughts like these the beauteous Virgin mus'd,
 Now blam'd her guilty Passion, now excus'd.
 In the mean time th' ambitious Rivals strove
 To court the Father for the Daughter's Love,

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He, in a Lull, when Silence he should prize,
 Where all secret's safe, reveals what he
 He makes their Passions, Names, and Times know,
 But hides his Thoughts, and leaves her to her own.
 Fair's on his Eyes, the Maid her Silence keeps,
 And, watch'd with secret Terrors, sighs and weeps.
 He, thinking this the Effect of Virgin Fears, 'Tis
 Knew her own's Coverts, and cry'd her fleeing
 The welcome Kiss she thro' her trembling Soul,
 And almost caus'd her to reveal the whole.
 Again his former Question he renews,
 What Choice she made, where he had tack to chase,
 Frequent Demands this short Confession drew,
 Him like most, who most resembles you.
 But he, good Man, by Flery betray'd,
 Mistakes the Meaning, and comments the Maid:
 Believes those Words did from her Duty flow,
 And bids her to continue ever so.
 While on the Ground her guilty Looks she bears;
 For she knew better what her Answer meant.
 'Twas Midnight now, and Mankind lay refresh'd;
 They, and their Cares, in Universal Rest.
 But *Morrus* wakes, scorch'd with impetuous Fires,
 And struggles to resist her fierce Desires.
 Despair, and Shame, Hope, Fear, and Fury rous'd,
 And work a Tempest in her troubled Soul.
 Like fighting Winds, tumultuous Passions mix,
 Toss to and fro, and know not where to fix.
 As in a spacious Wood, a stately Oak,
 That labours long beneath the Axe's Stroke,
 With the last Blow, nods e'er its dreadful Fall,
 And threatening every side, is fear'd on all.
 So roll the Thoughts in her uncertain Mind;
 And now to Virtue, now to Vice inclin'd:
 Death was the only Choice she could approve,
 Death, a less Ill, as well as End of Love.
 When strait her trembling Hands a Girdle tie
 To the tall Roof, where she designs to dye.

MISCELLANY POEMS. 173

Then fix'd the Noose, and sinking from the Beam,
 With her last Words invok'd her Father's Name.
 Farewel, she cry'd, dear *Cinyras*, farewel;
 Learn by my Death, what now I dare not tell.
 The broken Murmurs reach'd her Nurse's Ears,
 Lodg'd in a small Apartment joining hers;
 Who, with Amazement, starting from her Bed,
 Runs to the Doors of the despairing Maid.
 Where enter'd, by the glimm'ring Taper's Light,
 Her trembling Eyes discern the dismal Sight,
 And a loud Shriek proclaims her mortal Fright. }
 Feebly she hastes to snatch her from her Fate, [Weight.
 And, with stretch'd Hands, takes down the lovely
 Then first she found the Leisure to lament.
 Her Words had Utt'rance, and her Tears a Vent.
 Closely her aged Arms her Charge embrace,
 With Floods of Woe she bathes her beauteous Face, }
 And Streams from *Myrrha's* Eyes kept equal Pace. }
 Tell me your Grievs, she cry'd, my Royal Care,
 Tell what occasions this accurs'd Despair.
 Her kissing Anguish no Return affords,
 Tears blind her Eyes, and Groans suppress her Words.
 New Fury works her rising Passions high,
 Now doubled, by her vain Attempt to die.
 Still the good Nurse all soft Endearments us'd,
 In hopes to learn, what she was still refus'd.
 Turn here, she cries, look on these silver Hairs,
 Grown thus, alas, with Sorrow, more than Years.
 Look on these Breasts, whence your first Food you drew;
 These Hands, so often tir'd in holding you.
 Think on that Fondness, those indulgent Cares,
 With which I rear'd you in your tender Years.
 All these Persuasions unregarded dye,
 Or Tears, or Sighs, were all the sad Reply.
 Repulse, upon Repulse, with Grief she bore,
 Yet still insists, resolv'd to hazard more.
 Let my past Services, says she, entreat,
 And do not, do not think me useless yet.

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In the rapid flow Comes on the tide,
 Or one is raised, to conduct it is
 Your will to what the depth never known,
 Shall circles be drawn'st, or never known,
 Madmen by Sacred Numbers is confin'd,
 And Magic will no longer Magic yield.
 If the last Word of Power this Fury mad'd,
 Here's a man with Sacrifice and Power appear'd,
 From what Cause can these Disorders grow?
 In a smooth Tide your rising Fortunes flow.
 No Loss, your Servants, or your Friends sustain;
 No Wars disturb your Father's peaceful Reign.
 The Mention of that God, that fatal Name,
 See! P' her loud Sighs, and spread her raging Flame.
 Yet in the Nurse this no Suspicion mov'd
 Of such a Crime, tho' she perceiv'd the lov'd.
 Now, more than ever, her Delights increase,
 Having obtain'd so much, to learn the rest:
 With trembling Arms she clasps the weeping Maid,
 And in her Lap reclin'd her lovely Head.
 I know thou lov'st, she cry'd, no more conceal
 A Truth, which Virgins need not blush to tell.
 Long since, its Nature and its Force I knew,
 And cannot wonder at it, now, in you.
 Yet tho' you love, you have no Cause to grieve;
 Could I no Counsel, no Assistance give,
 You, your own Birth, and Beauty, would relieve,
 Your Chains no Monarch would refuse to wear,
 Of no Imperial Crown need you despair.
 Should not your Father, whom you chuse, approve,
 He shall be still a Stranger to your Love.
 Again, that Name a cruel Image brought
 Of dreadful Guilt, to her distracted Thought.
 Fiercely she rose, and springing to the Bed,
 Be gone without Reply, be gone, she said,
 Spare the Confusion of a wretched Maid.
 Use no Entreaties to me more, but go;
 You ask me that, which 'twere a Sin to know.

Strange Terrors on the Aged Matron seize,
 Who, falling prostrate at the Virgin's Knees,
 No Arguments, that might prevail, forgets;
 But plies her, now with Flattery, now with Threats.
 Conjures her to discover all her Woes,
 Or menaces to publish all she knows.
 Faintly, at that, her mournful Head she rears,
 And bathes her Nurse's Bosom with her Tears.
 Oft would the fatal Secret have reveal'd,
 Which Guilt, and conscious Shame, as oft with-held:
 When hiding with her Robes, her blushing Look,
 As loth her self to hear the Words she spoke;
 Thus much, at last, confus'dly she express:
 Oh! Mother, in your envy'd Nuptials blest!
 There breaks abruptly off; and spoke in Groans
 the rest.

Cold Tremblings chill'd the Matron's frozen Blood;
 And her faint Legs scarce bear their shaking Load;
 Her hoary Hairs upright with Horror rise,
 And ghastly Fears star'd wildly in her Eyes.
 All that she ought, in such a Case, she said;
 But, all in vain, endeavour'd to dissuade.
 The Maid liv'd only, that she might enjoy;
 And, if that fail'd, she still knew how to die.
 The Thoughts of so much Guilt distract the Nurse;
 But Myrrha's threaten'd Death confounds her worse.
 Live, and possess, she cry'd; there paus'd with Shame,
 Not harden'd yet enough, to add a Father's Name.
 Now the fix'd Time for Ceres Feasts was near,
 Observ'd by Cyprian Matrons once a Year:
 All in their white and spotless Garments drest;
 Such as denoted Innocence the best.
 Deny'd, the space of these mysterious Rites,
 The Touch of Man, nine whole revolving Nights.
 The Queen, in Person, does the Pomp adorn,
 All off'ring grateful Gifts of early Corn.
 Thus, from his Bed, his beauteous Partner gone,
 The Widow'd King possess'd it all alone.



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The Nurse, too diligent in Ill, would miss
 No Opportunity, that serv'd like this.
 She went, and found, to favour her Design,
 The vigorous Prince already warm with Wine;
 Then tells him of a Maid with wondrous Charms;
 A Mistress, worthy of a Monarch's Arms.
 Her Face, and Form, with *Myrrha's* she compares,
 In Beauty equal, and of equal Years.
 The King new Passion from her Praises caught,
 And, all inflam'd, commands her to be brought.
 Swift, with the dreadful Message she return'd,
 And found the lovely Nymph, where still she mourn'd.
 Rejoice, she cry'd, th'approaching Night shall crown
 All your Desires, the Conquest is your own.
 No real Joys on her Success attend,
 Of which her Soul presag'd some dismal End;
 Her lab'ring Heart with diff'rent Motions bear;
 Now Fear, now Joy, usurp'd the Sov'reign Seat, }
 And, long contending, made the Tumult great.
 All Doubts, at length, resistless Love destroys,
 And left a fatal Room for impious Joys.
 The Day was fled, and no bright Tracks remain'd,
 But, thro' whole Nature, Night and Silence reign'd.
 On goes the desp'rate Virgin, to pursue
 A Crime too foul, for Heav'n's chaste Eyes to view.
 The Silver Moon, averse to such a Sight,
 Fled from her darken'd Orb, no Streak of Light, }
 No glimm'ring Star shot through the dismal Night.
 Thrice, in loud Screams of Woe, the Screech-Owls
 mourn,
 And thrice she falls, to warn her to return.
 No Bodings could the vent'rous Maid recall,
 Resolv'd on Ruin, she contemns them all.
 The Darkness of the Night dispell'd her Fears,
 While not a Blush, for her bold Crime, appears.
 One Hand upon her Nurse supported lay,
 Holding her other stretch'd to feel the Way.

Soon,

MISCELLANY POEMS. 177

Soon, with bold Steps, to the dire Room she comes;
 But, soon as enter'd, all her Fears resumes.
 Courage her Heart, and Blood her Face, forlook;
 Her bending Knees on one another strook, }
 And ev'ry loosen'd Joint with Horror shook.
 Her working Thoughts a livelier Prospect drew
 Of Guilt, more dreadful at a nearer View.
 Increasing Fear quite damps her impious Fire,
 Who, now grown cold, and dead to all Desire, }
 Repents her Crime, and would, unknown, retire.
 But now the Nurse urg'd on th' unwilling Maid;
 'Till coming where th' impatient King was laid,
 Receive, she cries, a Virgin wholly thine,
 And then; oh! Breach of all things Sacred and Divine! }
 In Hellish Lust, Father and Daughter join.
 He, as less guilty, felt the less of Fear,
 And, in the midst of Horror, comforts her.
 He call'd her Daughter, as if that express'd
 His tender Love, and different Age, the best.
 She us'd th' endearing Name of Father too,
 And each gave Titles to their Incest due.
 Full of her Father, now she leaves his Bed,
 Her impious Womb swoln with incestuous Seed, }
 Where Crimes unknown, and monstrous Vices breed.
 Next Night their guilty Pleasures they repeat;
 Another follow'd, and another yet:
 When he, desirous to behold, at last,
 The soft-kind Nymph whom he so oft embrac'd,
 With a Torch, lighted at a fatal time,
 Discern'd at once his Daughter, and his Crime.
 His Rage, and Grief, no room for Words afford;
 But speechless at the sight, he snatch'd his Sword:
 Frighted she flies, assisted by the Night,
 Whose Darkness shelter'd, and secur'd her Flight.
 Far from her Country, and those conscious Fields,
 Unknown, she wanders on through spacious Wilds:
 'Till, with the Burden in her Womb oppress'd,
 Her staggering Limbs requir'd their needful Rest,

178 *The THIRD PART of*

Scarce knowing what to pray for, and at strife,
Betwixt the fear of Death, and hate of Life;
Long she revolv'd on what she thought might move,
And thus, at last, invokes the Pow'rs above.

On you, great Gods, in these Extrems I call
Just is your Vengeance, I deserve it all.
Yet, left alive I shou'd Infection spread,
Or my foul Guilt, in Death, pollute the dead,
Allow my wretched Life no longer Date,
But, by some Change, deny me either State.

Here, the fair Penitent concludes her Pray'rs,
Which Heav'n (still open to Confession) hears.
She feels her Legs now cover'd with the Ground,
And her numb'd Feet in welcome Fetters bound.
The spreading Root shoots downward from her Toes,
On which the lofty Bole supported grows;
To Pith her Marrow turns, her Bones to Wood,
Fed by the Sap, which was of late the Blood.
Her Arms great Boughs, her Fingers form the small;
Her once soft Skin, now harden'd, covers all.
Now her big Womb the rising Bark supprest,
Which now creeps higher o'er her panting Breast.
When she, impatient in her Change to lose
Her hated Being, and her cruel Woes,
Sunk down within the Tree; whose closing Top,
For ever lock'd her charming Beauties up.
Who, tho' she lost all other Sense with Life,
She still retains that wretched one of Grief.
Her lasting Sorrows in her Tears are shown,
Which from her Bark, course one another down.
Those Tears are precious too, and keep the Name
Of that unhappy Fair One, whence they came.

The Old Man's Wish.

IF I live to grow old, as I find I go down,
Let this be my Fate in a Country Town:

MISCELLANY POEMS. 179

May I have a warm House, with a Stone at my Gate,
And a cleanly young Girl to rub my bald Pate.

*May I govern my Passion with an absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better as my strength wears away,
Without Gout or Stone, by a gentle decay.*

In a Country Town, by a murmuring Brook,
With th' Ocean at distance on which I may look;
With a spacious Plain without Hedge or Stile,
And an easie Pad-Nag to ride out a Mile.

May I govern, &c.

With *Horace* and *Plutarch*, and one or two more
Of the best Wits that liv'd in the Ages before;
With a Dish of Roast-Mutton, not Ven'son nor Teal,
And clean tho' coarse Linnen at ev'ry Meal.

May I govern, &c.

With a Pudding on *Sunday*, and stout humming Liquor,
And Remnants of Latin to puzzle the Vicar;
With a hidden Reserve of *Burgundy* Wine,
To drink the King's Health as oft as we dine.

May I govern, &c.

With a Courage undaunted may I face my last Day,
And when I am dead may the better sort say, (low,
In the Morning when sober, in th' Ev'ning when merrily
He is gone, and han't left behind him his Fellow.

*For he govern'd his Passion with an absolute sway,
And grew wiser and better as his Strength wore away,
Without Gout or Stone, by a gentle decay.*

*Prologue, spoken at Court before the Queen
on her Majesty's Birth-Day.*

SHine forth, ye Planets, with distinguish'd Light,
As when ye hallow'd first this Happy Night;

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Again transmit your Friendly Beams to Earth,
 As when *Britannia* joy'd for *ANNA*'s Birth.
 And thou, kind Star, whose Tutelary Pow'r
 Guided the future Monarch's Natal Hour,
 Thy radiant Voyages for ever run;
 Only less blest'd than *Cynthia* and the Sun:
 With thy fair Aspect still illustrate Heav'n,
 Kindly preserve what thou hast greatly giv'n.
 Thy Influence for thy *ANNA* we implore;
 Prolong one Life, and *Britain* asks no more.
 For what can Virtue more to Man express,
 Than to be great in War, and good in Peace?
 What further Thought of Blessing can we frame,
 Than that That Virtue should be still the same?
 Entire and sure the Monarch's Rule must prove,
 Who founds her Greatness on her Subjects Love;
 Who does our Homage for our Good require,
 And orders that which we should first desire.
 Our vanquish'd Wills that pleasing Force obey;
 Her Goodness takes our Liberty away,
 And haughty *Britain* yields to Arbitrary Sway.

Let the young *Austrian* then her Terrors bear,
 Great as He is, Her Delegate in War;
 Let him in Thunder speak to both his *Spains*,
 That in these dreadful Isles a Female reigns.
 Whilst the bright Queen does on her Subjects show
 The gentle Blessings of her softer Pow'r;
 Gives glorious Morals to a vicious Age,
 To Temples Zeal, and Manners to the Stage:
 Bids the chaste Muse without a Blush appear,
 And Wit be that which Heav'n and she may hear.

Minerva thus to *Persus* lent her Shield,
 Secure of Conquest, sent him to the Field;
 Told him how barb'rous Rage should be restrain'd,
 And bid him execute what she ordain'd.
 Mean time the Deity in Temples sate,
 Fond of her native *Grecians* future Fate;
 Taught 'em in Laws and Letters to excel,
 In acting justly, and in writing well.

MISCELLANY POEMS. 181

Thus whilst the Goddess did her Pow'r dispose,
The World was freed from Tyrants, Wars and Woes; }
Virtue was taught in Verse, and Athens rose.

The First Elegy of the First Book of
TIBULLUS.

By Mr. CHARLES HOPKINS.

LET others add to their encreasing Store,
'Till their full Coffers can receive no more;
Let them plow Land on Land, and Field on Field;
And reap whate'er the teeming Earth can yield;
Whom neighb'ring Foes in constant Terror keep,
Disturb their Labours, and distract their Sleep:
Me, may my Poverty preserve from Strife,
In sloathful Safety, and an easie Life;
While my small House shields off the Winter Sky,
And daily Fires my glowing Hearth supply;
While the due Season yields me ripen'd Corn,
And cluster'd Grapes my loaden'd Vines adorn;
While, with delight, my Country Wealth I view,
And my pleas'd Hands their willing Task pursue, }
Still, as one Vine decays, to plant a new.
Here, I repine not to advance the Prong;
And chide, and drive the sluggish Herds along;
Nor am aham'd to lift a tender Lamb,
On the cold Ground, forsaken of her Dam.
Duely, the annual Festivals I keep,
To purge my Shepherd, and to cleanse my Sheep;
To pay the usual Off'rings of a Swain,
To the propitious Goddess of the Plain.
Whom I adore, however she appears,
A Stock, or Stone, whatever Form she wears.
To all our Country Deities I shew
Religious Zeal, and give to all their due.

The first fair Product of the fertile Earth,
 To the kind Pow'r, whose Favour brings it forth.
 To *Ceres* Garlands of the ripest Corn,
 Which, hung in Wreaths, her Temple Gates adorn.
 Pears, Apples, on *Priapus* are bestow'd,
 My Garden Fruits, giv'n to my Garden God.
 You too, my *Lares*, shall your Gifts receive,
 And share the little that I've left to give.
 Once in full Tides you knew my Fortunes flow,
 But at their lowest Ebb you see them now.
 I then had large and numerous Lands to boast,
 Your Care is lessen'd now, as they are lost.
 Then a fat Calf, a Victim us'd to fall,
 Now from my little Flock a Lamb is all.
 That still shall bleed, and for the rest atone,
 And that you still may challenge as your own.
 Round which our Youth shall pray, You Pow'r's Divine, }
 Bless with your Smiles our Labours, and assign
 Fields full of Corn, a Vintage full of Wine.
 Hear us, ye kind propitious *Lares*, hear,
 Nor slight our Presents, nor reject our Pray'r;
 Take the small Offerings of as small a Board,
 Nor scorn the Drink our Earthen Cups afford;
 Whose use at first from Country Shepherds came,
 And Nature first instructed them to frame.
 Let from my slender Folds the Thieves abstain;
 They ought not to attempt so poor a Swain.
 I do not beg to have my Wealth restor'd,
 Again of large Estates the restless Lord.
 All my Ambition is alone to save
 The little All my Fortune pleas'd to leave;
 Nor shall I e'er repine, while Fate allows }
 A little Corn and Wine, a little House,
 And a small Bed for Pleasure and Repose.
 How am I ravish'd in my *Delia*'s Arms
 To lye, and listen to the Winter Storms?
 Securely in my little Cottage stow'd,
 Hear the bleak Winds, and Tempests sing abroad;

And while around whole Nature seems to weep,
 By the soft falling Rain be lull'd asleep.
 This be my Fate, this all my wish'd-for Bliss,
 And I can live, ye Gods! content with this.
 Let others by their Toils their Fortunes raise,
 They merit Wealth, who seek it thro' the Seas.
 Pleas'd with my small, but yet sufficient Store,
 I wou'd not take their Pains to purchase more,
 I wou'd not dwell on the tempestuous Main,
 Nor make their Voyages, to meet their Gain.
 But safe at home, stretch'd on a grassy Bed,
 Where the Trees cast a cool refreshing Shade, }
 Free from the Mid-day Heat, recline my Head.
 Close by the Banks of a clear River lye,
 And hear the Silver Stream glide murmur'ing by.
 Oh! rather perish all the Mines of Gold,
 And all the Riches, Earth and Ocean hold;
 Than any Maid shou'd my long Absence mourn,
 Or grow impatient for my wish'd Return.
 You, my *Messala*, in the Field delight,
 War is your Province, all your Pride to fight.
 From Sea, and Land, crown'd with Success you come,
 And bring your far-fetch'd Spoils in Triumph home;
 While I, detain'd by *Delia's* conqu'ring Charms,
 Enjoy no Honours, and endure no Harms.
 I, who from all ambitious Thoughts am free,
 Or all, my *Delia*, are to live with thee;
 With thee, to lengthen out my slothful Days,
 Wrapt in safe Quiet, and inglorious Ease, }
 Alike despising Infamy, and Praise.
 With thee, I cou'd my self to Work apply,
 Submit to any Toil, so thou wert by.
 With my own Hands my own Possessions till,
 Drive my own Herds, so thou wert with me still.
 With thee, no Drudg'ry wou'd uneasy be,
 All wou'd be soften'd with the Sight of thee;
 And if my longing Arms might thee embrace,
 Tho' on the cold hard Earth, or rugged Grass, }
 The mighty Pleasure wou'd endear the Place.

184 *The THIRD PART of*

Who can in softest Down be reckon'd blest,
 Whose unsuccessful Love destroys his Rest?
 When, nor the purple Cov'rings of his Bed,
 Nor the fair Plumes that nod above his Head,
 Nor all his spacious Fields, nor pleasant House,
 Nor purling Streams, can lull him to Repose?
 What foolish Brave, allow'd by thee to taste
 Thy balmy Breath; to press thy panting Breast,
 Rife thy Sweets, and run o'er all thy Charms,
 And melt thy Beauties in his burning Arms,
 Would quit the vast Delights which thou could'st yield,
 For all the Honours of a dusty Field?
 Let such as he his high-priz'd Wars pursue,
 And, conqu'ring there, leave me to conquer you,
 Let him, adorn'd in all the Pomp of War,
 Sit on his prancing Horse, and shine afar.
 Proud, when the Croud assembles to behold
 His Troops in polish'd Steel, himself in Gold,
 At my last Hour, all I shall wish to see,
 All I shall love to look on, will be thee.
 Close by my Death-bed may my *Delia* stand,
 That I may grasp her with my fainting Hand,
 Breathe on her Lips my last expiring Sighs,
 And, full of her dear Image, shut my Eyes.
 Then, *Delia*, you'll relent and mourn my Fate,
 And then be kind; but kind, alas! too late:
 On my pale Lips print an unfelt Embrace,
 And, mingling Tears with Kisses, bathe my Face.
 From your full Eyes the flowing Tears will stream,
 And be, like me, lost in the Fun'ral Flame.
 I know you'll weep, and make this rueful Moan;
 You are not Flint, you are not perfect Stone.
 Wrong not my Ghost, my *Delia*, but forbear
 From this unprofitable Grief, and spare
 Your tender Checks and golden Locks of Hair.
 In the mean time, let us our Joys improve,
 Spend all our Hours, our Years, our Lives in Love,
 Glim Death pursues us with impatient haste,
 And Age, its sure forerunner, comes too fast,

MISCELLANY POEMS. 185

The Sweets of Life are then no more enjoy'd,
 And Love, the Life of all, is first destroy'd.
 That first departs from our declining Years,
 From weak decrepid Limbs, and hoary Hairs.
 Now, let us now enjoy the full Delight,
 While vig'rous Youth can raise it to the height;
 While we can storm a stubborn Damsel's Door,
 And with our Quarrels make our Pleasure more.
 I am the Gen'ral here, and this my War,
 And in this Fight to conquer all my care.
 All other Battels hence, all other Arms,
 Go carry Wounds to those who covet Harms.
 Give them the dear-bought Wealth their Wars can
 With all the bloody Harvest of the Field; [yield,
 While I, at home, my much-lov'd Ease secure,
 Contented with my small, but certain Store,
 Above the Fear of Want, or fond Desire of more.

The Fourth Elegy of the Second Book of TIBULLUS.

By Mr. CHARLES HOPKINS.

I See the Chains ordain'd me to receive, [Slave.
 And the fair Maid, whose Charms have won her
 No more my native Freedom can I boast,
 But all my once lov'd Liberty is lost.
 Yet why such heavy Fetters must I wear?
 And why obey a Mistress, so severe?
 Why must I drag such a perplexing Chain?
 Which Tyrant Love will never loose again:
 Whether I merit her Esteem, or Scorn,
 Offending, or deserving, still I burn.
 Ah! cruel Maid! these scorching Flames remove,
 Extinguish mine, or teach your self to love.

K ;

186 *The THIRD PART of*

Oh ! rather than endure the Pains I feel,
 How would I chuse, so to shake off my Ill,
 To grow a senseless Stone, fix'd on a barren Hill:
 Or a bleak Rock, amidst the Seas be set,
 By raging Winds, and rolling Billows beat :
 For now in Torment I support the Light,
 And in worse Torment waste the lingring Night.
 My crowding Grievs on one another roul,
 And give no Truce to my distracted Soul ;
 No Succour, now, from Sacred Verse I find,
 Nor can their God himself compose my Mind.
 The greedy Maid will nought but Gold receive,
 And that, alas ! is none of mine to give.
 Hence, hence, unprofitable Muse, remove,
 Hence, if you cannot aid me in my Love.
 No Battels now my mournful Lines recite,
 I sing not how the *Roman* Legions fight :
 Nor how the Sun performs his daily Race,
 Nor how the Moon at Night supplies his Place.
 All that I wish the Charms of Verse may prove,
 Is for a free Access to her I love ;
 For that alone is all my constant Care ;
 Be gone, ye Muses, if you fail me there.
 But I by Rapine must my Gifts procure,
 Or lye unheard, unpity'd at her Door :
 Or from the Shrines of Gods the Trophies bear,
 And what I rob from Heav'n present to her :
 Treat her, at other Goddesses Expence and Cost ;
 But treat her, at the Charge of *Venus* most.
 Her chiefly shall my daring Hands invade,
 I to this Mis'ry am by her betray'd ;
 She gave me first this mercenary Maid.
 O, to all Ages let him stand accurst,
 Who e'er began this Trade in loving first :
 Who e'er made silly Nymphs their Value know,
 Who will not yield without their Purchase now.
 He was the fatal Cause of all this Ill ;
 And brought up Customs we continue still.

Hence, first the Doors of Mistresses were barr'd,
 And howling Dogs appointed for their Guard.
 But if you bring the Price, the mighty Rate,
 At which her Beauties by her self were set;
 The Bars, unloos'd, lay open ev'ry Door,
 And ev'n the conscious Mastiffs bark no more.
 Whate'er unwary inconsiderate God,
 Beauty on mercenary Maids bestow'd;
 How ill to such was the vast Present giv'n,
 Who sell th' invaluable Gift of Heav'n!
 Oh! how unworthily were such endow'd!
 With so much Ill, confounding so much Good?
 From hence our Quarrels, and our Strifes commence,
 All our Diffensions take their Spring from hence.
 Hence 'tis, so few to *Cupid's* Altars move,
 And without Zeal approach the Shrines of Love.
 But you, who thus his sacred Rites prophane,
 And shur his Vot'ries out for fordid Gain,
 May Storms and Fire your ill-got Wealth pursue,
 And what you took from us, retake from you;
 While we with Pleasure see the Flames aspire,
 And not a Man attempts to quench the Fire.
 Or, may you haste to your Eternal Home,
 And no fond Youth, no mournful Lover come }
 To pay the last sad Service at your Tomb;
 While the kind gen'rous She, who scorn'd to prize,
 Or rate her self at more, than Joys for Joys;
 Tho' she her lib'ral Pleasures shou'd out-live,
 And reach an Age unfit to take, or give;
 Yet when she dies, she shall not die unmourn'd,
 Nor on her Fun'ral Pile unwept be burn'd:
 But some old Man, who knew her in her Bloom, }
 With Rev'rence of their past Delights, shall come,
 And with an Annual Garland crown her Tomb.
 Then shall he with her, in her endless Night,
 Her Sleep, may pleasing be; her Earth be light.
 All this, my cruel Fair, is Truth I tell;
 But what will unregarded Truth avail?

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Love, his own way, his Empire will maintain,
 And have no Laws prescrib'd him how to reign.
 He rules with too, too absolute a Sway,
 And we must, in our own despight, obey.
 Shou'd my fair Tyrant, *Nemesis*, command
 Her humbled Slave to sell his Native Land,
 All, at her Order, shou'd convert to Gold,
 Nor House, nor Household-God, remain unfold.
 Take the most baneful Simples *Circe* us'd,
 Or mad *Medea* in her Bowls infus'd;
 Gather the deadliest Herbs, and rankest Weeds,
 The Magick Country of *Theſſalia* breeds:
 Mingle the surest Poysons in my Cup,
 And, let my Love command, I'll drink them up.

*The Thirteenth Elegy of the Fourth
 Book of TIBULLUS.*

To his MISTRESS.

NO other Maid my settled Faith shall move,
 No other Mistress shall supplant your Love.
 My Flames were seal'd with this auspicious Vow,
 That which commenc'd them then, confirms them
 In you, alone, my constant Pleasure lies, [now,
 For you alone seem pleasing in my Eyes.
 Oh! that you seem'd to none, but me, Divine;
 Let others look with other Eyes, than mine.
 Then might I, of no Rival Youth afraid,
 All to my self, enjoy my charming Maid.
 I'm not ambitious of the publick Voice,
 To speak your Beauties, or applaud my Choice;
 None of their envious Praises are desir'd,
 I wou'd not have the Nymph I love, admir'd.
 He that is wise, will not his Bliss proclaim,
 Nor trust it to the lavish Tongue of Fame;
 But a safe silent Privacy esteem,
 Which gives him Joys, unknown to all, but him;

MISCELLANY POEMS. 189

To Woods, and Wilds, I cou'd with thee remove,
 Secure of Life, when once secure of Love.
 To wait on thee, cou'd Desert Paths explore,
 Where never Human Footstep trod before.
 Peace of my Soul, and Charmer of my Cares,
 Thou Courage of my Heart, thou Conqu'ror of my
 Disposer of my Days, unerring Light, [Fears,
 And safe Conductress in my darkest Night.
 Thou, who alone, art all I wish to see,
 Thou, who alone, art all the World to me. [Gods,
 Shou'd the bright Dames of Heav'n, the Wives of
 To court my Bed, forsake their blest'd Abodes;
 With all their Charms endeav'ring to divert
 My fix'd Affections, and estrange my Heart,
 To thee, vain Rivals all the Train shou'd prove,
 Vain Suits, the glorious Nymphs to me shou'd move, }
 Who wou'd not change thee for the Queen of Love.
 All this I swear, by all the Pow'rs Divine,
 But swear by *Juno* most, because she's thine.
 Fool that I am! to let you know your Power;
 On this Confession, you'll insult the more;
 In fiercer Flames make your poor Vassal burn,
 And treat your suppliant Slave with greater Scorn,
 But take it all, all that I can confess,
 And oh! believe me, that I feel no less.
 To thee my Fate entirely I resign,
 My Love, and Life, and all my Soul is thine.
 You know, my cruel Fair, you know my Pains,
 And pleas'd, and proud, you see me drag your Chains;
 But if to *Venus* I for Succour flee,
 She'll end your Tyrant Reign, and rescue me.

A S I G H.

Gentlest Air, thou Breath of Lovers,
 Vapour from a Secret Fire;
 Which by thee itself discovers,
 Ever daring to aspire.

190 *The THIRD PART of*

Softest Note of whisper'd Anguish,
 Harmony's refined Part,
 Striking while thou seem'st to languish,
 Full upon the Listner's Heart.

Softest Messenger of Passion,
 Stealing thro' a Croud of Spies;
 Which constrain the outward Fashion,
 Close the Lips, and guard the Eyes.

Shapeless Sigh, we ne'er can show thee
 Form'd but to assault the Ear;
 Yet e'er to their cost they know thee,
 Ev'ry Nymph may read thee here.

A F—t.

Gentlest Blast of ill Concoction,
 Reverse of high-ascending Belch,
 The only Stink abhor'd by *Scotch-men*,
 Belov'd and practis'd by the *Welsh*.

Softest Note of inward Griping,
 Sir Reverence's finest Part:
 So fine it needs no pains of wiping,
 Except it be a Brewers F-----t.

Swiftest Ease of Cholick Pains,
 Vapour from a secret Stench,
 That's rattled by the unbred Swains,
 But whisper'd by the bashful Wench,

Shapeless F-----t, we ne'er can shew thee,
 But in that noble Female Sport;
 In which by burning Blue we know thee,
 Th'Amusement of the Maids at Court.

T H E
P L A G U E
O F
A T H E N S,
Which happen'd in the
S E C O N D Y E A R
O F T H E
Peloponnesian W A R.

First describ'd in *Greek* by THUCYDIDES;
Then in *Latin* by LUCRETIVS:

Since attempted in *English*, by the
Right Reverend Father in God THOMAS SPRAT,
Lord Bishop of ROCHESTER.

Printed in the Year MDCCXVI.





To my Worthy and Learned Friend,
Dr. WALTER POPE,
Late Proctor of the
University of OXFORD.

S I R



Know not what Pleasure you could take in bestowing your Commands so unprofitably, unless it be that for which Nature sometimes cherishes and allows Monsters, the Love of Variety. This only Delight you will receive by turning over this rude and unpolish'd Copy, and comparing it with my excellent Patterns, the *Greek* and *Latin*. By this you will see how much a noble Subject is changed and disfigured by an ill Hand, and what Reason *Alexander* had to forbid his Picture to be drawn but by some celebrated Pencil. In *Greek*, *Thucydides* so well and so lively expresses it, that I know not which is more a Poem, his Description, or that of *Lucretius*. Though it must be said, that the *Historian* had a vast Advantage over the *Poet*; he having been present on the Place, and assaulted by the Disease himself, had the Horror familiar to his Eyes, and all the Shapes of the *Misery* still remaining on his Mind, which must needs make a great Impression on his Pen and Fancy;

The Royal Academy.

I AM, WHEREAS THE POET WAS INTEND TO FOLLOW THE
FABLES, AND ONLY WOULD IN THAT MATTER RE-
LIEVE HIM. THIS I MUST RECOGNISE I MAY IN
SOME MEASURE AND MANNER MY OWN DEFECTS. For
being in the COMPANY WITH THE POET, AND HEARING
THE DISCOURSE ABOUT HIS TRAGEDY, AND TIME HAVING
SERVED IN MANY OF THE CIRCUMSTANCES. Customs of
the COUNTRY, and other small THINGS WHICH WOULD
BE IN GREAT OBLIVION WITH ME, AND HAVING TO BE
PERIOD IN THE JULY OF. I REMAIN ONLY WRITING BY
AN ILLUSION OF THAT WHICH I NEVER PERCEIVED, NOR CARE
TO FEEL, BEING OUT OF THE REACH OF THE PAINTER
IN SIR JOHN HANCOCK, WHO THROUGHT HIMSELF INTO THE
MOUTH OF A FABLE, THAT HE MIGHT THE BETTER DIS-
SEMBER MY. Having I MAY, ALL THESE DISADVANTAGES,
AND MANY MORE FOR WHICH I MUST ONLY BLAME MY
SELF, TO DEDUCE BE EXPECTED THAT I SHOULD COME
NEAR EQUALLING HIM, IN WHICH SOME OF THE CON-
TRARY ADVANTAGES WERE WRITING. Thus THEN SIR,
BY ENCOURAGING ME TO THIS RASH ATTEMPT, YOU HAVE
GIVEN OPPORTUNITY TO THE GREEK AND LATIN TO TRI-
UMPH OVER OUR MOTHER-TONGUE. Yet I WOULD NOT
HAVE THE HONOUR OF THE COUNTRIES OR LANGUAGES
ENGAGED IN THE COMPARISON, BUT THAT THE INEQUA-
LITY SHOULD REACH NO FARTHER THAN THE AUTHORS.
BUT I HAVE MUCH REASON TO FEAR THE JUST INDIG-
NATION OF THAT EXCELLENT PERSON. (THE PRESENT OR-
NAMENT AND HONOUR OF OUR NATION) WHOSE WAY
OF WRITING I IMITATE: FOR HE MAY THINK HIMSELF
AS MUCH INJURED BY MY FOLLOWING HIM, AS WERE
THE HEAVENS BY THAT BOLD MAN'S COUNTERFEITING
THE SACRED AND UNIMITABLE NOISE OF THUNDER, BY
THE SOUND OF BRASS AND HORSES' HOOF. I SHALL
ONLY SAY FOR MY SELF, THAT I TOOK CICERO'S ADVICE,
WHO BIDS US, IN IMITATION, PROPOSE THE NOBLEST
Pat-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Pattern to our Thoughts; for so we may be sure to be raised above the common Level, tho' we come infinitely short of what we aim at. Yet I hope that renowned Poet will have none of my Crimes any way reflect on himself; for it was not any Fault in the excellent Musician, that the weak Bird, endeavouring by straining its Throat to follow his Notes, destroy'd her self in the Attempt. Well, Sir. by this, that I have chosen rather to expose my self than to be disobedient, you may guess with what Zeal and Hazard I strive to approve my self,

S I R,

Your most Humble and

Affectionate Servant,

THO. SPRAT.

THU.

THUCYDIDES, LIB. II.

AS it is excellently translated by Mr. HOBBS.

IN the very beginning of Summer, the Peloponnesians, and their Confederates, with two Thirds of their Forces, as before invaded Attica, under the Conduct of Archidamus, the Son of Zeuxidamas, King of Lacedæmon; and after they had encamped themselves, wasted the Country about them

They had not been many Days in Attica, when the Plague first began amongst the Athenians, said also to have seized formerly on divers other Parts, as about Lemnos and elsewhere; but so great a Plague, and Mortality of Men was never remembered to have happened in any Place before. For at first neither were the Physicians able to cure it, through Ignorance of what it was, but died fastest themselves, as being the Men that most approached the Sick; nor any other Art of Man availed whatsoever. All Supplications to the Gods, and enquiries of Oracles, and whatsoever other means they used of that kind, proved all unprofitable; insomuch as subdued with the Greatness of the Evil, they gave them all over. It began (by Report) first in that Part of Æthiopia that lieth upon Ægypt, and thence fell down into Ægypt and Africk, and into the greatest Part
of

MISCELLANY POEMS. 197

of the Territories of the King. It invaded Athens on a sudden and touched first upon those that dwelt in Pyriæis, inſomuch as they reported that the Peloponneſians had caſt Poiſon into their Wells; for Springs there were not any in that Place. But afterwards it came up into the high City, and then they died a great deal faſter. Now let every Man, Phyſician or other, concerning the Ground of this Sickneſs, whence it ſprung, and what Cauſes he thinks able to produce ſo great an Alteration, ſpeak according to his own Knowledge; for my own Part, I will deliver but the Manner of it, and lay open only ſuch things, as one may take his Mark by, to diſcover the ſame if it come again, having been both ſick of it my ſelf, and ſeen others ſick of the ſame. This Year, by Confeſſion of all Men, was of all other, for other Diſeaſes, moſt free and healthful. If any Man were ſick before, his Diſeaſe turned to this; if not, yet ſuddenly, without any apparent Cauſe preceding, and being in perfect Health they were taken firſt with an extream Ach in their Heads. Redneſs and Inflammation in the Eyes; and then inwardly their Throats and Tongues grew preſently bloody and their Breath noiſom and unſavoury. Upon this followed a Sneezing and Hoarſeneſs. and not long after, the Pain, together with a mighty Cough, came down into the Breſt. And when once it was ſettled in the Stomach, it cauſed Vomit, and with great Torment came up all manner of bilious Purgation that
Phy-

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Physicians ever named. Most of them had also the Hickeys which brought with it a strong Convulsion, and in some ceased quickly, but in others was long before it gave over. Their Bodies outwardly to the Touch, were neither very hot nor pale, but reddish livid, and beset with little Pimples and Whelks; but so burned inwardly, as not to endure any the lightest Cloaths or Linnen Garment to be upon them, nor any thing but mere Nakedness, but rather, most willingly to have cast themselves into the cold Water. And many of them that were not looked to, possessed with insatiate Thirst, ran unto the Wells; and to drink much, or little, was indifferent, being still from Ease and Power to sleep as far as ever. As long as the Disease was at the Height, their Bodies wasted not, but resisted the Torment beyond all Expectation, insomuch as the most of them either died of their inward Burning in nine or seven Days, whilst they had yet Strength; or if they escaped that, then the Disease falling down in their Bellies, and causing there great Exulcerations and immoderate Looseness, they died many of them afterwards through Weakness: For the Disease (which took first the Head) began above, and came down, and passed through the whole Body: And he that overcame the worst of it, was yet marked with the Loss of his extream Parts; for breaking out both at their privy Members. and at their Fingers and Toes, many with the Loss of these escaped. There were also some that lost their Eyes, and many that presently upon their Recovery were taken

MISCELLANY POEMS. 199

ken with such an Oblivion of all things whatsoever, as they neither knew themselves nor their Acquaintance. For this was a kind of Sickness which far surmounted all Expression of Words. and both exceeded human Nature in the Cruelty wherewith it handled each one, and appeared also otherwise to be none of those Diseases that are bred among us, and that especially by this: For all both Birds and Beasts, that use to feed on human Flesh. though many Men lay abroad unburied either came not at them or tasting perished. An Argument whereof, as touching the Birds, was the manifest Defect of such Fowl, which were not then seen, neither about the Carcasses, or any where else; but by the Dogs. because they are familiar with Men, this Effect was seen much clearer. So that this Disease (to pass over many strange Particulars of the Accidents that some had differently from others) was in general such as I have shewn; and for other usual Sicknesses at that time, no Man was troubled with any. Now they died, some for want of Attendance, and some again with all the Care and Physick that could be used. Nor was there any, to say, certain Medicine that applied must have helped them; for if it did Good to one, it did Harm to another; nor any Difference of Body for Strength or Weakness that was able to resist it; but it carried all away, what Physick soever was administered. But the greatest Misery of all was, the Dejection of Mind in such as found themselves beginning to be sick (for they grew presently desperato, and gave themselves o-

v:r

200 *The THIRD PART of*

ver without making any Resistance) as also their dying thus like Sheep infected by Mutual Visitation? For if Men forbore to visit them for fear, then they died forlorn, whereby many Families became empty, for want of such as should take care of them. If they forbore not, then they died themselves, and principally the honestest Men: For out of Shame they would not spare themselves, but went in unto their Friends, especially after it was come to that pass, that even their Domesticks, wearied with the Lamentations of them that died, and overcome with the Greatness of the Calamity, were no longer moved therewith. But those that were recovered had much Compassion both on them that died, and on them that lay sick, as having both known the Misery themselves, and now no more subject to the like Danger: For this Disease never took a Man the second Time so as to be mortal. And these Men were both by others counted happy, and they also themselves through Excess of present Joy, conceived a kind of light Hope never to die of any other Sickness hereafter. Besides the present Affliction the Reception of the Country People, and of their Substance into the City, oppressed both them, and much more the People themselves that so came in. For having no Houses, but dwelling at that time of the Year in stifling Booths, the Mortality was now without all Form; and dying Men lay tumbling one upon another in the Streets, and Men half dead about every Conduit through desire of Water. The Temples also
where

where they dwell in Tents, were all full of the Dead that died within them; for oppressed with the Violence of the Calamity, and not knowing what to do, Men grew careless, both of Holy and Prophane Things alike. And the Laws which they formerly used touching Funerals, were all now broken, every one burying where he could find Room. And many for want of things necessary, after so many Deaths before, were forced to become impudent in the Funerals of their Friends. For when one had made a Funeral Pile, another getting before him, would throw on his Dead, and give it Fire. And when one was in burning, another would come, and having cast thereon him whom he carried, go his way again. And the great Licentiousness, which also in other kinds was used in the City, began at first from this Disease. For that which a Man before would dissemble, and not acknowledge to be done for Voluptuousness, he durst now do freely, seeing before his Eyes such quick Revolution, of the rich Dying, and Men worth nothing inheriting their Estates, insomuch as they justified a speedy Fruition of their Goods, even for their Pleasure, as Men that thought they held their Lives but by the Day. As for Pains, no Man was forward in any Action of Honour, to take any, because they thought it uncertain whether they should die or not before they atchieved it. But what any Man knew to be delightful, and to be profitable to Pleasure, that was made both profitable and honourable. Neither

the Fear of the Gods, nor Laws of Men awed any Man. Not the former, because they concluded it was alike to worship or not worship, from seeing that alike they all perished: Nor the latter, because no Man expected that his Life wou'd last 'till he received Punishment of his Crimes by Judgment. But they thought there was now over their Heads some far greater Judgment decreed against them; before which fell, they thought to enjoy some little Part of their Lives.





T H E

PLAGUE of *ATHENS*.

I.



Unhappy Man! By Nature made to
sway,
And yet is every Creatures Prey,
Destroy'd by those that should his
Power obey.
Of the whole World we call *Mankind*
the Lords,

Flatt'ring our selves with mighty Words;
Of all things we the Monarchs are,
And so we rule, and so we domineer;
All Creatures else about us stand
Like some *Pratorian* Band,
To guard, to help, and to defend;
Yet they sometimes prove Enemies,
Sometimes against us rise;
Our very Guards rebel, and tyrannize.
Thousand Diseases sent by Fate,
(Unhappy Servants!) on us wait;
A thousand Treacheries within
Are laid weak Life to win;
Huge Troops of Maladies without,
(A grim, a meagre, and a dreadful Rout!)
Some formal Sieges make,
And with sure Slowness do our Bodies take;
Some with quick Violence storm the Town,
And throw all in a Moment down:
Some one peculiar Fort assail,
Some by general Attempts prevail.

L 2

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Small Herbs, alas, can only us relieve,
And small is the Assistance they can give:
How can the fading Off-spring of the Field
Sure Health and Succour yield?

What strong and certain Remedy,
What firm and lasting Life can ours be, [die?]
When that which makes us live, doth ev'ry Winter

II.

Nor is this all: we do not only breed
Within our selves the fatal Seed
Of Change, and of Decrease in ev'ry Part,
Head, Belly, Stomach, and Root of Life, the Heart,
Not only have our Autumn, when we must
Of our own Nature turn to Dust,
When Leaves and Fruit must fall;

But are expos'd to mighty Tempests too,
Which do at once what they would slowly do,
Which throw down Fruit and Tree of Life withal,
From Ruin we in vain

Our Bodies by Repair maintain,
Bodies compos'd of Stuff
Mould'ring and frail enough;

Yet from without as well we fear
A dangerous and destructive War.

From Heaven, from Earth, from Sea, from Air.
We like the *Roman Empire* should decay,
And our own Force would melt away

By the intestine Jar
Of Elements, which on each other prey,
The *Cæsars* and the *Pompeys* which within we bear:
Yet are (like that) in danger too
Of foreign Armies, and external Foe.

Sometimes the *Goths* and the barbarous Rage
Of Plague or Pestilence attends Man's Age,
Which neither Force nor Arts assuage;
Which cannot be avoided or withstood,
But drowns and over-runs with unexpected Flood.

III.

On *Aethiopia*; and the Southern Sands,
 The unfrequented Coasts, and parched Lands,
 Whither the Sun too kind a Heat doth send,
 (The Sun, which the worst Neighbour is, and the best
 Hither a mortal Influence came, [Friend,])
 A fatal and unhappy Flame,
 Kindled by Heavens angry Beam.
 With dreadful Frowns, the Heavens scatter'd here
 Cruel infectious Heats into the Air:
 Now all the Stores of Poison sent,
 Threatning at once a general Doom,
 Lavish'd out all their Hate, and meant
 In future Ages to be innocent,
 Not to disturb the World for many Years to come.
 Hold! Heavens hold! why should your sacred
 Which doth to all things Life inspire, [Fire,
 By whose kind Beams you bring
 Forth Yearly every thing,
 Which doth th' original Seed
 Of all things in the Womb of Earth that breed,
 With vital heat and quick'ning feed;
 Why should you now that heat employ,
 The Earth, the Air, the Fields, the Cities to annoy?
 That which before reviv'd, why should it now de-

IV.

Those *Africk* Desarts strait were double Desarts
 The rav'nous Beasts were left alone; [stroy?
 The rav'nous Beasts then first began [grown
 To pity their old Enemy Man,
 And blam'd the Plague for what they would themselves
 Nor staid the cruel Evil there, [have done.
 Nor could be long confin'd unto one Air;
 Plagues presently forsake
 The Wilderness which they themselves do make:
 Away the deadly Breaths their Journey take,
 Driven by a mighty Wind,
 They a new Booty and fresh Forage find.

226 *The THIRD PART of*

The loaded Wind went sailing on,
 And as it pass'd was heard to sigh and groan.
 On *Egypt* next it fell;
 Nor could but by a general *Asia* be appear'd.
Egypt in Rage back on the South did look, (stroke,
 And wonder'd thence should come th' unhappy
 From whence before her Fratricides she took.
Egypt did now exile and revile
 Those very Lands from whence she has her Nile;
Egypt now fear'd another *Heaven* God,
 Another Angel's Hand, a second *Avenging* Rod.

V.

Then on it goes, and through the sacred Land
 Its angry Forces did command;
 But God did place an Angel there,
 Its Violence to withstand,
 And turn into another Road the putrid Air.
 To *Tyre* it came, and there did all devour;
 Though that by Seas might think it self secure,
 Nor staid, as the great Conqueror did,
 'Till it had fill'd and stopp'd the Tide,
 Which did it from the Shore divide,
 But past the Waters, and did all possess,
 And quickly all was Wilderness.
 Thence it did *Persia* over-run,
 And all that sacrifice unto the Sun:
 In every Limb a dreadful Pain they felt,
 Tortur'd with secret Coals they melt;
 The *Persians* call'd their Sun in vain,
 Their God increas'd the Pain.
 They look'd up to their God no more,
 But curse the Beams they worshipp'd before,
 And hate the very Fire which once they did adore.

VI.

Glutt'd with Ruin of the East,
 She took her Wings and down to *Athens* past;
 Just Plague! which doest no Parties spare,
 But *Grace* as well as *Persia* sack,

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While in unnatural Quarrels they
 (Like Frogs and Mice) each other slay;
 Thou in thy ravenous Claws took'st both away.
 Thither it came, and did destroy the Town,
 Whilst all its Ships and Soldiers looked on;
 And now the *Asian* Plague did more
 Than all the *Asian* Force cou'd do before.
 Without the Wall the *Spartan* Army sate,
 The *Spartan* Army came too late;
 For now there was no farther work for Fate.
 They saw the City open lay,
 An easie and a bootless Prey;
 They saw the Rampiers empty stand,
 The Fleet, the Walls, the Forts unmann'd.
 No need of Cruelty or Slaughters now,
 The Plague had finish'd what they came to do:
 They might now unresisted enter there,
 Did they not the very Air
 More than the *Athenians* fear.
 The Air it self to them was Wall, and Bulwarks too.

VII.

Unhappy *Athens*! it is true thou wert
 The proudest Work of Nature and of Art:
 Learning and Strength did thee compose,
 As Soul and Body us:
 But yet thou only thence art made
 A nobler Prey for Fates t'invade;
 Those mighty Numbers that within thee breath,
 Do only serve to make a fatter Feast for Death.
 Death in the most frequented Places lives,
 Most Tribute from the Crowd receives;
 And though it bears a Scythe, and seems to own
 A rustick Life alone,
 It loves no Wilderness,
 No scatter'd Villages,
 But mighty populous Palaces,
 The Throng, the Tumult, and the Town.

208 *The THIRD PART of*

What strange unheard of Conqueror is this,
Which by the Forces that resist it doth increase?
When other Conquerors are
Oblig'd to make a slower War,
Nay sometimes for themselves may fear,
And must proceed with watchful Care,
When thicker Troops of Enemies appear;
This stronger still, and more successful grows,
Down sooner all before it throws,
If greater Multitudes of Men do it oppose.

VIII.

The Tyrant first the Haven did subdue;
Lately th' *Athenians* (it knew)
Themselves by wooden Walls did save,
And therefore first to them th' Infection gave,
Lest they new Succour thence receive.
Cruel *Pyrrus*! now thou hast undone
The Honour thou before hadst won;
Not all thy Merchandize,
Thy Wealth, thy Treasuries,
Which from all Coasts thy Fleet supplies,
Can to atone this Crime suffice.
Next o'er the upper Town it spread;
With mad and undiscerned Speed;
In every Corner, every Street,
Without a Guide did set its Feet,
And too familiar every House did greet.
Unhappy *Greece of Greece*! Great *Theseus* now
Did thee a mortal Injury do,
When first in Walls he did thee close,
When first he did thy Citizens reduce,
Houses and Government, and Laws to use.
It had been better if thy People still
Dispersed in some Field or Hill,
Though savage and undisciplin'd, did dwell,
Though barbarous, untame and rude,
Than by their Numbers thus to be subdu'd;
To be by their own Swarms annoy'd,
And to be civiliz'd only to be destroy'd.

IX.

Minerva started when she heard the Noise,
 And dying Mens confused Voice.
 From Heaven in haste she came to see
 What was the mighty Prodigie.
 Upon the Castle Pinacles she sate,
 And dar'd not nearer fly,
 Nor midst so many Deaths to trust her very Deity.
 With pitying Look she saw at every Gate
 Death and Destruction wait;
 She wrung her Hands, and call'd on *Jove*;
 And all th' immortal Powers above;
 But though a Goddess now did pray,
 The Heav'ns refus'd and turn'd their Ear away,
 She brought her Olive, and her Shield,
 Neither of these, alas! Assistance yield.
 She lookt upon *Medusa's* Face,
 Was angry that she was
 Her self of an immortal Race;
 Was angry that her *Gorgon's* Head
 Could not strike her as well as others dead;
 She sate and wept a while, and then away she fled.

X.

Now Death began her Sword to whet;
 Not all the *Cyclops* sweat,
 Nor *Vulcan's* mighty Anvils could prepare
 Weapons enough for her,
 No Weapon large enough, but all the Air;
 Men felt the Heat within 'em rage,
 And hop'd the Air would it assuage,
 Call'd for its Help, but th' Air did them deceive,
 And aggravate the Ills it should relieve.
 The Air no more was vital now,
 But did a mortal Poison grow;
 The Lungs which us'd to fan the Heart,
 Only now serv'd to fire each Part,
 What should refresh, encreas'd the Smart.

210 *The THIRD PART of*

And now their very Breath,
The chiefest Sign of Life, was turn'd the Cause of Death.

XI.

Upon the Head first the Disease,
As a bold Conqueror doth seize,
Begins with Man's Metropolis,
Secur'd the Capitol, and then it knew
It cou'd at Pleasure weaker Parts subdue.
Blood started through each Eye;
The Redness of that Sky
Foretold a Tempest nigh.
The Tongue did flow all o'er
With clotted Filth and Gore;
As doth a Lion's when some innocent Prey
He hath devour'd and brought away:
Hoarseness and Sores the Throat did fill,
And stop't the Passages of Speech and Life;
No room was left for Groans or Grief;
Too cruel and imperious ill!
Which not content to kill,
With tyrannous and dreadful Pain,
Dost take from Men the very Power to complain.

XII.

Then down it went into the Breast,
There all the Seats and Shops of Life possess'd,
Such noisom Smells from thence did come,
As if the Stomach were a Tomb;
No Food would there abide,
Or if it did, turn'd to the Enemies side,
The very Meat new Poisons to the Plague supply'd.
Next, to the Heart the Fires came,
The Heart did wonder what usurping Flame,
What unknown Furnace shou'd
On its more natural Heat intrude;
Strait call'd its Spirits up, but found too well,
It was too late now to rebel.
The tainted Blood its Course began,
And carried Death where-e'er it ran;

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hat which before was Nature's noblest Art,
 The Circulation from the Heart,
 Was most destructive now,
 And Nature speedier did undo,
 For that the sooner did impart
 The Poison and the Smart,
 h' infectious Blood to every distant Part.

XIII.

The Belly felt at last its Share,
 And all the Subtile Labyrinths there
 Of winding Bowels did new Monsters bear.
 Here seven Days it rul'd and sway'd,
 And oftner kill'd because it Death so long delay'd.
 But if through strength and heat of Age,
 The Body overcame its Rage,
 The Plague departed as the Devil doth,
 When driven by Prayers away he goeth.
 If Prayers and Heaven do him controul,
 And if he cannot have the Soul,
 himself out of the Roof or Window throws,
 And will not all his Labour lose,
 But takes away with him Part of the House:
 So here the vanquish'd Evil took from them
 Who conquer'd it, some Part, some Limb;
 Some lost the Use of Hands and Eyes,
 Some Arms, some Legs, some Thighs,
 Some all their Lives before forgot,
 Their Minds were but one darker Blot;
 Those various Pictures in the Head,
 And all the numerous Shapes were fled;
 And now the ransack'd Memory
 Languish'd in naked Poverty,
 Had lost its mighty Treasury;
 hey past the *Leche* Lake, although they did not die.

XIV.

Whatever lesser Maladies Men had,
 They all gave Place and vanished;

212 *The THIRD PART of*

Those petty Tyrants fled,
 And at this mighty Conqueror shrunk their Head;
 Fevers, Agues, Palfies, Stone,
 Gout, Cholick and Consumption,
 And all the milder Generation,
 By which Mankind is by Degrees undone,
 Quickly were rooted out and gone;
 Men saw themselves freed from the Pain,
 Rejoyc'd, but all, alas, in vain:
 'Twas an unhappy Remedy, [Tooone die.
 Which cur'd 'em that they might both worse and

XV.

Physicians now could nought prevail,
 They the first Spoils to the proud Vicer fall,
 Nor would the Plague their Knowledge trust,
 But fear'd their Skill, and therefore slew them first:
 So Tyrants when they would confirm their Yoke,
 First make the chiefeft Men to feel the Stroke,
 The chiefeft and the wisest Heads, lest they
 Should soonest disobey,
 Should first rebel, and others learn from them the way:
 No Aid of Herbs, or Juices Power,
 None of *Apollo's* Art could cure;
 But help'd the Plague the speedier to devour.
 Physick it self was a Disease,
 Physick the fatal Tortures did increase,
 Prescriptions did the Pains renew,
 And *Esculapius* to the Sick did come,
 As afterwards to *Rome*, [too.
 In form of Serpent, brought new Poisons with him

XVI.

The Streams did wonder that so soon
 As they were from their native Mountains gone;
 They saw themselves drunk up, and fear
 Another *Xerxes* Army near.
 Some cast into the Pit the Urn,
 And drink it dry at its return:

MISCELLANY POEMS. 213

Again they drew, again they drank ;
 At first the Coolness of the Stream did thank,
 But strait the more were scorch'd, the more did burn ;
 And drunk with Water, in their drinking sank :
 That Urn which now to quench their Thirst they use,
 Shortly their Ashes shall inclose.
 Others into the Crystal Brook,
 With faint and wondering Eyes did look,
 Saw what a ghastly Shape themselves had took,
 Away they would have fled, but them their Legs forsook,
 Some snatch'd the Waters up,
 Their Hands, their Mouths the Cup ;
 They drunk, and found they flam'd the more,
 And only added to the burning Store.
 So have I seen on Lime cold Water thrown ;
 Strait all was to a Ferment grown,
 And hidden Seeds of Fire together run :
 The Heap was calm and temperate before,
 Such as the Finger could endure ;
 But when the Moistures it provoke,
 Did rage, did swell, did smoke,
 Did move, and flame, and burn, and strait to Ashes broke.

XVII.

So strong the Heat, so strong the Torments were,
 They like some mighty Burthen bear
 The lightest covering of Air.
 All Sexes and all Ages do invade
 The Bounds which Nature laid,
 The Laws of Modesty which Nature made ;
 The Virgins blush not, yet uncloath'd appear,
 Undress'd do run about, yet never fear.
 The Pain and the Disease did now
 Unwillingly reduce Men to
 That Nakedness once more ;
 Which perfect Health and Innocence caus'd before.
 No Sleep, no Peace, no Rest,
 Their wand'ring and affrighted Minds possess'd ;

214. *The THIRD PART of*

Upon their Souls and Eyes
 Hell and eternal Horrorlyes,
 Unusual Shapes and Images,
 Dark Pictures and Resemblances
 Of Things to come, and of the World below,
 O'er their distemper'd Fancies go:
 Sometimes they curse, sometimes they pray unto
 The Gods above, the Gods beneath;
 Sometimes they Cruelties and Fury breath,
 Not Sleep, but Waking now was Sifter unto Death,

XVIII.

Scatter'd in Fields the Bodies lay,
 The Earth call'd to the Fowls to take their Flesh away.
 In vain she call'd, they come not nigh
 Nor would their Food with their own Ruin buy;
 But at full Meals they hunger, pine and die.
 The Vultures afar off did see the Feast,
 Rejoyc'd, and call'd their Friends to taste,
 They rallied up their Troops in haste;
 Along came mighty Droves,
 Forsook their young Ones, and their Groves,
 Each one his native Mountain and his Nest;
 They come, but all their Carcasses abhor,
 And now avoid the dead Men more
 Than weaker Birds did living Men before.
 But if some bolder Fowls the Flesh assay,
 They were destroy'd by their own Prey.
 The Dog no longer bark'd at coming Guest,
 Repents its being a Domestick Beast,
 Did to the Woods and Mountains haste:
 The very Owls at *Athens* are
 But seldom seen and rare,
 The Owls depart in open Day,
 Rather than in infected Ivy more to stay.

XIX.

Mountains of Bones and Carcasses,
 The Streets, the Market-place possess
 Threatning to raise a new *Acropolis*.

MISCELLANY POEMS. 225

Here lies a Mother and her Child,
 The Infant suck'd as yet and smil'd,
 But freight by its own Food was kill'd,
 There Parents hugg'd their Children last,
 Here parting Lovers last embrac'd,
 But yet not parting neither,
 They both expir'd and went away together,
 Here Pris'ners in the Dungeon die,
 And gain a twofold Liberty;
 They meet and thank their Fates,
 Which them from double Chains
 Of Body and of Iron free.
 Here others, poison'd by the Scent
 Which from corrupted Bodies went,
 Quickly return the Death they did receive,
 And Death to others give;
 Themselves now dead the Air pollute the more,
 For which they others curs'd before,
 Their Bodies kill all that come near,
 And even after Death they all are Murderers here.

XX.

The Friend doth hear his Friend's last Cries,
 Parteth his Grief for him, and dies,
 Lives not enough to close his Eyes,
 The Father at his Death
 Speaks his Son Heir with an infectious Breath;
 In the same Hour the Son doth take
 His Father's Will, and his own make.
 The Servant need not here be slain,
 To serve his Master in the other World again;
 They languishing together lye,
 Their Souls away together fly;
 The Husband gaspeth, and his Wife lyes by,
 It must be her Turn next to die:
 The Husband and the Wife
 Too truly now are one, and live one Life.
 That Couple which the Gods did entertain,
 Had made their Prayer here in vain;

216 *The* THIRD PART of

No Fates in Death could them divide,
 They must without their Privilege together both have
 XXI. [dy'd.

There was no Number now of Death,
 The Sisters scarce stood still themselves to breath :
 The Sisters now quite wearied
 In cutting single Thread,
 Began at once to part whole Looms,
 One Stroke did give whole Houses Dooms :
 Now dy'd the frosty Hairs,
 The aged and decriped Years ;
 They fell, and only begg'd of Fate
 Some few Months more, but 'twas alas too late.
 Then Death, as if ashamed of that,
 A Conquest so degenerate,
 Cut off the Young and Lusty too ;
 The Young were reckoning o'er
 What happy Days, what Joys they had in store ;
 But Fate, e'er they had finish'd their Account, them
 The wretched Usurer died ; [slow.
 And had no time to tell where he his Treasures hid :
 The Merchant did behold
 His Ships return with Spice and Gold ;
 He saw't, and turn'd aside his Head,
 Nor thank'd the Gods, but fell amidst his Riches

XXII. [dead,
 The Meetings and Assemblies cease, no more
 The People throng about the Oratour,
 No Course of Justice did appear,
 No Noise of Lawyers fill'd the Ear,
 The Senate cast away
 The Robe of Honour, and obey
 Death's more resistless Sway,
 Whilst that with Dictatorian Power
 Doth all the great and lesser Officers devour,
 No Magistrates did walk about ;
 No Purple aw'd the Rout :

MISCELLANY POEMS. 217

The Common People too
 A Purple of their own did shew:
 And all their Bodies o'er
 The ruling Colours bore.
 No Judge, no Legislators sit,
 Since this new *Draco* came,
 And harsher Laws did frame,
 Laws that, like his, in Blood are writ.
 The Benches and the Pleading-place they leave;
 About the Streets they run and rave:
 The Madness which great *Solon* did of late
 But only counterfeit
 For the Advantage of the State,
 Now his Successors do too truly imitate.

XXIII.

Up starts the Soldier from his Bed,
 He, though Death's Servant, is not freed,
 Death him cashier'd, 'cause now his Help she did not
 He that ne'er knew before to yield, [need.
 Or to give back or leave the Field,
 Would fain now from himself have fled.
 He snatch'd his Sword now rusted o'er;
 Dreadful and sparkling now no more,
 And thus in open Streets did roar:
 How have I, Death, so ill deserv'd of thee,
 That now thy self thou should'st revenge on me?
 Have I so many Lives on thee bestow'd?
 Have I the Earth so often dy'd in Blood?
 Have I, to flatter thee, so many slain?
 And must I now thy Prey remain?
 Let me at least, if I must die,
 Meet in the Field some gallant Enemy.
 Send, Gods, the *Persian* Troops again:
 No, they're a base and a degenerate Train;
 They by our Women may be slain.
 Give me, great Heav'n, some manful Foes,
 Let me my Death amidst some valiant *Grecians* chuse,
 Let me survive to die at *Syracuse*,

215. *The THIRD PART of*

Where my dear Country shall her Glory lose,
 For you, Great Gods! into my crying Man's embrace,
 What Mercies wait I doom
 Must on my *Wretch* hourly come:
 My *Troopers* infants' piteous
 Sighs, and *Lambs* to the coming Age;
 Oh! might I lie upon that glorious Stage:
 Or that I but then he grasp'd his Sword, and Death
 [condemns his Rage]

XXIV.

Draw back, draw back thy Sword, O Fate!
 Lest thou repent when 'tis too late,
 Lest by thy making now so great a Waste,
 By spending all Mankind upon one Feast,
 Thou starve thy self at last:
 What Men wilt thou relieve in Store,
 Whom in the time to come thou may'st devour,
 When thou shalt have destroyed all before?
 But if thou wilt not yet give o'er,
 If yet thy greedy Stomach calls for more,
 If more remain whom thou must kill,
 And if thy Jaws are craving still,
 Carry thy Fury to the *Scythian* Coasts,
 The Northern Wilderness, and eternal Frosts!
 Against those barb'rous Crowds thy Arrows whet,
 Where Arts and Laws are Strangers yet;
 Where thou may'st kill, and yet the Loss will not be
 [great].
 There rage, there spread, and there infect the Air,
 Murder whole Towns and Families there,
 Thy worst against those Savage Nations dare,
 Those whom Mankind can spare,
 Those whom Mankind it self doth fear;
 Amidst that dreadful Night and fatal Cold,
 There thou may'st walk unseen, and bold,
 There let thy Flames their Empire hold.
 Unto the farthest Seas, and Nature's Ends,
 Where never Summer's Sun its Beams extends,

Carry thy Plagues, thy Pains, thy Heats,
 Thy raging Fires, thy torturing Sweats,
 Where never Ray or Heat did come,
 They will rejoyce at such a Doom.
 They'll bless thy pestilential Fire,
 Though by it they expire,
 hey'll thank the very Flames with which they do
 XXV. [consume.

Then if that Banquet will not thee suffice,
 Seek out new Lands where thou may'st tyrannize;
 Search every Forest, every Hill,
 And all that in the hollow Mountains dwell;
 Those wild and untame Troops devour,
 Thereby thou wilt the rest of Men secure,
 And that the rest of Men will thank thee for.

Let all those human Beasts be slain,
 'Till scarce their Memory remain;
 Thy self with that ignoble Slaughter fill,
 'will be permitted thee that Blood to spill.
 Measure the ruder World throughout,
 March all the Ocean's Shores about,
 Only pass by and spare the *British Isle*.
 Go on, and (what *Columbus* once shall do,
 When Days and Time unto their Ripeness grow)
 Find out new Lands, and unknown Countries too:

Attempt those Lands which yet are hid
 From all Mortality beside:
 There thou may'st steal a Victory,
 And none of this World hear the Cry
 Of those that by thy Wounds shall die;
 No *Greek* shall know thy Cruelty,
 And tell it to Posterity.

Go, and unpeople all those mighty Lands,
 Destroy with unrelenting Hands;
 Go, and the *Spaniard's* Sword prevent;
 Go, make the *Spaniard* innocent;
 Go, and root out all Mankind there,
 hat when the *European* Armies shall appear,

220 *The THIRD PART of*

Their Sin may be the less,
 They may find all a Wilderness,
 And without Blood the Gold and Silver there posses,

XXVI.

Nor is this all which we thee grant;
 Rather than thou shouldst full Employment want,
 (We do permit) in *Greece* thy Kingdom plant.
 Ransack *Lycurgus* Streets throughout,
 They've no Defence of Walls to keep thee out.
 On wanton and proud *Corinth* seize,
 Nor let her double Waves thy Flames appease.
 Let *Cyprus* feel more Fires than those of Love;
 Let *Delos*, which at first did give the Sun,
 See unknown Flames in her begun,
 Now let her with the might unconstant prove,
 And from her Place might truly move:
 Let *Lemnos* all thy Anger feel,
 And think that a new *Vulcan* fell;
 And brought with him new Anvils, and new Hell.
 Nay, at *Athens* too we give thee up,
 All that thou find'st in Field, or Camp, or Shop;
 Make havock there without Controul
 Of every ignorant and common Soul.
 But then, kind Plague, thy Conquests stop;
 Let Arts, and let the Learned there escape,
 Upon *Minerva's* self commit no Rape;
 Touch not the sacred Throng,
 And let *Apollo's* Priests be (like him) young,
 Let him be healthful too, and strong.
 But ah! too ravenous Plague, whilst I.
 Strive to keep off the Misery,
 The Learned too as fast as others round me die;
 They from Corruption are not free,
 Are Mortal though they give an Immortality.

XXVII.

They turn'd their Authors o'er, to try
 What Help, what Cure, what Remedy
 All Nature's Stores against this Plague supply.

MISCELLANY POEMS. 221

And though besides they shun'd it every where,
They search'd it in their Books, and fain would
[meet it there.

They turn'd the Records of the ancient times;
And chiefly those that were made famous by their
To find if Men were punish'd so before; [Crimes,
But found not the Disease nor Cure.

Nature, alas! was now surpriz'd

And all her Forces seiz'd,

Before she was how to resist advis'd.

So when the Elephants did first affright

The Romans with unusual fight,

They many Battels lose,

Before they knew their Foes, [pose]

Before they understood such dreadful Troops t'op-

XXVIII.

Now ev'ry different Sect agrees

Against their common Adversary, the Disease,

And all their little wranglings cease;

The *Pythagoreans* from their Precepts swerve,

No more their Silence they observe,

Out of their Schools they run,

Lament, and cry, and groan;

They now desir'd their Metempsychosis;

Not only to dispute, but wish

That they might turn to Beasts, or Fowls, or Fish;

If the *Platonicks* had been here,

They would have curs'd their Master's Year,

When all things shall be as they were,

When they again the same Disease should bear;

All the Philosophers would now,

What the great *Stagyrite* shall do,

Themselves into the Waters headlong throw.

XXIX.

The *Stoicks* felt the deadly Stroke,

At first Assault their Courage was not broke,

They call'd in all the Cobweb aid

Of Rules and Precepts, which in Store they had;

222 *The* THIRD PART of

They bid their Hearts stand out,
 Bid them be calm and stout,
 But all the Strength of Precepts will not do't.
 They can't the Storms of Passions now assuage,
 As common Men, are angry, grieve, and rage.
 The Gods are call'd upon in vain,
 The Gods gave no release unto their Pain,
 The Gods to fear even for themselves began,
 For now the Sick unto the Temples came,
 And brought more than an holy Flame,
 There at the Altars made their Prayer,
 They sacrific'd and died there,
 A Sacrifice not seen before;
 That Heaven, only us'd unto the Gore
 Of Lambs or Bulls, should now
 Loaded with Priests see its own Altars too!

XXX.

The Woods gave Fun'ral Piles no more,
 The Dead the very Fire devour,
 And that almighty Conqueror o'er-power,
 The noble and the common Dust
 Into each others Graves are thrust,
 No Place is sacred, and no Tomb,
 'Tis now a Privilege to consume;
 Their Ashes no distinction had;
 Too truly all by Death are Equal made.
 The Ghosts of those great Heroes that had fled
 From *Athens*, long since banished,
 Now o'er the City hovered;
 Their Anger yielded to their Love,
 They left th' Immortal Joys above,
 So much their *Athens* Danger did them move.
 They came to Pity, and to Aid,
 But now, alas! were quite dismay'd,
 When they beheld the Marbles open lay'd,
 And poor Mens Bones the noble Urns invade:
 Back to the blessed Seats they went,
 And now did thank their Banishment,
 By which they were to Die, in foreign Countries sent.

MISCELLANY-POEMS. 4153

XXXI.

But what, Great Gods! was worst of all,
Hell forth its Magazines of Lust did call,
Nor would it be content
With the thick Troops of Souls were thither sent;
Into the upper World it went.
Such Guilt, such Wickedness,
Such Irreligion did increase,
That the few Good which did survive;
Were angry with the Plague for suffering them to live;
More for the Living than the Dead did grieve,
Some robb'd the very Dead,
Tho' sure to be infected e'er they fled,
Tho' in the very Air sure to be punished.
Some nor the Shrines nor Temples spar'd,
Nor Gods, nor Heavens fear'd,
Tho' such example of their Power appear'd.
Virtue was now esteem'd an empty Name,
And Honesty the foolish Voice of Fame;
For having pass'd those tort'ring Flames before,
They thought the Punishment already o'er,
Thought Heaven no worse Torments had in store;
Here having felt one Hell, they thought there was no
[more.]

The AUSTRIAN Eagle.

By Mr. Stepney.

AT Anna's Call the *Austrian* Eagle flies,
Bearing her Thunder to the Southern Skies;
Where a rash Prince, with an unequal sway,
Inflames the Region, and misguides the Day;
Till the Usurper from his Chariot hurl'd,
Leaves the true Monarch to command the World,



Upon the First Fit of the Gout.

Welcome thou friendly Earnest of Fourscore,
 Promise of Health, that hast alone the Power }
 T' attend the Rich, unenvy'd by the Poor.
 Thou that dost *Esculapius* deicide,
 And o'er his Gallypots in Triumph ride:
 Thou that art us'd t' attend the Royal Throne,
 And under-prop the Head that wears the Crown:
 Thou that in Privy-Councils oft dost wair,
 And guardst from drowfie Sleep the Eyes of State:
 Thou that upon the Bench art mounted high,
 And warast the Judges how they tread awry:
 Thou that dost oft from pamper'd Prelates Toe,
 Emphatically urge the Pains below:
 Thou that art always half the Ciry's Grace,
 And addst to solemn Noddles solemn Pace:
 Thou that art ne'er from Velvet Slippers free,
 Whence comes this unsought Honour unto me?
 Whence does this mighty Condescension flow
 To visit my poor Tabernacle? Oh!
 As *Jove* vouchsaf'd on *Ida's* top, 'tis said,
 At poor *Philemon's* Cot to take a Bed;
 Pleas'd with his poor, but hospitable Feast,
Jove bid him ask, and granted his Request.
 So do thou grant (for thou'rt of Race Divine,
 Begot on *Venus* by the God of Wine)
 My humble Suit; and either give me Store
 To entertain thee, or ne'er see me more.



A
P O E M
ON THE
CIVIL WAR,

Begun in the Year 1641.

By Mr. *ABRAHAM COWLEY.*

Not Printed in any Edition of His Works.



L O N D O N:
Printed in the Year MDCCXVI,



THE
PUBLISHER
TO THE
READER.

M *Meeting accidentally with this Poem in Manuscript, and being informed that it was a Piece of the Incomparable Mr. Abraham Cowley's, I thought it unjust to hide such a Treasure from the World. I remember'd that our Author, in his Preface to his Works, makes mention of some Poems, written by him on the late Civil War, of which the following is unquestionably a part. In his most imperfect and unfinish'd Pieces, you will discover the Hand of so great a Master. And (whatever his own Modesty might have advised to the contrary) there is not one careless Stroke of his but what should be kept Sacred to all Posterity.*

VOL. III.

M 2

rity.

To the Reader.

He could Write nothing that was not worth the preserving, being habitually a Poet, and always Inspir'd. In this Piece the Judicious Reader will find the Turn of the Verse to be his; the same Copious and Lively Imagery of Fancy, the same Warmth of Passion and Delicacy of Wit that sparkles in all his Writings. And certainly no Labours of a Genius so Rich in its self, and so Cultivated with Learning and Manners, can prove an unwelcome Present to the World.





A
P O E M
On the Late
CIVIL WAR.



WHAT Rage does *England* from it self
divide,
More than the Seas from all the
World beside!
From every part the roaring Cannons
play,
From every part Blood roars as loud
as they.

What *English* Ground but still some Moisture bears,
Of Young Mens Blood, and more of Mothers Tears!
What Airs unthicken'd with the Sighs of Wives,
Tho' more of Maids for their dear Lovers Lives,
Alas, what Triumphs can this Victory shew,
That dies us Red in Blood and Blushes too!
How can we wish that Conquest, which bestows
Cypress, not Bays, upon the Conquering Brows?
It was not so, when *Henry's* dreadful Name,
Not Sword, nor Cause, whole Nations overcame.

M 3

230 *The THIRD PART of*

To farthest West did his swift Conquests run,
 Nor did his Glory set but with the Sun.
 In vain did *Roderic* to his Hold retreat,
 In vain had wretched *Ireland* call'd him Great.
Ireland: which now most basely we begin
 To labour more to Lose, than he to Win.
 It was not so, when in the happy East,
Edward our *Mars*, *Yenus*'s life possist. [play'd.
 'Gainst the prond Moon, he th' *Engl*'s Cross of
 Eclips'd one Horn, and th' other paler made.
 When our dear Lives we ventur'd bravely there,
 And digg'd our own, to gain *Christ*'s Sepulchre.
 That Sacred Tomb which should we now enjoy,
 We should with as much Zeal fight to destroy.
 The precious Signs of our dead Lord we scorn,
 And see his Cross worse than his Body torn.
 We hate it now both for the *Greek* and *Jew*,
 To us 'tis Foolishness and Scandal too.
 To what with Worship the fond Papist falls,
 That the fond Zealot a curs'd Idol calls.
 So, 'twixt their double Madness, here's the odds,
 One makes false Devils, t'other makes false Gods.
 It was not so, when *Edward* prov'd his Cause,
 By a Sword stronger than the *Salique* Laws, [fight
 Tho' fetch'd from *Pharamond*, when the *French* did
 With Womens Hearts against the Womens Right:
 Th' afflicted Ocean his first Conquest bore,
 And drove Red Waves to the sad *Gallique* Shore,
 As if he'd angry with that Element been,
 Which his wide Soul bound with an Island in.
 Where's now that Spirit with which at *Cressy* we,
 And *Poitiers* forc'd from Fate a Victory?
 Two Kings at once we brought sad Captives Home,
 A Triumph scarcely known to ancient *Rome*;
 Two Foreign Kings: But now, alas, we strive,
 Our own, our own good Sovereign to Captive!
 It was not so, when *Agincourt* was won;
 Under great *Henry* serv'd the Rain and Sun;

A Nobler Fight the Sun himself ne'er knew,
Not when he stopp'd his Course a Fight to view !
Then Death's old Archer did more skilful grow,
And learn'd to shoot more sure from th' *English* Bow;
Then *France* was her own Story sadly taught,
And felt how *Cesar* and how *Edward* fought.

It was not so, when that vast Fleet of *Spain*
Lay torn and scatter'd on the *English* Main;
Through the proud World, a Virgin Terror struck,
The *Austrian* Crowns and *Rome's* seven Hills she shook:
To her great *Neptune* Homag'd all his Streams,
And all the wide-stretch'd Ocean was her *Thames*.
Thus our Fore-Fathers fought, thus bravely bled,
Thus still they live, whilst we alive are dead:
Such Acts they did, that *Rome* and *Cesar* too,
Might envy those, whom once they did subdue.
We're not their Off-spring, sure our Heralds lie,
But Born we know not how, as now we Die;
Their Precious Blood we could not venture thus:
Some *Cadmus* sure sow'd *Serpents* Teeth for us;
We could not else by mutual Fury fall,
Whilst *Rhine* and *Sequan* for our Armies call:
Chuse War or Peace, you have a Prince, you know,
As fit for both, as both are fit for you.
Furious as Lightning when Wars Tempest came,
But Calm in Peace, Calm as a Lambent Flame.

Have you forgot those happy Years of late,
That saw nought ill, but us that were ingrate?
Such Years, as if Earth's Youth return'd had been,
And that old Serpent *Time* had cast his Skin:
As Gloriously, and Gently did they move,
As the bright Sun that measures them above;
Then only in Books the Learn'd could Misery see,
And the Unlearn'd ne'er heard of Misery.
Then happy *James* with as deep Quiet Reign'd,
As in his Heav'nly Throne, by Death he gain'd.
And left this Blessing with his Life should Cease,
He left us *Charles*, the Pledge of future Peace.

232 *The THIRD PART of*

Cassius, under whom, with much ado, no less
 Than sixteen Years, we endur'd our Happiness;
 'Till in a Moment in the *Noria* we find,
 A Tempest Conjur'd up without a Wind.
 As soon the *Noria* her Kindness did Repent,
 First the Peace Maker, and next War she sent:
 Just *Tweed*, that now had with long Peace forgot
 On which side dwell the *Eng'lish*, which the *Scott*,
 Saw glittering Arms shine sadly on his Face;
 Whilst all th' affrighted Fish sank down apace;
 No Blood did then from this dark Quarrel grow,
 It gave blunt Wounds, that bled not out 'till now!
 For *Jesse*, who might have us'd his Thund'ring Power,
 Chose to fall calmly in a Golden Shower!
 A way he found to Conquer, which by none
 Of all our thrifty Ancestors was known;
 So strangely Prodigious of late we are,
 We there buy Peace, and here at Home buy War.
 How could a War so sad and barb'rous please,
 For first by stand'ring those blest Days of Peace?
 Through all the Excrements of State they pry,
 Like Emp'ricks, to find out a Malady;
 And then, with desp'rate Boldness, they endeavour
 Th' Ague to cure, by bringing in a Fever:
 The way is sure to expel some Ill no doubt;
 The Plague, we know, drives all Diseases out.
 What strange wild Fears did ev'ry Morning breed,
 'Till a strange Fancy made us sick indeed?
 And Cowardise did Valour's place supply,
 Like those that kill themselves for fear to die!
 What frantick Diligence in these Men appears,
 That fear all Ills, and ast o'er all their Fears?
 Thus into War we scar'd our selves; and who
 But *Aaron's* Sons, that the first Trumpet blew?
 Fond Men! who knew not that they were to keep
 For God, and not for Sacrifice, their Sheep.
 The Churches first this Murd'rous Doctrine sow,
 And learn to Kill as well as Bury now.

MISCELLANY POEMS. 233

The Marble Tombs where our Fore-fathers lye,
 Sweated, with dread of too much Company :
 And all their sleeping Ashes shook for Fear, [there.
 Left thousand Ghosts would come and shroud them
 Petitions next from ev'ry Town they frame,
 To be restor'd to them from whom they came.
 The same Stile all, and the same Sense does pen ;
 Alas, they allow set Forms of Prayer to Men.
 Oh happy we, if Men would neither hear
 Their study'd Form, nor God their sudden Prayer.
 They will be heard, and in unjustest wise,
 The many-headed Rour for Justice cries.
 They call for Blood, which now I fear does call
 For Blood again, much louder than they all.
 In senseless Clamours, and confused Noise,
 We lost that rare, and yet unconquer'd Voice.
 So when the sacred *Thracian* Lyre was drown'd,
 In the *Bistonian* Womens mixed Sound ;
 The wond'ring Stones that came before to hear,
 Forgot themselves, and turn'd his Murd'ers there.
 The same loud Storm blew the *Grave Mitre* down :
 It blew down that, and with it shook the *Crown*.
 Then first a *State* without a *Church* begun ;
 Comfort thy self, dear *Church*, for then 'twas done.
 The same great Storm, to Sea great *Mary* drove,
 The Sea could not such dang'rous Tempests move.
 The same drove *Charles* into the North, and then
 Would readilier far have driven him back agen.
 To fly from Noise of Tumults is no Shame ;
 Ne'er will their Armies force them to the sam::
 They all his Castles, all his Towns invade,
 He's a large Prisoner in all *England* made !
 He must not pass to *Ireland's* weeping Shore,
 The Wounds these Surgeons make must yield them
 He must not conquer his lewd Rebels there, [more :
 Left he should learn by that to do it here.
 The Sea they subject next to their Command,
 The Sea, that crowns our Kings, and all their Land.

M ;

234 *The THIRD PART of*

Thus poor they leave him, their base Pride and Scorn,
 As poor as these, now mighty Men, were born.
 When strait whole Armies meet in *Charles's* Right,
 How no Man knows, but here they are, and Fight.
 A Man would swear, that saw this alter'd State,
 Kings were call'd Gods, because they could Create.
 Vain Men! 'tis Heav'n this first Assistance brings,
 The same is Lord of Hosts, that's King of Kings;
 Had Men forlook him, Angels from above
 (Th' *Affrian* did less their Justice move)
 Would all have muster'd in his righteous Aid,
 And Thunder 'gainst your Cannon would have play'd;
 It needs not so, for Man desires to right
 Abus'd Mankind; and, Wretches, you must Fight.
Worster first saw't, and trembled at the View,
 Too well the Ills of *Civil War* she knew.
 Twice did the Flames of old her Towers invade,
 Twice call'd she in vain for her own *Severn's* Aid.
 Here first the Rebel Winds began to roar,
 Brake loose from the just Fetters which they bore.
 Here mutinous Waves above their Shoar did swell,
 And the first Storm of that Dire Winter fell.
 But when the two great Brethren once appear'd,
 And their bright Heads like *Leda's* Off-spring rear'd,
 When those Sea calming Sons from *Jove* were spy'd,
 The Winds all fled, the Waves all sunk and dy'd!
 How fought great *Rupert*, with what Rage and Skill:
 Enough to've conquer'd, had his Cause been ill!
 Comely young Man! and yet his dreadful Sight,
 The Rebels Blood to their faint Hearts does fright.
 In vain, alas, it seeks so weak Defence;
 For his keen Sword brings it again from thence:
 Yet grieves he at the Lawrels thence he bore;
 Alas poor Prince, they'll fight with him no more.
 His Virtue will be eclips'd with too much Fame.
 Henceforth he will not Conquer, but his Name:
 Here-----with tainted Blood the Field did stain,
 By his own Sacrilege, and's Country's Curses slain.

MISCELLANY POEMS. 235

The first Commander did Heaven's Vengeance shew,
And led the Rebels Van to Shades below.

On two fair Hills both Armies next are seen,
Th' affrighted Valley sighs and sweats between;
Here *Angels* did with fair Expectance stay,
And wish'd good things to a King as mild as they.
There *Fiends* with Hunger waiting did abide,
And Cursed both, but spur'd on th' guilty side.
Here stood *Religion*, her Looks gently Sage,
Aged, but much more comely for her Age!
There *Schism* Old Hag, tho' seeming Young, appears,
As Snakes by casting Skins renew their Years;
Undecent Rags of several Dies she wore,
And in her Hand torn *Liturgies* she bore.
Here *Loyalty* an humble *Cross* display'd,
And still as *Charles* pass'd by, she bow'd and pray'd.
Sedition there her Crimson Banner spreads,
Shakes all her Hands, and roars with all her Heads.
Her knotry Hairs were with dire Serpents twist,
And ev'ry Serpent at each other hiss.
Here stood *White Truth*, and her own Host does bless,
Clad with those Arms of proof, her Nakedness.
There *Perjuries* like Cannons roar aloud,
And *Lies* flew thick, like Cannons smoaky Cloud.
Here *Learning* and th' *Arts* met, as much they fear'd
As when the *Hunns* of old and *Goths* appear'd.
What should they do? unapt themselves to fight,
They promis'd noble Pens the Acts to write.
There *Ignorance* advanc'd, and joy'd to spy
So many that durst fight they knew not why:
From those who most the slow-soul'd *Monks* disdain,
From those she hopes the *Monks* dull Age again.
Here *Mercy* waits with sad but gentle Look;
Never, alas, had she her *Charles* forlook!
For *Mercy* on her Friends, to Heaven she cries,
Whilst *Justice* pulls down *Vengeance* from the Skies;
Oppression there, *Rapine* and *Murder* stood
Ready, as was the Field to drink their Blood.

236 *The THIRD PART of*

A thousand wronged Spirits amongst them moan'd,
And thrice the Ghost of mighty *Strafford* groan'd.

Now flew their Cannon thick thro' wounded Air,
Sent to defend, and kill their Sovereign there.
More than he them, the Bullets fear'd his Head,
And at his Feet lay innocently dead.

They knew not what those Men that sent them meant,
And acted their Pretence, not their Intent.

This was the Day, this the first Day that shew'd
How much to *Charles* for our long Peace we ow'd:
By his Skill here, and Spirit, we understood,
From War naught kept him, but his Country's Good.
In his great Looks what chearful Anger shone!
Sad War and joyful *Triumphs* mix'd in one.
In the same Beams of his Majestick Eye,
His own Men Life, his Foes did Death espy.
Great *Rupert* this, that Wing great *Willmot* leads,
White-feather'd Conquest flies o'er both their Heads.
They Charge, as if alone they'd beat the Foe;
Whether their Troops follow'd them up or no.
They follow close, and haste into the Fight,
As swift as strait the Rebels made their Flight.
So swift the Miscreants fly, as if each Fear
And Jealousie they fram'd, had met them there.
They heard War's Musick, and away they flew,
The Trumpets fright worse than the Organs do.
Their Souls which still new By-ways do invent,
Out at their wounded Backs perversly went.
Pursue no more, ye *Noble Victors* stay,
Lest too much Conquest lose so brave a Day;
For still the Battel sounds behind, and Fate
Will not give all; but sets us here a Rate:
Too dear a Rate she sets, and we must pay
One honest Man, for ten such Knaves as they.
Streams of Black tainted Blood the Field besmear,
But pure well-colour'd Drops shine here and there:
They scorn to mix with Floods of baser Veins,
Just as the nobler Moisture, Oil disdains.

Thus fearless *Lindsey*, thus bold *Aubigny*,
 Amidst the Corps of slaughter'd Rebels lye :
 More honourably than *Essex* e'er was found,
 With Troops of living Traitors circled round.
 Rest valiant Souls in Peace, ye sacred Pair,
 And all whose Deaths attended on you there :
 You're kindly welcom'd to Heavens peaceful Coast,
 By all the Reverend Martyrs Noble Host.
 Your soaring Souls they meet with Triumph, all
 Led by great *Stephen*, their old General.
 Go *W---n*, now prefer thy flourishing State,
 Above those murder'd Heroes doleful Fate.
 Enjoy that Life which thou durst basely save,
 And thought'st a Saw-pit nobler than a Grave.
 Thus many sav'd themselves, and *Night* the rest,
Night that agrees with their dark Actions best.
 A dismal Shade did *Heavens* sad Face o'erflow,
 Dark as the Night slain *Rebels* found below,
 No gentle Stars their chearful Glories rear'd,
 Asham'd they were at what was done, and fear'd
 Lest wicked Men their bold Excuse should frame
 From some strange Influence, and so veil their shame.
 To Duty thus, Order and Law Incline,
 They who ne'er Err from one eternal Line.
 As just the Ruin of these Men they thought,
 As *Sisera's* was, 'gainst whom themselves had fought.
 Still their Rebellious ends remember well,
 Since *Lucifer* the Great, their shining Captain fell.
 For this the Bells they ring, and not in vain,
 Well might they all ring out for thousands slain.
 For this the Bonfires their glad Lightness spread,
 When Funeral Flames might more besit their Dead.
 For this with solemn Thanks they tire their *God*,
 And whilst they feel it, mock th' Almighty's Rod.
 They proudly now abuse his Justice more,
 Than his long Mercies they abus'd before.
 Yet these the Men that true Religion boast,
 The Pure and Holy, Holy, Holy, Host!

238 *The* THIRD PART of

What great Reward for so much Zeal is giv'n?
Why, Heaven has thank'd them since, as they
thank'd Heaven.

Witness thou *Brainford*, say thou ancient *Towa*,
How many in thy Streets fell groveling down.
Witness the *Red-Coats* weltring in their Gore,
And died anew into the Name they bore.
Witness their Men blow'd up into the Air,
All Elements their Ruins joy'd to share.
In the wide Air quick Flames their Bodies tore,
Then drown'd in Waves, they're tost by Waves to
Shore.

Witness thou *Thames*, thou wast amaz'd to see
Men madly run to save themselves in thee.
In vain, for *Rebels Lives* thou wouldst not save,
And down they sunk beneath thy conqu'ring Wave,
Good Reverend *Thames*, the best belov'd of all
Those noble Floods, that meet at *Neptune's Hall*;
London's proud *Towers*, which do thy Head adorn,
Are not thy Glory now, but Grief and Scorn.
Thou griev'st to see the *White* nam'd *Palace* shine,
Without the Beams of its own Lord and thine:
Thy Lord which is to all as Good and Free,
As thou kind Flood to thine own Banks canst be.
How does thy peaceful Back disdain to bear
The *Rebels* busie Pride at *Westminster*!
Thou who thy self do'st without murmur pay
Eternal Tribute to thy Prince, the Sea.

To *Oxford* next Great *Charles* in Triumph came,
Oxford the *British* Muses second Fame.
Here Learning with some State and Reverence looks,
And dwells in Buildings lasting as their Books;
Both now Eternal, but they had Ashes been,
Had these *Religious Vandals* once got in.
Not *Bodley's Noble Work* their *Rage* would spare,
For *Books* they know the chief *Malignants* are.
In vain they silence every Age before,
For Pens of time to come will wound them more.

MISCELLANY POEMS. 239.

The Temples decent Wealth, and modest State,
 Had suffer'd, this their Avarice, that their Hate.
 Beggary and Scorn into the Church they'd bring,
 And make God Glorious, as they made the King.
 O happy Town, that to lov'd *Charles's* Sight,
 In these sad Times giv'st Safety and Delight.
 The Fate which *Civil War* itself doth Bless, [ness.
 Scarce wouldst thou change for *Peace*, this Happi-
 Amidst all Joys which Heaven allows thee here,
 Think on thy *Sister*, and then shed a Tear.

What Fights did this sad Winter see each Day,
 Her Winds and Storms came not so thick as they!
 Yet nought these far lost Rebels could recall,
 Not *Marlborough's* nor *Cirencester's* Fall.
 Yet still for *Peace* the *Gentle Conqueror* sues,
 By his Wrath they perish, yet his Love refuse.
 Nor yet is the plain Lesson understood,
 Writ by kind Heaven, in *B-----s*, and *H-----s* Blood;
Chad and his Church saw where their Enemy lay,
 And with just Red new mark'd their Holy-day.
 Fond Men, this Blow the injur'd *Crozier* struck,
 Nought was more fit to perish but thy Book.
 Such fatal Vengeance did wrong'd *Charlegrove* shew,
 Where *H-----n* both begun and ended too
 His curs'd Rebellion, where his Soul's repaid:
 With Separation, great as that he made.
H-----n, whose Spirit moved o'er the mighty Frame
 O'th' *British* Isle, and out this Chaos came.
H-----n, the Man that taught Confusion's Art,
 His Treasons restless, and yet noiseless Heart.
 His active Brain, like *Etna's* Top appear'd,
 Where Treason's forg'd, yet no Noise outward heard;
 'Twas he contriv'd whate'er bold *Martyn* said,
 And all the popular noise that *Pym* has made.
 'Twas he that taught the *Zealous* *Rout* to rise,
 And be his Slaves for some fam'd Liberties.
 Him for this Black Design Hell thought most fit,
 Ah! wretched Man, curs'd by too good a Wit,

240 *The* THIRD PART of

If not all this your stubborn Hearts can fright,
 Think on the *Wes*, think on the *Cornish* Might:
 The *Saxan* Fury, to that far-*stretch'd* Place,
 Drove the torn Reliques of great *Britan* Race.
 Here they of old did in long Safety lye,
 Compass'd with Seas, and a worse Enemy.
 Ne'er 'till this time, ne'er did they meet with Foes
 More Cruel and more Barbarous than those.
 Ye noble *Britains*, who so oft with Blood
 Of *Pagan Hosts*, have dy'd old *Tamar's* Flood;
 If any Drop of mighty *Tiber* fill,
 Or *Tiber's* mightier Son your Veins does fill,
 Shew then that Spirit; 'till all Men think by you
 The doubtful Tales of your great *Arthur* true.
 You have shewn it *Britains*, and have often done
 Things that have cheer'd the weary setting Sun.
 Again did *Tamar* your dread Arms behold,
 As just and as successful as the Old:
 It kiss'd the *Cornish* Banks, and vow'd to bring
 His richest Waves to feed th' ensuing Springs;
 But murmur'd sadly, and almost deny'd
 All fruitful Moisture to the *Devon* side.
 Ye Sons of War, by whose bold Acts we see
 How great a thing exalted Man may be,
 The World remains your Debtor, that as yet
 Ye have not all gone forth, and conquer'd it.
 I knew that Fate some Wonders for you meant,
 When matchless *Hepton* to your Coasts she sent,
Hepton! so wise, he needs not Fortune's Aid,
 So fortunate, his Wisdom's uselefs made.
 Should his so often try'd Companions fail,
 His Spirit, alone, and *Courage* would prevail.
Miraculous Man! how wou'd I sing thy Praise,
 Had any *Muse* crown'd me with half the *Bays*
 Conquest hath given to thee? And next thy Name
 Should *Berkly*, *Stanning*, *Digby* press to Fame,
Godolphin thee, thee *Greenvil* I'd rehearse,
 But Tears break off my Verse.

MISCELLANY POEMS. 341

How oft has vanquish'd *Stamford* backward fled,
 Swift as the parted Souls of those he led !
 How few did his huge Multitudes defeat,
 For most are Cyphers when the Number's great.
 Numbers alas of Men, that made no more
 Than he himself Ten thousand times told o'er.
 Who hears of *Stratton* Fight, but must confess
 All that he heard or read before, was less.
 Sad *Germany* can no such Trophy boast,
 For all the Blood these twenty Years sh'as lost.
 Vast was their *Army*, and their *Arms* were more
 Than th' Host of Hundred-handed *Gyants* bore.
 So strong their *Arms*, it did almost appear
 Secure, had neither Arms nor Men been there.
 In *Hopton*-breaks, in break the *Cornish* Powers,
 Few, and scarce Arm'd, yet was th' Advantage ours.
 What doubts could be, their outward strength to win,
 When we bore *Arms* and *Magazine* within ?
 The violent Swords out-did the Muskets Ire,
 It struck the Bones, and there gave dreadful Fire :
 We scorn'd their Thunder, and the reeking Blade
 A thicker Smoak than all their Cannon made.
 Death and loud Tumults fill'd the place around ;
 With fruitless Rage fall'n Rebels bite the Ground.
 The *Arms* we gain'd, were *Wealth*, *Bodies* of the Foe,
 All that a full fraught Victory can bestow.
 Yet stays not *Hopton* thus, but still proceeds,
 Pursues himself through all his glorious Deeds.
 With *Hertford*, and the *Prince*, he joins his Fate,
 The *Belgian* *Tropees* on their Journey wait.
 The *Prince*, who oft had check'd proud *W----* fame,
 And fool'd that flying *Conquerour's* empty Name :
 'Till by his loss that fertile Monster thriv'd,
 This Serpent cut in parts, rejoin'd and liv'd.
 It liv'd, and wou'd have stung us deeper yet,
 But that bold *Greenvil* its whole fury met.
 He sold, like *Decius*, his devoted Breath,
 And left the Common-Wealth Heir to his Death.

Hail mighty *Gho!* ! look from on high, and see
 How much our *Hands* and *Swords* remember thee.
 At *Roundway-Hill*, our *Rage* at thy great fall,
 Whet all our *Spirits*, and made us *Great* all.
 One Thousand Horse beat all their numerous *Powers*;
 Bless me! and where was then their *Conqueror*!
 Coward of Fame, he flies in haste away,
Men, Arms, and Name leave us the *Victor's* *Prey*.
 What meant those *Iron Regiments* which he brought,
 That moving Statues seem'd, and so they fought.
 No way for Death but by Disease appear'd,
 Cannon and Mines, a Siege they scarcely fear'd:
 'Till 'gainst all hopes they prov'd in this sad fight,
 Too weak to stand and yet too slow for fight.
 The Furies howl'd aloud through trembling Air,
 Th'astonish'd Snakes fell sadly from their Hair;
 To *Lud's* proud Town their hasty flight they took,
 The Towers and Temples at their entrance shook:
 In vain their Loss they' attempted to disguise,
 And mustred up new Troops of fruitless Lies:
 God fought himself. nor cou'd th' Event be less,
 Bright Conquest walks the Fields in all her dress.
 Cou'd this white Day a Gift more grateful bring?
 Oh yes! it brought bless'd *Mary* to the King!
 In *Kernton* Field they met, at once they view
 Their former Victory, and enjoy a new.
Kernton the Place that Fortune did approve,
 To be the noblest Scene of War and Love;
 Through the glad Vail ten thousand *Cupids* fled,
 And chas'd the wandring Spirits of *Rebels* dead;
 Still the lewd scent of Powder did they fear,
 And scatter'd *Eastern Smells* through all the Air.
 Look happy Mount, look well, for this is she,
 That Toyl'd and Travell'd for thy Victory;
 Thy flourishing Head to her with Reverence bow,
 To her thou owest that Fame which Crowns thee now.
 From far stretcht Shores they felt her Spirit and
Princes and God at any distance fight. [Might]

MISCELLANY POEMS. 243

At her return well might sh' a Conquest have,
 Whose very Absence such a Conquest gave.
 This in the *West*: nor did the *North* bestow
 Less Cause, their usual Gratitude to show;
 With much of State brave *Cavendish* led them forth,
 As swift and fierce as Tempest from the *North*,
Cavendish whom ev'ry *Grace* and ev'ry *Muse*,
 Kiss'd at his Birth; and for their own did chuse:
 So good a *Wit* they meant not shou'd excel
 In *Arms*, but now they see't and like it well;
 So large is that rich Empire of his Heart,
 Well may they rest contented with a Part;
 How soon he forc'd the *Northern* Clouds to flight,
 And struck Confusion into Form and Light!
 Scarce did the Power Divine in fewer Days,
 A peaceful World out of a Chaos raise.
Bradford and *Leeds* propt up their sinking Fame,
 They bragg'd of Hosts, and *Fairfax* was a Name.
Leeds, *Bradford*, *Fairfax* Powers are strait their own,
 As quickly as they vote Men overthrow'n.
Beotes from his Wain look'd down below,
 And saw our Victory move not half so slow.
 I see the Gallant *Earl* break through the Foes;
 In Dust and Sweat how gloriously he shows!
 I see him lead the Pikes; What will he do?
 Defend him Heaven! Oh whither will he go?
 Up to the Cannons Mouth he leads! in vain
 They speak loud Death, and threaten till they'r ta'en.
 So *Capanen*, two Armies fill'd with Wonder,
 When he charg'd *Jove*, and grappled with his
 Thunder.

Both Hosts with silence, and with terror shook,
 As if not he, but they were Thunder-strook:
 The *Courage* here, and *Boldness* was no less,
 Only the *Cause* was better, and *Success*.
 Heaven will let nought be by their Cannon done,
 Since at *Edgehill* they sinn'd, and *Burlington*.

244 *The THIRD PART of*

Go now, your *Sanctimonies* repeat,
 And make all *Prayers* whom you cannot bear.
 Let the World know some way, with whom you are vex'd,
 And vote 'em *Tyrants* when they o'erthrow you next.
 Why will you die, fond Men? why will you buy,
 At this fond rate, your Country's Slavery?
 Is't Liberty? what are those Threats we hear?
 Why do you thus th' *Old* and *New* *Prison* fill?
 When that's the only why; because you will?
 Fain would you make *God* too thus tyrannous be,
 And *Down* *your* *Men* by such a stiff Decree.
 Is't Property? Why do such Numbers then,
 From *God* beg *Vengeance*, and *Relief* from *Men*?
 Why are the *Episcopate* and *Grave* seiz'd on of all,
 Whom *Common* or *Man* *new* *Men* miscall?
 What's more our own than our own Lives? But oh!
 Could *Yeoman's*, or could *Baron* find it so?
 The *Barbarous* *Command* always us'd to fly,
 Did know no other way to see Men die.
 Or is't Religion? What then mean your Lies,
 Your Sacrilege and Pulpit Blasphemies?
 Why are all *Señs* let loose, that e'er had Birth,
 Since *Luther's* *Nurse* wak'd the *Leinargick* Earth?

The Author went no further.

A New Ballad.

ALL the Materials are the same,
 Of Beauty and Desire;
 In a fair Woman's goodly Frame,
 No Brightness is without a Flame,
 No Flame without a Fire.

*Then tell me what those Creatures are,
 Who wou'd be thought both chaste and fair?*

II.

If on her Neck her Hair be spread,
 With many a curious Ring;

MISCELLANY POEMS. 245

That Heat which serves to curl her Head,
Will make her mad to be a Bed,
And do another Thing.

Then tell me, &c.

III.

If Modesty it self appears
With Blushes in her Face;
Think you the Blood that dances there,
Can revel it no other where,
Or warm no other Place?

Then tell me, &c.

IV.

Ask but of her Philosophy,
What gives her Lips the Balm,
What makes her Breasts to heave so high,
What Spirits give Motion to her Eye,
And Moisture to her Palm?

Then tell me, &c.

V.

Then, *Celia*, be not coy, for that
Betrays thy Self and thee:
There's not a Beauty nor a Grace
Bedecks thy Body or thy Face,
But plead within for me.

*Then tell me what those Women are,
Who wou'd be thought both Chast and Fair.*

To Mr. DRYDEN.

By Mr. JO. ADDISON.

HOW long, Great Poet, shall thy Sacred Lays
Provoke our Wonder, and transcend our Praise
Can neither Injuries of Time, or Age,
Damp thy Poetick Heat, and quench thy Rage?
Not so thy *Ovid* in his Exile wrote,
Grief chill'd his Breast, and checkt his rising Thought;

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Pennie and his long-suffering Maid brings
The Roman Genius in his last Decays.

Prevailing Warmer has his hand posset,
And colder Winter is kinder in his dress;
Thus shall the Season of the Flower be known,
And English Woods of Lanes not her own;
The Lines have required a Foreign March,
And Spas wonder at a March in There.
Thus teacheth Poem to instruct our Life
In Immortal Nations, and a clearer Style;
And Poem is instructed in my Page.
Eager to learn, and improves his Age.
The Copy calls a finer Copy on all,
And in our times the better Original.

Now he boasts the Advantage of my Song,
And tells his Story in the French Tongue;
The charming Verse, and fair Translations, show
How my own Land, and I began to grow;
How well I was changed by angry Gods, [Woods,
And inspired at himself, and looking through the

O may the full the Noble Tale prolong,
Nor Age, nor Sickness interrupt my song:
Then may we wondering read, how Human Limbs
Have wax'd Angelic, and chisell'd in Streams;
Of those rich Soil that on the Fertile Mould
Turn'd yellow by Degrees, and open'd into Gold:
How some in Feathers, or a ragged Hide,
Have liv'd a second Life, and different Natures try'd,
Then will thy Quill, thus transform'd, reveal
A nobler Change than he himself can tell,

Ms. Coll. O-17,
June 2. 1693.



The Last Parting of HECTOR and ANDROMACHE. From the Sixth Book of HOMER's Iliads.

Translated from the Original by Mr. Dryden.

ARGUMENT.

Hector, returning from the Field of Battel, to visit Helen his Sister-in-Law, and his Brother Paris, who had Fought unsuccessfully Hand to Hand with Menelaus, from thence goes to his own Palace to see his Wife Andromache, and his Infant Son Astyanax. The Description of that Interview is the Subject of this Translation:

THUS having said, brave Hector went to see
 His Virtuous Wife, the fair *Andromache*.
 He found her not at home; for she was gone
 (Attended by her Maid and Infant Son,) }
 To climb the steepy Tow'r of *Ilion*:
 From whence, with heavy Heart, she might survey
 The bloody Business of the dreadful Day.
 Her mournful Eyes she cast around the Plain,
 And sought the Lord of her Desires in vain.
 But he, who thought his peopled Palace bare,
 When she, his only Comfort, was not there;
 Stood in the Gate, and ask'd of ev'ry one,
 Which way she took, and whither she was gone:
 If to the Court, or with his Mother's Train,
 In long Procession to *Minerva's* Fane?
 The Servants answer'd, Neither to the Court
 Where *Princes*'s Sons and Daughters did resort,
 Nor to the Temple was she gone, to move
 With Prayers the Blue-ey'd Progeny of *Jove*;
 But, more solicitous for him alone,
 Than all their Safety, to the Tow'r was gone,

243 *The THIRD PART of*

There to survey the Labours of the Field;
Where the *Plow* reapers, and the *Triumphant* yield
Swiftly she pass'd, with Fear and Fright wild,
The Nurse went lagging after with the Child.

This heard, the noble *Heir* made no stay,
Th' admiring Throng aside, to give him way:
He pass'd through ev'ry Street, by which he came,
And at the Gate he met the mournful Dame.

His Wife beheld him, and with eager pace,
Flew to his Arms, to meet a dear Embrace:
His Wife, who brought in *Dow's Crown's* Crown;
And, in her self, a greater *Dow's* alone:
Atossa's Heir, who on the woody Plain
Of *Hyperborea* did in *Troes* reign.

Breathless she flew, with Joy and Passion wild,
The Nurse came lagging after with her Child.

The *Fatal* *Face* upon her *Breast* was laid;
Who, like the Morning Star, his Beams display'd.
Stramandrus was his Name which *Heitor* gave,
From that fair Flood which *Lion's* Wall did lave:
But him *Alexanax* the *Trojans* call,
From his great Father who defends the Wall.

Heitor beheld him with a silent Smile,
His tender Wife stood weeping by the while:
Prest in her own, his warlike Hand she took,
Then sigh'd, and thus Prophetically spoke.

Thy dauntless Heart (which I foresee too late,)
Too daring Man, will urge thee to thy Fate:
Nor dost thou pity, with a Parent's Mind,
This helpless Orphan, whom thou leav'st behind;
Nor me, th' unhappy Partner of thy *Bed*;
Who must in Triumph by the *Greeks* be led:
They seek thy Life; and in unequal Fight,
With many will oppress thy single Might:
Better it were for miserable me
To die before the Fate which I foresee.
For ah what Comfort can the World bequeath
To *Heitor's* Widow, after *Heitor's* Death!

Eternal

Eternal Sorrow and perpetual Tears
 Began my Youth, and will conclude my Years :
 I have no Parents, Friends, nor Brothers left ;
 By stern *Achilles* all of Life bereft.
 Then when the Walls of *Thebes* he overthrew,
 His fatal Hand my Royal Father slew ;
 He slew *Astion*, but despoil'd him not ;
 Nor in his hate the Funeral Rites forgot ;
 Arm'd as he was he sent him whole below ;
 And Reverenc'd thus the Manes of his Foe ;
 A Tomb he rais'd ; the Mountain Nymphs around,
 Enclos'd with planted Elms the Holy Ground.

My sev'n brave *Brothers* in one fatal Day
 To Death's dark Mansions took the mournful way ;
 Slain by the same *Achilles*, while they keep
 The bellowing Oxen and the bleating Sheep.
 My Mother, who the Royal Scepter sway'd,
 Was Captive to the cruel Victor made :
 And hither led : but hence redeem'd with Gold,
 Her native Country did again behold.
 And but beheld : for soon *Diana's* Dart
 In an unhappy Chace transfix'd her Heart.

But thou, my *Hector*, art thy self alone,
 My Parents, Brothers, and my Lord in one :
 O kill not all my Kindred o'er again,
 Nor tempt the Dangers of the dusty Plain ;
 But in this Tow'r, for our Defence, remain. }
 Thy Wife and Son are in thy Ruin lost :
 This is a Husband's and a Father's Post.
 The *Scaen* Gate commands the Plains below ;
 Here marshall all thy Soldiers as they go ;
 And hence with other Hands repel the Foe. }
 By yon wild Fig-tree lyes their chief ascent,
 And thither all their Pow'rs are daily bent :
 The two *Ajaces* have I often seen,
 And the wrong'd Husband of the *Spartan* Queen ;
 With him his greater *Brother* ; and with these
 Fierce *Diomede* and bold *Mersones* :

250 *The THIRD PART of*

Uncertain if by *Anger*, or chance,
But by this easie rise they all advance;
Guard well that Pass, secure of all beside.
To whom the Noble *Hector* thus reply'd.

That and the rest are in my daily care;
But shou'd I shun the Dangers of the War,
With scorn the *Trojans* wou'd reward my Pains,
And their proud Ladies with their sweeping Trains.
The *Grecian* Swords and Lances I can bear:
But loss of Honour is my only Fear.

Shall *Hector*, born to War, his *Birth-right* yield,
Belie his Courage, and forsake the Field?
Early in rugged *Arms* I took delight;
And still have been the foremost in the Fight:
With Dangers dearly have I bought Renown,
And am the Champion of my Father's Crown.

And yet my Mind forbodes, with sure presage,
That *Troy* shall perish by the *Grecian* Rage.
The fatal Day draws on, when I must fall;
And Universal Ruin cover all.

Not *Troy* it self, tho' built by Hands Divine,
Nor *Priam*, nor his People, nor his Line,
My Mother, nor my *Brothers* of Renown,
Whose Valour yet defends th' unhappy Town,
Not these, nor all their Fates which I foresee,
Are half of that concern I have for thee.

I see, I see thee in that fatal Hour,
Subjected to the Victor's cruel Pow'r:
Led hence a Slave to some insulting Sword:
Forlorn and trembling at a Foreign Lord.
A spectacle in *Argos*, at the Loom,
Gracing with *Trojan* Fights a *Grecian* Room:
Or from deep Wells, the living Stream to take,
And on thy weary Shoulders bring it back.
While, groaning under this laborious Life,
They insolently call thee *Hector's* Wife;
Upbraid thy *Bondage* with thy Husband's name;
And from my Glory propagate thy Shame.

MISCELLANY POEMS. 251

This when they say, thy Sorrows will encrease
With anxious thoughts of former Happiness ; }
That he is dead who cou'd thy Wrongs redress.
But I oppress'd with Iron Sleep before,
Shall hear thy unavailing Cries no more.

He said.

Then, holding forth his Arms, he took his Boy,
(The Pledge of Love, and other Hope of Troy ;)
The fearful Infant turn'd his Head away ;
And on his Nurse's Neck reclining lay,
His unknown Father shunning with affright,
And looking back on so uncouth a sight.
Daunted to see a Face with Steel o'er-spread,
And his high Plume, that nodded o'er his Head.
His Sire and Mother smil'd with silent Joy ;
And Hector hasten'd to relieve his Boy ;
Dismiss'd his burnish'd Helm, that shone afar,
(The Pride of Warriors, and the Pomp of War :)
Th' *Illustrous Babe*, thus reconcil'd, he took :
Hugg'd in his Arms, and kiss'd, and thus he spoke.

Parent of Gods, and Men, propitious Jove,
And ye bright Synod of the Pow'rs above ;
On this my Son your Gracious Gifts bestow ;
Grant him to live, and great in Arms to grow :
To Reign in Troy ; to Govern with Renown :
To shield the People, and assert the Crown :
That, when hereafter he from War shall come,
And bring his Trojans Peace and Triumph home,
Some aged Man, who lives this act to see,
And who in former times remember'd me,
May say, the Son in Fortitude and Fame
Out-goes the Mark ; and drowns his Father's Name ;
That at these words his Mother may rejoice,
And add her Suffrage to the publick Voice.

Thus having said,

He first with suppliant Hands the Gods ador'd :
Then to the Mother's Arms the Child restor'd ;

252 *The THIRD PART of*

With Tears and Smiles she took her Son, and press'd
Th' illustrious Infant to her fragrant *Breast*,
He wiping her fair Eyes, indulg'd her Grief,
And eas'd her Sorrows with this last Relief.

My Wife and Mistress, drive thy fears away ;
Nor give so bad an Omen to the Day :
Think not it lyes in any *Grecian's* Pow'r,
To take my Life before the fatal Hour.
When that arrives, not good nor bad can fly
Th' irrevocable Doom of Destiny.

Return, and to divert thy thoughts at home,
There task thy Maids, and exercise the Loom,
Employ'd in Works that Womankind become. }
The Toils of War, and Feats of Chivalry
Belong to Men, and most of all to me.

At this, for new Replies he did not stay,
But lac'd his Crested Helm, and strode away.

His lovely Consort to her House return'd :
And looking often back in silence mourn'd :
Home when she came, her secret Woe she vents,
And fills the Palace with her loud Laments :
Those loud Laments her echoing Maids restore,
And *Hic* for, yet alive, as dead deplore.

THRENODIA AUGUSTALIS:

*A-Funeral Pindarick P O E M Sacred to the
Happy Memory of King CHARLES II.*

By Mr. Dryden.

*Fortunati Ambo, si quid mea Carmina possunt,
Nulla dies anquam memori vos eximet aro.*

I.

THUS long my Grief has kept me dumb:
Sure there's a Lethargy in mighty Woe,
Tears stand congeal'd, and cannot flow;
And the sad Soul retires into her inmost Rooms:

MISCELLANY POEMS. 253

Tears, for a Stroke foreseen, afford Relief;
 But, unprovided for a sudden Blow,
 Like *Niobe* we Marble grow;
 And Petrify with Grief.
 Our *British* Heav'n was all Serene,
 No threatening Cloud was nigh,
 Not the least wrinkle to deform the Sky;
 We liv'd as unconcern'd and happily
 As the first Age in Nature's golden Scene,
 Supine amidst our flowing Store,
 We slept securely, and we dreamt of more:
 When suddenly the Thunder-clap was heard,
 It took us unpar'd and out of guard,
 Already lost before we fear'd.
 Th' amazing News of *Charles* at once was spread,
 At once the general Voice declar'd,
 Our *Gracious Prince* was dead.
 No Sickness known before, no slow Disease,
 To soften Grief by just Degrees:
 But, like an Hurricane on *Indian* Seas,
 The Tempest rose;
 An unexpected Burst of Woes:
 With scarce a breathing space betwixt,
 This Now becalm'd, and perishing the next,
 As if great *Atlas* from his Height
 Shou'd sink beneath his heavenly Weight,
 And, with a mighty Flaw, the flaming Wall
 (As once it shall) [this neather Ball;
 Shou'd gape immense and rushing down, o'erwhelm
 So swift and so surprizing was our Fear:
 Our *Atlas* fell indeed; but *Hercules* was near.

II.

His Pious Brother, sure the best
 Who ever bore that Name,
 Was newly risen from his Rest;
 And, with a fervent Flame,
 His usual Morning Vows had just address'd
 For his dear Sovereign's Health;

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And hop'd to have 'em heard;
 In long increase of Years,
 In Honour, Fame and Wealth:
 Guiltless of Greatness thus he always pray'd,
 Nor knew nor wish'd those Vows he made,
 On his own Head shou'd be repay'd.
 Soon as th' ill omen'd Rumour reach'd his Ears,
 (Ill News is wing'd with Fate, and flies apace)
 Who can describe th' Astonishment in his Face!
 Horror in all his Pomp was there,
 Mute and magnificent without a Tear:
 And then the Hero first was seen to fear.
 Half unarray'd he ran to his Relief,
 So hasty and so artless was his Grief
 Approaching Greatness met him with her Charms
 Of Pow'r and future Seats;
 But look'd so ghastly in a Brother's Face,
 He shook her from his Arms.
 Arriv'd within the mournful Room, he saw
 God's Image; God's Anointed, lay
 A wild Distraction, void of Awe,
 And arbitrary Grief unbounded by a Law,
 Without Motion, Pulse or Breath,
 A senseless Lump of sacred Clay,
 An Image, now, of Death.
 Amidst his sad Attendants Groans and Cries,
 The Lines of that ador'd, forgiving Face,
 Distorted from their Native grace;
 An Iron Slumber sare on his Majestick Eyes.
 The Pious Duke----forbear audacious Muse,
 No Terms thy feeble Art can use
 Are able to adorn so vast a Woe:
 The grief of all the rest like subject-grief did show,
 His like a Sovereign did transcend;
 No Wife, no Brother, such a Grief cou'd know,
 Nor any Name, but Friend.

III.

O wondrous Changes of a fatal Scene;
 Still varying to the last!

MISCELLANY POEMS: 255

Heav'n, though its hard Decree was past,
 Seem'd pointing to a gracious Turn agen:
 And Death's up-lifted Arm arrested in its haste.
 Heav'n half repented of the doom,
 And almost griev'd it had foreseen,
 What by Foresight it will'd eternally to come.
 Mercy above did hourly plead
 For her Resemblance here below;
 And mild Forgiveness intercede
 To stop the coming Blow.
 New Miracles approach'd th'Ethereal Throne,
 Such as his wond'rous Life had oft and lately known,
 And urg'd that still they might be shown.
 On Earth his Pious Brother pray'd and vow'd,
 Renouncing Greatness at so dear a rate,
 Himself defending what he cou'd,
 From all the Glories of his future Fate.
 With him th'innumerable Croud,
 Of armed Prayers
 Knock'd at the Gates of Heav'n, and knock'd aloud;
 The soft well-meaning rude Petitioners,
 All for his Life assai'd the Throne, [own.
 All wou'd have brib'd the Skies by offering up their
 So great a Throng not Heav'n itself cou'd bar;
 'Twas almost born by force as in the Giants War.
 The Prayers, at least, for his Reprieve were heard;
 His Death, like *Hezekiah's*, was deferr'd:
 Against the Sun the Shadow went;
 Five Days, those five Degrees, were lent
 To form our Patience, and prepare th' Event.
 The second Causes took the swift Command,
 The med'cinal Head, the ready Hand,
 All eager to perform their Part,
 All but Eternal Doom was conquer'd by their Art:
 Once more the fleeting Soul came back
 T'inspire the mortal Frame,
 And in the Body took a doubtful Stand,
 Doubtful and hov'ring like expiring Flame, [Brand.
 That mounts and falls by turns, and trembles o'er the

256 *The THIRD PART of*

IV.

The joyful *hon-iv'd* News soon spread around,
 Took the same Train, the same impetuous bound;
 The drooping Town in Smiles again was dress'd,
 Glasses in ev'ry Face express'd,
 Their Eyes before their Tongues confess'd.
 Men met each other with erected look,
 The Steps were higher than they took,
 Each to congratulate his Friend made haste;
 And long inveterate Foes saluted as they pass:
 Above the rest Heroick *James* appear'd
 Exalted more, because he more had fear'd:
 His manly Heart, whose Noble Pride
 Was still above
 Dissembled Hate or varnish'd Love,
 Its more than common transport cou'd not hide;
 But like an * *Eagle* rode in triumph o'er the Tide,
 Thus, in alternate Course,
 The Tyrant Passions, Hope and Fear,
 Did in extreams appear,
 And flash'd upon the Soul with equal force;
 Thus, at half Ebb, a rowling Sea
 Returns and wins upon the Shoar;
 The watry Herd affrighted at the roar,
 Rest on their Fins a while, and stay,
 Then backward take their wondring way:
 The Prophet wonders more than they,
 At Prodigies but rarely seen before, [sway.
 And cries a *King* must fall, or Kingdoms change their
 Such were our counter-tydes at Land, and so
 Presaging of the fatal blow,
 In their prodigious Ebb and Flow.
 The Royal Soul, that like the labouring Moon,
 By Charms of Art was hurried down,
 Forc'd with regret to leave her Native Sphear,
 Came but a while on liking here:

* An *Eagle* is a *Tyde* swelling above another *Tyde*,
 which I have my self observ'd on the *River Trent*,

Soon weary of the painful Strife,
And made but faint Effays of Life:
An Evening light
Soon shut in Night;
A strong Distemper, and a weak Relief;
Short intervals of Joy, and long returns of Grief;

V.

The Sons of Art all Med'cines try'd,
And every Noble Remedy apply'd;
With emulation each essay'd
His utmost Skill, nay more they pray'd:
Was never losing Game with better Conduct plaid;
Death never won a Stake with greater toy!,
Nor e'er was Fate so near a foil:
But, like a Fortrefs on a Rock, [mock]
Th'impregnable Disease their vain Attempts did
They min'd it near, they batter'd from afar
Wish all the Cannon of the Med'cinal War;
No gentle means cou'd be essay'd,
'Twas beyond parly when the Siege was laid:
Th'extreamest ways they first ordain,
Prescribing such intolerable Pain,
As none-but *Cesar* cou'd sustain:
Undaunted, *Cesar* underwent
The malice of their Art, nor bent
Beneath whate'er their Pious Rigour cou'd invent;
In five such Days he suffer'd more
Than any suffer'd in his Reign before;
More, infinitely more, than he,
Against the worst of Rebels cou'd decree,
A Traitor or twice pardon'd Enemy.
Now Art was tir'd without success,
No Racks cou'd make the stubborn Malady confess.
The vain *Insurancers* of Life,
And they who, most perform'd and promis'd less,
Even *Short* and *Hobbes* forlook th' unequal strife.
Death and Despair was in their Looks,
No longer they consult their Memories or Books;

258 *The THIRD PART of*

Like helpless Friends, who view from Shore
The labouring Ship, and hear the Tempest roar,
So stood they with their Arms ands; ;
Not to assist; but to deplore
Th' inevitable Loss.

VI.

Death was denounc'd; that frightful sound
Which even the best can hardly bear,
He took the Summons void of fear;
And, unconcern'dly, cast his Eyes around;
As if to find and dare the grisly Challenges.
What death cou'd do he lately try'd;
When in four Days he more than dy'd.
The same assurance all his Words did grace;
The same Majestick Mildness held its place;
Nor lost the Monarch in his dying Face.
Intrepid, Pious, Merciful, and Brave,
He lookt as when he conquer'd and forgave.

VII.

As if some Angel had been sent
To lengthen out his Government,
And to foretel as many Years again,
As he had number'd in his happy Reign,
So chearfully he took the Doom
Of his departing Breath;
Nor shrunk nor stept aside for Death:
But, with unalter'd pace, kept on;
Providing for Events to come,
When he resign'd the Throne.
Still he maintain'd his Kingly State;
And grew familiar with his Fate.
Kind, good and gracious to the last,
On all he lov'd before, his dying Beams he cast:
Oh truly Good, and truly Great,
For glorious as he rose, benignly so he set!
All that on Earth he held most dear,
He recommended to his Care,
To whom both Heav'n,
The right had giv'n

MISCELLANY POEMS. 299

And his own Love beneath'd supream Command :
 He took and prest that even Loyal Hand,
 Which cou'd in Peace secure his Reign,
 Which cou'd in Wars his Pow'r maintain,
 That Hand on which no plighted Vows were ever vain.
 Well for so great a Trust, he chose
 A Prince who never disobey'd :
 Not when the most severe Commands were laid ;
 Nor Want, nor Exile with his Duty weigh'd :
 A Prince on whom (if Heav'n his Eyes cou'd close)
 The Welfare of the World it safely might repose.

VIII.

That King who liv'd to God's own Hears,
 Yet less serenely died than he :
Charles left behind no harsh decree
 For Schoolmen with laborious Art
 To save from Cruelty :
 Those, for whom Love cou'd no excuses frame,
 He graciously forgot to Name.
 Thus far my Muse, though rudely, has design'd
 Some faint Resemblance of his Godlike Mind :
 But neither Pen nor Pencil can express
 The parting Brothers *Tenderness* :
 Though that's a Term too mean and low ;
 (The blest above a kinder Word may know :).
 But what they did, and what they said,
 The Monarch who triumphant went,
 The Militant who staid,
 Like Painters, when their heighthning Arts are spent,
 I cast into a Shade.
 That all forgiving King,
 The Type of him above,
 That inexhausted Spring
 Of Clemency and Love ;
 Himself to his next self accus'd,
 And ask'd that Pardon which he ne'er refus'd :
 For Faults not his, for Guilt and Crimes
 Of Godless Men, and of Rebelious Times :

250 *The THIRD PART of*

For an hard Exile, kindly meant,
 When his ungrateful Country sent
 Their best *Camillus* into Banishment: [Consent
 And forc'd their Sov'raigns Act, they cou'd not his
 Oh how much rather had that injur'd Chief
 Repeated all his Sufferings past,
 Than hear a Pardon beg'd at last,
 Which giv'n cou'd give the dying no relief:
 He bent, he sunk beneath his Grief:
 His dauntless Heart wou'd fain have held
 From Weeping, but his Eyes rebell'd.
 Perhaps the Godlike Heroe in his Breast
 Disdain'd, or was asham'd to show:
 So weak, so womanish a Woe, [confest
 Which yet the Brother and the Friend so plenteously

IX.

Amidst that silent show'r, the Royal Mind
 An easie Passage found,
 And left its sacred Earth behind:
 Nor murm'ring Groan exprest, nor labouring Sound;
 Nor any least tumultuous Breath;
 Calm was his Life, and quiet was his Death.
 Soft as those gentle Whispers were,
 In which th' Almighty did appear;
 By the still Sound, the Prophet knew him there.
 That Peace which made thy Prosperous Reign to
 shine,
 That Peace thou leav'st to thy Imperial Line,
 That Peace, Oh happy Shade, be ever thine!

X.

For all those Joys thy Restauration brought,
 For all the Miracles it wrought,
 For all the healing Balm thy Mercy pour'd
 Into the Nations bleeding Wound,
 And Care that after kept it sound,
 For numerous Blessings yearly shour'd,
 And Property with Plenty crown'd;
 For Freedom, still maintain'd alive,

MISCELLANY POEMS. 261

Freedom which in no other Land will thrive,
 Freedom an *English* Subject's sole Prerogative,
 Without whose Charms ev'n Peace wou'd be.
 But a Dull quiet Slavery :
 For these and more, accept our Pious Praise;
 'Tis all the Subsidy
 The present Age can raise,
 The rest is charg'd on late Posterity :
 Posterity is charg'd the more,
 Because the large abounding Store
 To them and to their Heirs, is still entail'd by thee;
 Succession, of a long Descent,
 Which Chastly in the Chancels ran,
 And from our Demi-gods began,
 Equal almost to Time in its extent,
 Through Hazards numberless and great,
 Thou hast deriv'd this mighty Blessing down,
 And fixt the fairest Gem that decks th' Imperial
 Crown :
 Not Faction, when it shook thy Regal Seat,
 Not Senates, insolently loud,
 (Those Echoes of a thoughtless Croud,)
 Not Foreign or Domestick Treachery,
 Could warp thy Soul to their unjust Decree.
 So much thy Foes thy manly Mind mistook,
 Who judg'd it by the Mildness of thy look :
 Like a well temper'd Sword, it bent at will ;
 But kept the Native toughness of the Steel.

XL

Be true, O *Clis*, to thy Hero's Name !
 But draw him strictly so
 That all who view the Piece, may know
 He needs no Trappings of fictitious Fame :
 The Load's too weighty : Thou may'st chuse
 Some Parts of Praise, and some refuse
 Write, that his Annals may be thought more lavish
 [than the Muse,

264 *The THIRD PART of*

Of Faction and Conspiracy,
 Death did his promis'd Hopes destroy :
 He toil'd, he gain'd, but liv'd not to enjoy.
 What Mists of Providence are these
 Through which we cannot see !
 So Saints, by supernatural Pow'r set free,
 Are left at last in Martyrdom to die;
 Such is the end of oft repeated Miracles.
 Forgive me Heav'n that impious Thought,
 'Twas Grief for *Charles*, to Madness wrought,
 That question'd thy Supream Decree !
 Thou didst his gracious Reign prolong,
 Even in thy Saints and Angels wrong.
 His Fellow-Citizens of Immortality :
 For twelve long Years of Exile, born,
 Twice twelve we number'd since his blest Return;
 So strictly wer't thou Just to pay,
 Even to the driblet of a Day.
 Yet still we murmur, and complain,
 The Quails and Manna shou'd no longer rain;
 Those Miracles 'twas needless to renew ;
 The chosen Flock has now the promis'd Land in
 XV. [view,

A Warlike Prince ascends the Regal State,
 A Prince, long exercis'd by Fate :
 Long may he keep, tho' he obtains it late.
 Heroes, in Heaven's peculiar Mold are cast,
 They and their Poets are not form'd in haste ;
 Man was the first in God's design, and Man was made
 False Heroes made by Flattery so, [the last
 Heav'n can strike out, like Sparkles, at a Blow ;
 But e'er a Prince is to Perfection brought,
 He costs Omnipotence a second Thought.
 With Toil and Sweat,
 With hardning Cold, and forming Heat,
 The *Cyclops* did their strokes repeat,
 Before th' impenetrable Shield was wrought,
 It looks as if the Maker wou'd not own.

MISCELLANY POEMS. 365

The noble Work for his,
Before 'twas try'd and found a Masterpiece.

XVI.

View then a *Monarch* ripen'd for a Throne,
Alcides thus his Race began,
O'er Infancy he swiftly ran;
The future God, at first was more than Man :
Dangers and Toils, and *Juno's* Hate
Even o'er his Cradle lay in wait ;
And there he grapled first with Fate :
In his young Hands the hissing Snakes he prest,
So early was the Deity confest ;
Thus, by degrees, he rose to *Jove's* Imperial Seat ;
Thus difficulties prove a Soul legitimately Great.
Like his, our *Hero's* Infancy was try'd ;
Betimes the Furies did their Snakes provide ;
And, to his Infant Arms oppose
His Father's Rebels, and his Brother's Foes ;
The more oppress'd, the higher still he rose :
Those were the Preludes of his Fare,
That form'd his Manhood, to subdue
The *Hydra* of the many-headed, hissing Crew.

XVII.

As after *Numa's* peaceful Reign,
The Martial *Ancus* did the Scepter wield,
Furbish'd the rusty Sword again,
Resum'd the long forgotten Shield,
And led the *Latins* to the dusty Field :
So *James* the drowsie *Genius* wakes
Of *Britain* long entranc'd in Charms,
Restiff and slumbring on its Arms : [dy shakes.
'Tis rows'd, and with a new strung Nerve, the Spear alrea ;
No Neighing of the Warrior Steeds,
No Drum, or louder Trumpet, needs
T'inspire the Coward, warm the Cold,
His Voice, his sole Appearance makes 'em bold ;
Gaul and *Batavia* dread th'impending blow ;
Too well the Vigour of that Arm they know ;
They lick the Dust, and Crouch beneath their fatal Foe,

266 *The THIRD PART of, &c.*

Long may they fear this awful Prince,
And not provoke his lingring Sword.
Peace is their only sure Defence,
Their best Security his Word :
In all the Changes of his doubtful State,
His Truth, like Heav'n's, was kept inviolate,
For him to Promise is to make it Fate.
His *Valour* can Triumph o'er Land and Main;
With broken Oaths his Fame he will not stain;
With Conquest basely bought, and with Inglorious Gain.

XVIII.

For once, O Heav'n, unfold thy Adamantine Book;
And let his wondring *Senate* see,
If not thy firm Immutable Decree,
At least the second Page, of great Contingency;
Such as consists with Wills, Originally free:
Let them with glad Amazement look
On what their Happiness may be :
Let them not still be obstinately blind,
Still to divert the Good thou hast design'd,
Or with Malignant Peaury
To starve the Royal Vertues of his Mind.
Faith is a Christian's, and a Subject's Test;
Oh give them to believe, and they are surely blest!
They do; and, with a distant view, I see
Th' amended Vows of *English Loyalty*.
And all beyond that Object, there appears
The long Retinue of a prosperous Reign,
A Series of successful Years,
In orderly Array, a Martial, manly Train.
Behold ev'n to remoter Shores
A Conquering Navy proudly spread;
The *British* Cannon formidably roars,
While starting from his Oozy Bed,
Th' asserted Ocean rears his reverend Head;
To View and Recognize his ancient Lord again:
And, with a willing Hand, restores
The *Essex* of the Main.

WINDSOR CASTLE,

IN A

MONUMENT

To our Late Sovereign

K. CHARLES II.

Of ever Blessed Memory.

A

P O E M.

By THO. OTWAY.

*dum juga montis Aper, strulos dum Pistis amabit,
úmque Thymo pascentur Apes, dum Rore Cicada;
super Monos, Nomónque: tuum, Landéque manebunt.*

Si canimus Sylvas, Sylva. sint Consula digna.

Printed in the Year MDCCXVI.

TO
THE IMMORTAL FAME
OF
Our Late Dread Sovereign
K. CHARLES II.
Of ever Blessed Memory.

AND TO
THE SACRED MAJESTY
OF
The Most August and Mighty Prince
J A M E S II.

Now by the Grace of God
KING of ENGLAND, SCOTLAND,
FRANCE and IRELAND,
Defender of the Faith, &c.

This following POEM is in all Humility dedicated
By His ever devoted and obedient
Subject and Servant;

THO. OTWAY,



WINDSOR CASTLE.



Hough Poets Immortality may give,
And Troy does still in *Homer's* Num-
bers live;
How dare I touch thy Praise, thou
glorious Frame,
Which must be deathless, as thy Rai-
ser's Name:

But that I wanting Fame am sure of thine
To eternize this humble Song of mine.
At least the Mem'ry of that more than Man,
From whose vast Mind thy Glories first began,
Shall even my mean and worthless Verse commend,
For Wonders always did his Name attend.
Though now (alas!) in the sad Grave he lies,
Yet shall his Praise for ever live, and Laurels from it rise.
Great were the Toils attending the Command
Of an ungrateful and a stiff-neck'd Land,
Which, grown too wanton, 'cause 'twas over blest,
Wou'd never give its Nursing Father rest;
But, having spoil'd the Edge of ill-forg'd Law,
By Rods and Axes had been kept in Awe;
But that his gracious Hands the Sceptre held,
In all the Arts of Mildly guiding skill'd;
Who saw those Engines which unhing'd us move,
Griev'd at our Follies with a Father's Love,
Knew the vile Ways we did t' afflict him take,
And watch'd what haste we did to Ruin make;
Yet when upon its brink we seem'd to stand,
Lent to our Succour a forgiving Hand.
Though now (alas!) in the sad Grave he lies,
Yet shall his Praise for ever live, and Laurels thence arise.

270 *The THIRD PART of*

Mercy's indeed the Attribute of Heav'n,
 For Gods have Pow'r to keep the Balance ev'n,
 Which if Kings loose, how can they govern well?
 Mercy shou'd Pardon, but the Sword compel.
 Compassion's else a Kingdom's greatest harm,
 Its Warmth engenders Rebels till they swarm;
 And round the Throne themselves in Tumults spread,
 To heave the Crown from a long Suff'rer's Head.
 By Example this that God-like King ~~once knew~~;
 And after, by Experience, found too true.
 Under *Philistian* Lords we long had mourn'd,
 When he, our great Deliverer, return'd;
 But thence the Deluge of our Tears did cease,
 The Royal Dove shew'd us such marks of Peace.
 And when this Land in Blood he might have laid,
 Brought Balsam from the Wounds our selves had made.
Though now (alas!) in the sad Grave he lies,
Yet shall his Praise for ever live, and Laurels from it rise.

Then Matrons bless'd him as he pass'd along,
 And Triumph echo'd thro' th' enfranchis'd throng.
 On his each Hand his Royal Brothers shone,
 Like two Supporters of *Great Britain's* Throne:
 The first, for Deeds of Arms, renown'd as far
 As Fame e'er flew, to tell great Tales of War;
 Of Nature gen'rous, and of stedfast Mind;
 To Flatt'ry deaf, but ne'er to Merit blind;
 Reserv'd in Pleasures, but in Dangers bold;
 Youthful in Actions, and in Conduct old;
 True to his Friends, as watchful o'er his Foes,
 And a just Value upon each bestows;
 Slow to condemn, nor partial to commend;
 The brave Man's Patron, and the wrong'd Man's
 Now justly seated on th' Imperial Throne, [Friend.
 In which high Sphere no brighter Star e'er shone:
 Virtue's great Pattern, and Rebellion's Dread;
 Long may he live to bruise that Serpent's Head,
 'Till all his Foes their just Confusion meet,
 And growle and pine beneath his mighty Feet.

MISCELLANY POEMS. 271

The second, for Debates in Councils fit,
Of ready Judgment and deep piercing Wit;
To all the noblest Heights of Learning bred;
Such Men and Books with Curious Search had read:
Fathom'd the ancient Politics of Greece,
And having form'd from all one curious Piece,
Learnt thence what Springs best move and guide a
State, could with ease direct the heavy Weight. [State,
But our then angry Fate great Gloster seiz'd,
And never since seem'd perfectly appeas'd.
For, oh! What pity, People blest'd as we
With Plenty, Peace and noble Liberty,
Should so much of our old Disaste retain,
To make us surfeit into Slaves again!
Slaves to those Tyrant Lords whose Yoke we bore,
And serv'd to base a Bondage to before;
Yet 'twas our Curse, that Blessings flow'd too fast,
Or we had Appetites too coarse to taste.

Pond Israelites our Manna to refuse,
And Egypt's loathsome Flesh-pots murmur'd chuse.

Great Charles saw this, yet hush'd his rising Breast,
Though much the Lion in his Bosom prest.
But he for Sway seem'd so by Nature made,
That his own Passions knew him, and obey'd.
Master of them, he soften'd his Command,
The Sword of Rule scarce threatn'd in his Hand.
Stern Majesty upon his Brow might sit,
But Smiles, still playing round it, made it sweet:
So finely mix'd, had Nature dar'd t' afford
One least Perfection more, h'ad been ador'd,
Merciful, just, good-natur'd, lib'ral, brave,
Witty, a Pleasure's Friend, yet not her Slave.
The Paths of Life by noblest Methods trod;
Of mortal Mould, but in his Mind a God.
Though now (alas!) in the sad Grave he lies,
Yet shall his Praise for ever live, and Laurels from it rise.

In this great Mind long he his Cares resolv'd,
And long it was e'er the great Mind resolv'd.

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'Till Weariness, at last his Thoughts compos'd;
Peace was the Choice, and their Debates were clos'd,
But, oh!

Through all this Isle, where it seems most design'd,
Nothing so hard as wish'd-for Peace to find.

The Elements due Order here maintain,
And pay their Tribute in of Warmth and Rain.

Cool Shades and Streams, rich fertile Lands abound,
And Nature's bounty flows the Seasons round,

But we, a wretched race of Men, thus blest,

Of so much Happiness (if known) possess,

Mistaking every noblest Use of Life,

Left beauteous Quiet, that kind, tender Wife,

For the unwholesome, brawling Harlot, Strife,

The Man in Power, by wild Ambition led,

Envy'd all Honours on another's Head;

And, to supplant some Rival, by his Pride

Embroid'd that State his Wisdom ought to guide.

The Priests, who humble Temp'rance should profess,

Sought sicken Robes and fat voluptuous Ease;

So with small Labours in the Vineyard shown,

Forsook God's harvest to improve their own,

That dark *Enigma* (yet unriddled) Law,

Instead of doing Right and giving Awe,

Kept open Lifts, and at the noisic Bar,

Four times a Year, proclaim'd a Civil War;

Where daily Kinsman, Father, Son and Brother,

Might damn their Souls to ruin one another.

Hence Cavils rose 'gainst Heav'ns and *Cæsar's* Cause,

From false Religions and corrupted Laws;

'Till so at last Rebellion's Base was laid,

And God or King no longer were obey'd.

But that good Angel whose surmounting Power

Waited Great *Charles* in each emergent Hour,

Against whose Care Hell vainly did decree,

Nor faster could design than That foresee,

Guarding the Crown upon his Sacred Brow

From all its blackest Arts, was with him now.

Assur'd

Assur'd him Peace must be for him design'd,
 For he was born to give it all Mankind.
 By Patience, Mercies large, and many Toils,
 In his own Realms to calm intestine Broils,
 Thence ev'ry Root of Discord to remove,
 And plant us new, with Unity and Love.
 Then stretch his healing Hands to neighbouring Shoars,
 Where Slaughter rages and wild Rapine roars;
 To cool their Ferments with the Charms of Peace,
 Who, so their Madness and their Rage might cease,
 Grow all, (embracing what such Friendship brings)
 Like us the People, and like him their Kings.

*But now (alas!) in the sad Grave he lies,
 Yet shall his Praise for ever live, and Laurels from it rise.*

For this Assurance pious Thanks he paid,
 Then in his Mind the beauteous Model laid
 Of that Majestick Pile, where oft his Care
 A while forgot he might for Ease repair.
 A Seat for sweet Retirement, Health and Love,
 Britain's Olympus, where, like awful Jove,
 He pleas'd could sit, and his Regards bestow
 On the vain, busie, swarming World below.
 E'en I, the meanest of those humble Swains,
 Who sang his Praises through the fertile Plains,
 Once in a happy Hour was thither led,
 Curious to see what Fame so far had spread.
*There, Tell my Muse, what wonders thou didst find
 Worthy thy Song and his Celestial Mind.*

'Twas at that joyful, hallow'd Day's return,
 On which that Man of Miracles was born,
 At whose great Birth appear'd a Noon-day Star,
 Which Prodigy foretold yet many more;
 Did strange Escapes from dreadful Fate declare,
 Nor shin'd, but for one greater King before.
*Though now (alas!) in the sad Grave he lies,
 Yet shall his Praise for ever live, and Laurels from it rise.*

For this great Day were equal Joys prepar'd,
 The Voice of Triumph on the Hills was heard:

Redoubled Shoutings wak'd the Echo's round;
 And chearful Bowls with loyal Vows were crown'd.
 But, above all, within those lofty Towers,
 Where Glorious *Charles* then spent his happy Hours,
 Joy wore a solema, though a smiling Face;
 'Twas gay, but yet Majestick, as the Place.
Tell then, my Muse, what Wonders thou didst find.
Worthy thy Song and his Celestial Mind.

Within a Gate of strength, whose ancient Frame
 Has out-worn Time and the Records of Fame,
 A Reverend * *Dome* there stands, whose twice each Day
 Assembling Prophets their Devotions pay,
 In Prayers and Hymns to Heaven's Eternal King;
 The Cornet, Flute and Shawme, assisting as they sing.
 Here *Israel's* mystick Statutes they recount,
 From the first Tables of the Holy Mount,
 To the blest Gospel of that Glorious Lord,
 Whose precious Death Salvation has restor'd.
Here speak, my Muse, what Wonders thou didst find.
Worthy thy Song and his Celestial Mind.

Within this *Dome* a shining † Chappel's rais'd,
 Too Noble to be well describ'd or prais'd.
 Before the Door, fix'd in an Awe profound,
 I stood and gaz'd with pleasing Wonder round;
 When one approach'd who bore much sober Grace,
 Order and Ceremony in his Face;
 A threatning Rod did his dread Right-hand point,
 A badge of Rule and Terror o'er the Boys:
 His Left, a Massy bunch of Keys did sway,
 Ready to open all to all that pay.
 This Courteous Squire, observing how amaz'd
 My Eyes betray'd me as they wildly gaz'd,
 Thus gently spoke: *Those * Banners rais'd on high*
Esoken noble Vows of Chivalry,

* *S. George's Church,*

† *S. George's Chappel.*

* *The Banners of the Knights of the Garter.*

MISCELLANY POEMS. 275.

*Which bare their Heroes with Religion markt,
When they the Ensigns of this Order take,
Then in due method made me understand
What Honour fam'd St. George had done our Land;
What Toils he vanquish'd, with what Monsters strove;
Whose Champions since for Virtue, Truth and Love;
Hang, hang their Trophies, while their gen'rous Arms
Keep Wrong suppress'd and Innocence from Harms.
At this his Annals yet did greater grow,
For it had been told all Virtue was but Show;
That oft bold Villany had best Success,
As if its Use were more, nor Merit less.
But here I saw how it rewarded shou'd.*

*Tell on, my Muse; what Wonders thou didst find
Worthy thy Song and Charles his mighty Mind.*

}
}

I turn'd around my Eyes, and, Lo, a Cell,
Where melancholy Ruin seem'd to dwell:
The Door unlock'd, without or Bolt or Ward,
Seem'd as what long'd within found small regard.
Like some old Den, scarce visit'd by Day,
Where dark Oblivion lurk'd and watch'd for Prey:
Here, in a Heap of confus'd Waste, I found
Neglected Hatchments tumbled on the Ground;
The Spoils of Time, and Triumph of that Fate
Which equally on all Mankind does wait:
The Hero lay'd in his humble Grave;
With other Men, was now not great nor brave;
While here his Trophies, like their Master, lay,
To Darkness, Worms and Rottenness, a Prey.
Urg'd by such Thoughts as guide the truly Great,
Perhaps his Fate he did in Battle meet;
Fell in his Prince's and his Country's Cause;
But what his Recompence? A short Applause;
Which he ne'er hears, his Memory may grace;
Till, soon forgot, another takes his Place.

** An old life in the Church, where the Banner of a dead
Knight is carried, when another succeeds him.*

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And happy that Man's Chance who falls in time;
 E'er yet his Virtue be become his Crime;
 E'er his abus'd Desert be call'd his Pride,
 Or Fools and Villains on his Ruin ride.
 But truly blest is he whose Soul can bear
 The Wrongs of Fate, nor think them worth his Care,
 Whose Mind no Disappointment here can shake,
 Who a true Estimate of Life does make,
 Knows 'tis uncertain, frail, and will have end,
 So to that Prospect still his Thoughts does bend;
 Who, though his Right a stronger Power invade,
 Though Fate oppress, and no Man give him Aid,
 Cheer'd with th' Assurance that he there shall find
 Rest from all Toils, and no Remorse of Mind;
 Can Fortune's Smiles despise, her Frowns out-brave:
 For who's a Prince or Beggar in the Grave?

But if Immortal any thing remain,
 Rejoice my Muse, and strive that End to gain,
 Thou kind Dissolver of encroaching Care,
 And Ease of ev'ry bitter Weight I bear,
 Keep from my Soul Repining, while I sing
 The Praise and Honour of this Glorious King;
*And farther tell what Wonders thou didst find
 Worthy thy Song and his Celestial Mind.*

Beyond the *Dome* a * Lofty Tower appears,
 Beauteous in Strength, the Work of long past Years;
 Old as his noble Stem, who there bears sway,
 And, like his Loyalty, without Decay.
 This goodly ancient Frame looks as it stood
 The Mother Pile, and all the rest her brood.
 So careful Watch seems piously to keep,
 While underneath her Wings the Mighty sleep;
 And they may rest, since † *Norfolk* there commands,
 Safe in his faithful Heart and valiant Hands.

* *The Castle.* † *The now Duke of N. Constable of
 Windsor Castle.*

But now appears the * Beauteous Seat of Peace,
Large of extent and fit for goodly Ease;
Where Noble Order strikes the greedy Sight
With Wonder, as it fills it with Delight;
The massy Walls seem, as the Womb of Earth,
Shrunk when such mighty Quarries thence had birth;
Or by the *Thoban* Founder they'd been rais'd,
And in his pow'rful Numbers should be prais'd:
Such Strength without does every where abound,
Within such Glory and such Splendor's found,
As Man's united Skill had there combin'd
T' express what one great *Genius* had design'd.

Thus, when the happy World *Augustus* sway'd,
Knowledge was cherish'd and Improvement made;
Learning and Arts his Empire did adorn,
Nor did there one neglected Virtue mourn;
But, at his Call, from farthest Nations came,
While the Immortal Muses gave him Fame.
Though when her far stretch'd Empire flourish'd most
Rome never yet a Work like this could boast:
No *Cesar* e'er like *Charles* his Pomp express'd,
Nor ever were his Nations half so blest:
Though now (alas!) in the sad Grave he lies,
Yet shall his Praise for ever live, and Laurels from it rise.

Here, as all Nature's Wealth to Court him prest,
Seem'd to attend him, Plenty, Peace and Rest.
Through all the lofty Roofs * describ'd we find
The Toils and Triumphs of his Godlike Mind:
A Theam that might the Noblest Fancy warm,
And only fit for † his who did perform.
The Walls adorn'd with richest woven Gold,
Equal to what in Temples shin'd of old,
Grac'd well the Lustre of his Royal Ease,
Whose Empire reach'd throughout the wealthy Seas;

O 3

* The House. * The Paintings done by † The
Sieur Verrio, his Majesty's chief Painter.

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Ease which he wisely chose, when raging Arms
 Kept Neighb'ring Nations waking with Alarms:
 For when Wars troubled her soft Fountains there,
 She swell'd her Streams, and flow'd in faster here;
 With her came Plenty, till our Isle seem'd blest
 As *Canaan's Shore*, where *Israel's Sons* found rest.
 Therefore when Cruel Spoilers, who have hurl'd
 Waste and Confusion through the wretched World,
 To after Times leave a great hated Name,
 The Praise of Peace shall wait on *Charles's* Fame;
 His Country's Father, through whose tender Care,
 Like a lull'd Babe she slept, and knew no Fear;
 Who, when sh'offended, oft would hide his Eyes,
 Nor see, because it griev'd him to chastize.
 But if Submission brought her to his Feet,
 With what true Joy the Penitent he'd meet!
 How would his Love still with his Justice strive!
 How Parent-like, how fondly he'd forgive!
But now (alas!) in the sad Grave he lies,
Yet shall his Praise for ever live, and Laurels from it rise.

Since after all those Toils through which he strove
 By ev'ry Art of most endearing Love,
 For his Reward he had his *Britain* found,
 The Awe and Envy of the Nations round.
Muse then speak more what Wonders thou didst find
Worthy thy Song and his Celestial Mind.
 Tell now what Emulation may inspire
 And warm each *British* Heart with Warlike Fire;
 Call all thy Sisters of the Sacred Hill,
 And by the Painter's Pencil guide my Quill;
 Describe that lofty monumental * *Hill*,
 Where *England's* Triumphs grace the shining Wall, }
 When she led captive Kings from conquer'd *Gaul*. }
 Here when the Sons of Fame their Leader meet,
 And at their Feasts in pompous order sit,
 When the glad sparkling Bowl inspires the Board,
 And high rais'd Thoughts great Tales of War afford,

* *Where St. George's Feast is kept.*

MISCELLANY POEMS. 279

Here as a Lesson may their Eyes behold
 What their victorious Fathers did of old ;
 When their proud Neighbours of the *Gallick Shore*
 Trembled to hear the *English Lion* roar.
 Here may they see how good old * *Edward* sat,
 And did his † *Glorious Son's* Arrival wait,
 When from the Fields of vanquish'd *France* he came,
 Follow'd by Spoils, and usher'd in by Fame.
 In Golden Chains he then quell'd Monarch led,
 Oh, for such Laurels on another Head !
 Unus'd with Sloth, nor yet o'erclay'd with Peace,
 We had not then learn'd the loose Arts of Ease.
 In our own Climates our vig'rous Youth were nurt,
 And with no Foreign Educations curst.
 Their Northern Mettle was preserv'd with Care,
 Not sent yet soft'ning into hotter Air.
 Nor did they as now from fruitless Travels come
 With Follies, Vices and Diseases home ;
 But in full Purity of Health and Mind
 Kept up the Noble Virtues of their Kind.
 Had not false Senates to those Ills dispos'd,
 Which long had *England's* Happiness oppos'd
 With stubborn Faction and rebellious Pride,
 All Means to such a Noble End deny'd,
 To *Britain*, *Charles* this Glory had restor'd,
 And those revolted Nations own'd their Lord.
 But now (alas !) in the sad Grave he lies,
 Yet shall his Praise for ever live, and Laurels from it rise.
 And now survey what's open'd to our View,
 Bow down all Heads, and pay Devotion due,
 The * *Temple* by this *Hero* built behold,
 Adorn'd with Carvings, and o'erlaid with Gold ;
 Whose radiant Roof such Glory does display,
 We think we see the Heaven, to which we pray ;

O 4

* *Edw. III.* † *The Black Prince.* * *The Chapel at the end of the Hall.*

So well the Artist's Hand has there delin'd
 The merciful Redemption of Mankind;
 The bright Ascension of the Son of God,
 When back through yielding Skies to Heav'n he rode,
 With Lightning round his Head, and Thunder }
 where he trod.

Thus when to *Charles*, as *Solomon*, was giv'n
 Wisdom, the greatest Gift of bounteous Heav'n,
 A House like his he built, and Temple rais'd,
 Where his Creator might be fitly prais'd;
 With Riches too and Honours was he Crown'd,
 Nor whilst he liv'd, was there one like him found,
 Therefore what once to *Israel's* Lord was said,
 When *Sheba's* Queen his glorious Court survey'd,
 To *Charles's* Fame for ever shall remain,
 Who did as wondrous things, who did as greatly Reign,
 " Happy were they who could before him stand,
 " And saw the Wisdom of his dread Command;
 For Heav'n resolv'd, that much above the rest
 Of other Nations *Britain* should be blest.
 Found him when Banish'd from his Sacred Right;
 Try'd his Great Soul, and in it took delight;
 Then to his Throne in Triumph did him bring,
 Where never Rul'd a Wiser, Juster King.

*But now (alas!) in the sad Grave he lies,
 Yet shall his Praise for ever live, and Laurels from it rise,*

Thus far the Painter's Hand did guide the Muse,
 Now let her lead, nor will he sure refuse.
 Two kindred Arts they are, so near ally'd,
 They oft have by each other been supply'd.
 Therefore, Great Man! when next thy Thoughts incline
 The works of Fame, let this be the Design.
 As thou couldst best Great *Charles* his Glory show,
 Shew how he fell, and whence the fatal Blow.

In a large Scene may give Beholders Awe,
 The meeting of a num'rous Senate draw;
 Over their Heads a black distemper'd Sky,
 And through the Air let grinning Furies fly,

Charg'd with Commissions of Infernal date,
 To raise fell Discord and Intestine Hate;
 From their foul Heads let them by handfals tear
 The ugliest Snakes, and best lov'd Fav'rites there,
 Then whirl them (spouring Venom as they fall)
 'Mongst the assembled Numbers of the Hall;
 There into murm'ring Bosoms let them go,
 'Till their Infection to Confusion grow;
 Till such bold Tumults and Disorders rise, [ned Skies.
 As when the Impious Sons of Earth assail'd the threat-
 But then let Mighty Charles at distance stand,
 His Crown upon his Head, and Sceptre in his Hand;
 To send abroad his Word, or with a Frown
 Repel, and dash th' Aspiring Rebels down:
 Unable to behold his dreaded Ray,
 Let them grow blind, disperse and reel away.
 Let the dark Fiends the troubled Air forsake,
 And all new peaceful Order seem to take.

But oh imagine Fate t'have waited long
 An Hour like this, and mingled in the Throng,
 Rous'd with those Furies from her Seat below,
 T'have watch'd her only time to give the Blow:
 When cruel Cares by faithless Subjects bred,
 Too closely press'd his Sacred Peaceful Head;
 With them t'have pointed her destroying Dart,
 And through the Brain found Passage to the Heart.
*Deep wounding Plagues avenging Heav'n bestow
 On those Curs'd Heads to whom this loss we owe!
 On all who Charles his Heart affliction gave,
 And sent him to the Sorrows of the Grave!*

Now, Painter, (if thy Griets can let thee) draw
 The saddest Scene that weeping Eyes e'er saw;
 How on his Royal Bed that woful Day
 The much lamented Mighty Monarch lay;
 Great in his Fate, and ev'n o'er that a King,
 No Terror could the Lord of Terrors bring.
 Through many steady and well manag'd Years
 H'ad arm'd his Mind 'gainst all those little Fears,

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Which common Mortals want the Pow'r to hide,
 When their mean Souls, and valu'd Clay divide.
 H'ad studied well the worth of Life, and know
 Its Troubles many, and its Blessings few;
 Therefore unmov'd did Deaths approaches see,
 And grew familiar with his Destiny.
 Like an Acquaintance entertain'd his Fate,
 Who as it knew him, seem'd content to wait,
 Not as his Goaler, but his friendly Guide,
 While he for his great Journey did provide.

Oh couldst thou express the Yearnings of his Mind
 To his poor mourning People left behind!
 But that I fear will e'en thy Skill deceive,
 None but a Soul like his such Goodness could conceive.
 For though a stubborn Race deserving ill,
 Yet would he shew himself a Father still.
 Therefore he chose for that peculiar Care,
 His Crowns, his Vertues, and his Mercies heir.
 Great *James* who to his Throne does now succeed,
 And charg'd him tenderly his Flocks to feed;
 To guide them too, too apt to run astray,
 And keep the Foxes and the Wolves away.

Here, Painter, if thou canst thy Art improve,
 And shew the Wonders of Eternal Love;
 How Mourning *James* by fading *Charles* did stand,
 The Dying grasping the Surviving Hand;
 How round each others Necks their Arms they cast,
 Moan'd with endearing Murm'ring, and embrac'd,
 And of their parting Pangs such Marks did give,
 'Twas hard to guess which yet could longest live,
 Both their sad Tongues quite lost the Pow'r to speak,
 And their kind Hearts 'cent'd both prepar'd to break.

Here let thy curious Pencil next display,
 How round his Bed a beauteous Off spring lay,
 With their Great Father's Blessing to be Crown'd,
 Like young fierce Lions stretch'd upon the Ground,
 And in Majestick silent Sorrow drown'd.

This done, suppose the ghastly Minute nigh,
 And Paint the Griefs of the sad Stander-by;

Th' unwearied Rev'rend Father's pious Care,
 Offering (as oft as Tears could stop) a Prayer,
 Of Kindred Nobles draw a sorrowing Train, [Pain;
 Whose Looks may speak how much they shar'd his
 How from each Groan of his, deriving smart,
 Each fetch'd another from a tortur'd Heart,
 Mingled with these, his faithful Servants place,
 With different Lines of Woe in ev'ry Face; [Eyes,
 With down-cast Heads, swoln Breasts, and streaming
 And Sighs that mount in vain the unrelenting Skies.

But yet there still remains a Task behind,
 In which thy readiest Art may labour find,
 At distance let the Mourning Queen appear,
 (But where sad News too soon may reach her Ear;)
 Describe her prostrate to the Throne above,
 Pleading with Pray'r the tender cause of Love:
 Shew Troops of Angels hov'ring from the Sky,
 (For they whene'er she call'd were always nigh)
 Let them attend her Cries and hear her Moan,
 With Looks of beauteous Sadness like her own,
 Because they know her Lord's great Doom is seal'd,
 And cannot (though she asks it) be repeal'd.

By this time think the work of Fate is done,
 So any farther sad Description shun.

Shew him not Pale and Breathless on his Bed,
 'Twould make all Gazers on thy Art fall Dead;
 And thou thy self to such a Scene of Woe
 Add a new Piece, and thy own Statue grow.

Wipe therefore all thy Pencils, and prepare
 To Draw a Prospect now of clearer Air.
 Paint in an Eastern Sky new dawning Day,
 And there the Embryo's of Time display;
 The forms of many smiling Years to come,
 Just ripe for Birth, and lab'ring from their Womb,
 Each struggling which shall Eldership obtain,
 To be first Grac'd with Mighty James his Reign.
 Let the Dread Monarch on his Throne appear;
 Place too the charming Partner of it there.

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O'er his their Wings let Fame and Triumph spread;
 And soft-Ey'd *Cupids* hover o'er her Head;
 In his Paint Smiling, yet Majestick Grace,
 But all the Wealth of Beauty in her Face.
 Then from the different Corners of the Earth
 Describe Applauding Nations coming forth,
 Homage to pay, or humble Peace to gain,
 And own Auspicious *Omens* from his Reign.
 Set at long distance his Contracted Foes
 Shrinking from what they dare not now oppose;
 Draw Shame or mean Despair in all their Eyes,
 And Terror lest th'avenging Hand should rise.
 But where his Smiles extend, draw beauteous Peace,
 The Poor Man's chearful Toils, the Rich Man's Ease,
 Here, Shepherds Piping to their feeding Sheep,
 Or stretch'd at length in their warm Hutts asleep;
 There jolly Hinds spread through the sultry Fields,
 Reaping such Harvests as their Tillage yields;
 Or shelter'd from the Scorchings of the Sun;
 Their Labours ended, and Repast begun;
 Rang'd on Green Banks which they themselves did raise,
 Singing their own Content, and Ruler's Praise.
 Draw beauteous Meadows, Gardens, Groves and Bowers,
 Where Contemplation best may pass her Hours;
 Fill'd with Chast Lovers plighting Constant Hearts,
 Rejoycing Muses, and encourag'd Arts.
 Draw ev'ry thing like this that Thought can frame,
 Best suiting with thy Theam, Great *James* his Fame.
 Known for the Man who from his youthful Years,
 By mighty Deeds has earn'd the Crown he wears;
 Whose Conqu'ring Arm far envied Wonders wrought,
 When an ungrateful People's Cause he fought;
 When for their Rights he his brave Sword employ'd,
 Who in Return would have his Rights destroy'd:
 But Heav'n such injur'd Merit did regard,
 (As Heav'n in time true Virtue will reward)
 So to a Throne by Providence he rose,
 And all who e'er were his, were Providence's Foes,

To KING JAMES II. on
his Accession to the Throne.

By Robert Mountague of Trin. Coll. Cambridge.

OUR Tears are paid: Let now our Native Tongue
Express our Joys, in its own Artless Song;
And welcome you, great Sir, to that high Throne,
Which Birth, and Merit, doubly make your own,
The *Best* of *Masters*, and the *Best* of *Friends*,
Deservedly in *Best* of *Monarchs* ends.

Joy of the Good, the Terror of your Foes,
Whose Mind no Change or Fear in danger knows;
Who did through envious Storms undaunted ride,
Broke the malicious Waves, and stemm'd the Tide,
Tempests, that make ignoble Souls expire,
Urge on the Brave, and lift their Virtues higher.

But now 'tis calm, the smiling Heavens are clear,
You, of all Troubles eas'd, and we of Fear.
Our Discords, Jealousies, and needless fright,
Your Goodness calms, your Virtue puts to flight:
So when the Sun^d does mount the Eastern Sky,
The Sick'ning Stars, and dazled Monsters fly.
What Blessings will his bright Meridian show,
Whose rising Beams rejoice and warm us so!

In Promise Gracious, as in Actions Great,
His Word maintains, his Arm will raise, the State.

You, you alone could fill Blest Charles's place,
The last great Pillar of the *Stuart's* Race:

In whom contracting Nature has ingross'd
The Virtues, which in all the Rest are lost.

Wisdom of *James*, the *Martyr's* Constancy,

But, Godlike *Charles*, what most excell'd in thee, }
All that bright numerous Host in *James* agree.

Whose early Valour did first shine Abroad,
And Matchless Worth, in Foreign Armies, shew'd;

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Then in your Brother's, and your Country's Cause,
Your Thundring Hand gave raging *Neposus* Laws.
On happy Ile! what will your *Monarch* now
For his own Glory, his own *England* do?
Where will that King's victorious Arms be stay'd,
Whom, when a Subject, Winds and Seas obey'd?
Brave *English* Spirits with your Conduct join'd,
Shall Ballance *Europe*, and Relieve Mankind.
Such were our Kings, from whom th' immortal Fame,
Of *Poissier*, *Agincourt*, and *Cressy* came.

And lo! I see, I see, in sacred Rage,
Like Victories, like Triumphs, in this Age.
Oh glorious Day! to Arms, to Arms they call,
Is! they quake, they shrink, they fly, they fall.
Triumphant Laurels shade our *Monarch's* Brows,
James, and the *English* Name, no limit knows.
Above the Stars his tow'ning Virtues go,
And leave the *Muses* fainting Wings below.

To the QUEEN. Upon the same Occasion.

By *James Montague*, of *Trin.* Col. Cam.

NOT all our Grief for *Charles*, in *James* our Joys,
Makes us forget our Tribute to your Eyes.
Sorrow and Gladness may the *Muses* share;
But the whole Train must wait upon the Fair.
They claim no great Concerns in Turns of State,
But, with glad Songs, on rising Beauties wait; }
And from your Influence expect their Fate.
Men's Loyalty must to the *King* be seen,
But *Female* *Muses* should attend the *Queen*.
Beauty and Poetry are near ally'd,
Each by the other's kindly Aid supply'd:
Poets owe Raptures to Love's quick'ning Fire,
And pay back Praises, which such Eyes inspire.
What Ecstasies will then that Beauty move,
Who wears the Crown of *England* and of Love!

MISCELLANY POEMS. 287

Of Love, resembling that we pay before
 The heavenly Throne; which trembling we adore.
 No wonder *Tasso* reach'd that glorious Height;
 How could his Genius take a lower Flight;
 Rais'd by your Race, inspir'd by Eyes so bright;
 But whither would his tow'ring Muse have flown,
 T' have seen his brave *Clorinda* on a Throne?
 Which now the *English* Diadem can shew:
Armida's Charms were but the Type of you.
 And now our Hopes expect, from such a Race,
 An *Aeneas*, shall *Rinaldo's* Arms deface.
 Fortune design'd that Favour to our Land,
 When she prefer'd its Scepter to your Hand;
 And with your Beauty bless'd the *British* Crown,
 Whose Empire (ere a Queen) the World did own:
 But now does humble Adoration draw,
 And strike at once (like Lightning) Fear, and Awe.
 This for Great *James*, kind Heaven did prepare,
 To ease his Troubles, and unbend his Care.
 This Blessing now, in Peace he may enjoy,
 Your mutual Happiness no Storms destroy.
 No more the Wars of this ungrateful Land,
 (That powerful Call which he could ne'er withstand,)
 Shall draw him from his loving Consort's Breast,
 And make him lose his own, to give us, Rest.
 No more shall murmur'ing Factions chase away,
 And force him over Seas, less rough than they:
 Now smiling Heaven will mighty Blessings shed;
 And future Kings spring from your Royal Bed.
 Thus great *Aeneas* long with Tempests strove,
 And did fierce *Juno's* utmost Malice prove:
 In vain she rais'd up Hell, to serve her Hate,
 In vain, *Mezentius* struggled against Fate;
 He gain'd his fair *Italian* Bride at last,
 The worthy Recompence of Dangers past;
 Settled his Kingdom, vanquish'd all his Foes,
 And in *Lavinia's* Arms found sweet Repose,
 From whom the *Cæsars* came, and *Rome's* vast Em-
 pire rose.

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On the Death of King CHARLES

By *Charles Montague*, of *Trim*. Col. *Camb.*

Farewel, Great *Charles*, Monarch of blest Renown
The best Good Man, that ever fill'd a Throne
Whom Nature, as her highest Pattern, wrought,
And mixt both Sexes Virtues in one Draught.
Wisdom for Councils, Bravery in War,
With all the mild Good-nature of the Fair.
The Womans Sweetness temper'd manly Wit,
And loving Power did Crown'd with Meekness sit.
His awful Person Reverence engag'd,
Which mild Address and Tenderness asswag'd:
Thus the Almighty Gracious King above,
Does both command our Fear, and win our Love;
With Wonders born, by Miracles preserv'd,
A Heavenly Host the Infants Cradle serv'd.
And Men his healing Empire's Omen read,
When *Sun* with *Stars*, and *Day* with *Night*, agreed,
His Youth for valorous Patience was renown'd,
Like *David*, persecuted first, then Crown'd.
Lov'd in all Courts, admir'd where-e'er he came,
At once our Nation's Glory, and its Shame:
They blest the *Isle*, where such great Spirits dwell,
Abhor'd the Men, that could such Worth expel.
To spare our Lives, he meekly did defeat
Those *Savels*, whom *wandering Asses* made so great;
Waiting, till Heav'n's Election should be shown,
And the *Almighty* should his *Unction* own.
And own he did---his powerful Arm display'd,
And *Israel*, the Belov'd of God, obey'd.
Call'd by his People's Tears, he came, he eas'd
The groaning Nation, the black Storms appeas'd:
Did greater Blessings, than he took, afford,
England its self, was more, than he, restor'd.
Unhappy *Albion*, by strange Ills oppress'd,
In various Feavers tost, could find no Rest:
Quite spent and wearied, to his Arms she fled,
And rested on his Shoulders, her fair bending Head

In Conquests mild, he came from Exile kind,
 No Climes, no Provocations chang'd his Mind:
 No Malice show'd, no Hate, Revenge, or Pride,
 But rul'd as meekly, as his Father dy'd;
 Eas'd us from endless Wars, made Discords cease,
 Restor'd to Quiet, and maintain'd in Peace:
 A mighty Series of new Time began,
 And rowling Years in joyful Circles ran.
 Then Wealth the City, Business fill'd the Port,
 To Mirth our Tumults turn'd, our Wars to Sport:
 Then Learning flourish'd, blooming Arts did spring,
 And the glad *Muses* prun'd their drooping Wing.
 Then did our *flying Towers* improvement know,
 Who now command as far, as Winds can blow.
 With Canvass Wings round all the Globe they fly,
 And, built by *Charles* his Art; all Storms defy:
 To ev'ry Coast with ready Sails are hurl'd,
 Fill us with Wealth, and with our Fame the World;
 From whose Distractions Seas do us divide;
 Their Riches here in floating Castles ride.
 We reap the swarthy *Indian's* Sweat and Toil,
 Their Fruit, without the Mischiefs of their Soil.
 Here in cool Shades their Gold and Pearles receive,
 Free from the Heat, which does their Lustre give,
 In *Persian* Silks, eat *Eastern* Spice; secure
 From burning Fluxes, and their Calenture.
 Under our Vines upon the peaceful Shore,
 We see all *Europe* tost, hear Tempests roar,
 Rapine, Sword, Wars, and Famine rage abroad,
 While *Charles* their Host, like *Jove* from *Ida*, aw'd;
 Us from our Foes, and from our selves did shield,
 Our Towns from Tumults, and from Arms the Field;
 For, when bold Factions *Goodness* could disdain,
 Unwillingly he us'd a stricter Rein:
 In the still gentle Voice he lov'd to speak,
 But could with Thunder harden'd Rebels break.
 Yet though they wake'd the Laws, his tender Mind
 Was undisturb'd, in Wrath severely kind.

Tempting his Power, and urging to assume;
 Thus *Jove* in love did *Semele* consume.
 As the Stout *Oak*, when round his Trunk the Vine
 Does in soft Wreaths, and amorous Foldings twine,
 Ease and slight appears: the Winds from far
 Summon their noise Forces to the War;
 But though so gentle seems his outward Form,
 His hidden Strength outbraves the loudest Storm:
 Firmer he stands and boldly keeps the Field,
 Showing stout Minds, when unprovok'd, are mild.
 So when the good *Man* made the Crowd presume,
 He shew'd himself, and did the *King* assume:
 For Goodness in Excess may be a Sin,
Justice must *reave*, whom *Mercy* cannot win.
 Thus Winter fixes the unstable Sea,
 And teaches restless Water Constancy,
 Which under the warm Influence of bright Days,
 The sickle Motion of each Blast obeys.
 To bridle Factions, stop Rebellion's Course,
 By easy Methods vanquish without Force,
 Relieve the Good, bold stubborn Foes subdue,
 Mildness in Wrath, Meekness in Anger shew,
 Were Arts, great *Charles* his Prudence only knew. }
 To fright the Bad thus awful Thunder rols;
 While the bright Bow secures the Faithful Souls.

Such is thy Glory, *Charles*, thy lasting Name,
 Brighter than our proud *Neighbour's* guilty Fame:
 More noble than the Spoils, that Battels yield,
 Or all the empty Triumphs of the Field.
 'Tis less to conquer, than to make Wars cease,
 And without fighting, awe the World to Peace;
 For proudest Triumphs from Contempt arise,
 The vanquish'd hiss the Conqueror's Arms despise.
 Won Ensigns are the gaudy Marks of Scorn,
 They brave the Victor first and then adorn;
 But peaceful Monarchs Reign like Gods; while none
 Dispute, all Love, Bless, Reverence their Throne.
 Tigers, and Bears, with all the savage Host,
 May Boldness, Strength, and daring Conquest boast:

But the sweet Passions of a Generous Mind,
 Are the Prerogative of Human-kind,
 The God-like Image on our Clay impress'd,
 The darling Attribute which Heaven loves best.
 In *Charles*, so good a Man and King, we see
 A double Image of the Deity.
 Oh! had he more resembled it! Oh why
 Was he not still more like; and could not die?
 Now do our Thoughts alone enjoy his Name,
 And faint Ideas of our Blessing frame!
 In *Thames*, the Ocean's Darling, *England's* Pride,
 The pleasing Emblem of his Reign does glide.
Thames the Support, and Glory of our Isle,
 Richer than *Tagus*, or *Ægyptian Nile*.
 Though no rich Sand in him, no Pearls are found,
 Yet Fields rejoice, his Meadows laugh around;
 Less Wealth his Bosom holds, less gulfy Stores,
 For he exhales himself, & enrich the Shores:
 Mild, and serene, the peaceful Current flows,
 No angry Foam, no raging Surges knows.
 No dreadful Wreck upon his Banks appears,
 His Crystal Stream unstain'd by Widows Tears,
 His Channel strong and calm, deep and clear.
 No arbitrary Inundations sweep
 The Plowman's Hopes and Life into the Deep,
 The even Waters the old Limits keep.
 But oh! he ebbs, the smiling Waves decay,
 (For ever, lovely Stream, for ever Ray!)
 To the black Sea his silent Course does bend,
 Where the best Streams, the longest Rivers, end.
 His spotless Waves there undistinguish'd pass,
 None see, how clear, how bounteous, sweet, he was.
 No difference, now, (though late so much) is seen,
 'Twixt him, fierce *Rhine*, and the impetuous *Seyne*.
 But lo! the joyful Tide our Hopes restores,
 And dancing Waves extend the wid'ning Shores.
James is our *Charles* in all things but in Name:
 Thus *Thames* is daily lost, yet still the same.

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On the Death of K. Charles II. and the
Inauguration of K. James II.

By Mr. Ephraim Howard.

WITH Joy for James, for Charles with Tears
 Two Passions do our Piety divide: [Supply'd
 And whilst such different Theams employ our Hous,
 We smile like *April Suns*, and weep like *April Showers*.
 Dread James! Thou canst but half our Duty have;
 The other lies with *Cæsar* in the Grave;
 And whilst our Voice proclaims Thee to the Skies,
 Charles has the weeping Tribute of our Eyes.
 Nor fewer Tears, than from a Nation fall,
 Should flow at that *Great Monarch's Funeral*,
 Who, when alive, bid the rude Waves obey,
 And claim'd a saltier Tribute from the Sea.
 He's dead who Peace could to three Kingdoms give,
 That doom'd, like Fate, and bid the Nations live;
 Great Umpire of the Fate of Christendom,
 No lesser Office did that Star forerun,
 That grac'd his Birth, and brav'd the Mid-day Sun. }
 He's dead, and yet no Comet from the Sky
 Foretold that such an om'nous Change was nigh;
 No sighing Winds, no low'ring weeping Storm:
 Better that charge our Sighs and Tears perform.
 No noisie Omen thunder'd from the Sky;
 Those are the Signs, when bold *Usurpers* die.
 Wrapt like *Elijah* up to Heaven in Fire,
 In scav'rish Flames, the *Monarch* does expire;
 His *Royal Mantle* is great James his Share,
 At once his Kingdoms and his Virtue's Heir.
 So tho' in Flames the burning *Phoenix* dies,
 Another still does from those Flames arise; }
 And Kings Immortal are, as those, above the Skies.
 Auspicious Prince! thou chasest all our Fears,
 Wip'st our wet Eyes, and dry'st the Nation's Tears:
 Thus Plants, that wept for the departed Day,
 Rejoice with the next Sun's reviving Ray.

*ail Gracious Sovereign, Thou Great, Thou Good,
 ally'd to Charles in Virtues, as in Blood;
 awful, but Kind; fram'd equally with Love,
 for the great Offices of Rule, and Love,
 Thou lay'st our Grievs in Charles his Grave asleep,
 Thinking on thee I had forgot to weep:
 Pride of the World, and Joy of all Mankind,
 by Fate for th' Empire of the World design'd.
 On him ye Powers all Charles his Virtues shed,
 but double his Years and Blessings on his Head:
 Till late returning to his native Sky,
 Ages, as yet unborn, behold him die, [jesty.
 blanch'd o'er with venerable Years, and hoary Ma-*

*On the Death of K. Charles II. and the
 Accession of K. James II. to the Throne.*

By Mr. William Ayliffe.

NOR to be Wise, or Good, or Great
 Can stop th' impetuous Course of Fate,
 Can one short Moment hasty Death delay:
 To Morrow, I will die, the Fool may say;
 Alas! to Day it self's too late;
 The Wise, the Good, and Great dy'd Yesterday.
 Like one of us he fell,
 And no loud Prodigies did his Hour foretel;
 As in the Crowd of frail Mortality
 Heaven seem'd to pass him unregarded by!
 No, Heaven before its Miracles had sent,
 heav'n on his Life had all its Wonders spent, [die.
 And 'twas the only Wonder left, the mighty Man could
 Heaven smiling on his Birth did wait;
 And a Prophetick Star pronounc'd him great:
 Nor was't a feeble sickly Ray,
 Fit only to adorn
 The earlier Hours of his Morn;
 But clear it shin'd, and gilded all his Day:

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And tho' a while, we must confess,
Thick Darkness hid him from our longing Sight,
His Glory yet was ne'er the less;
He, like the clouded Sun, was to himself as bright;
Was one continued Beam of unexhausted Light:
Which, unextinguish'd in his peaceful Urn,
A sacred Lamp to future times shall burn.
His Fame to future Time shall sure abide;
As cedar, so shall whiter grow;
Thou art fairer Sun, whose too near Sight
Does half its darling Glories hide;
Will by a well-plac'd Distance brighter show,
Ages to come his wondrous Acts shall read,
Admire him living, and lament him dead;
Whilst we, tho' much we mourn him gone,
May yet rejoice that he was ours so long:
And if th' immortal Dead do know
The Business of Mankind below:
Sure thou, *Bright Sun*, with kind Concern look'st down,
And breath'st auspicious Wishes to thy Crown:
Thou, like a friendly Star, dost shine
To guide the Vessel, once was thine;
Thou, (whilst great *James* does bear thy earthly sway)
Amidst the Regions of eternal Day,
Triumphantly dost in exalted Empire stand
And reign'st the Good Protecting *Genius* of our Land.

II.

Such was the Loss, and such the Grief,
When the fam'd *Gracian* Heroe dy'd,
And half Mankind lay weeping by his Side;
Thus he, and thus Great *Charles* expiring cry'd,
To the most *Worthy* all my Crowns I give;
My Scepters, and my Kingdoms leave;
Nor was it here a doubtful Case,
Since *Fate*, and *Charles* at once the same design'd:
Undoubted *Right*; and just *Desert* combin'd;
To single out the best of human Race,
And with a distinguishing Stamp the Royal Heroe grace

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'Twas he, whose flaming Courage did disdain
 The slow Advance of Vulgar Men;
 Whose early Years in Foreign Wars did show,
 What riper Age might for his Country do;
 'Twas he who all our Battels fought,
 And to our joyful Land rich Conquests brought;
 'Twas he who did in Fire and Storm
 Defend the Crown, his now adorns;
 How blest were we, had we the Blessing known,
 Whilst both the Princely Brothers were our own
 But Heaven, that we our Happiness
 Might truly understand, did make it less.
 And now since Heav'n did *Charles* remove
 To encrease the number of the Bless'd above;
 Those Honours, that to both were due,
 To single *James* let's humbly pay,
 Let every Hand, and every Heart Great *James* obey:
 As he, who two rich Jewels own'd,
 'Till an unlucky Hour took one away,
 Having a while the fatal Loss bemoan'd,
 With secret Joy the other safe does view,
 Close to his Heart the shining Gem does wear,
 And keeps it with a double Value, double Care.

III.

Hail, ye two celebrated Names,
 Immortal *Charles*, and as immortal *James*!
 Ye kindest Brothers, and ye best of Men,
 Born to redeem the Name of Friend again!
Charles surely did with Joy alone
 The Glories of a Crown resign; [thine:
 For well he knew, great *James*, his Crown would then be
 And surely none but *James* before
 With Tears receiv'd a Crown; [these more,
 For than thy Crown, great *Charles*, he much did love
 Like two brave Bulwarks both did stand;
 Strength to themselves, and safety to their Land:
James did his Brother's Rights maintain;
 With noblest Honours did restore.

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The usurp'd Empire of the *British* Main :
 And Godlike *Charles* again,
 When, like th' unruly Sea, Diffension rag'd,
 And every vulgar Breath engag'd
 To blow the factious Tempest high;
 When in the angry Ocean *James* was tost,
 And the rich Fraight was almost lost,
Charles : saw the overwhelming Ruin nigh,
 And did, like *Neptune*, 'bove the Waves appear,
 Chid the rude Winds, and all was wond'rous calm, and
 And now, when *Hesperus* Peace around did smile, [clear
 And lasting Happiness embrac'd our Isle;
 When busie Life its Task had done below,
 Heaven call'd, and *Charles* with joyful haste did go,
 The good *Athenian* thus, when he
 His Country, long distress'd at last did see
 In Peace; it is enough, ye Gods, did cry,
 And now I'll thankful die;
 Then gladly with his latest Breath
 Bless'd his kind Fate, and yielded cheerfully to Death;

IV.

No more we'll mourn, complain no more,
 Since bounteous Heaven has Blessings still in Store;
 But Songs of Triumph, and of Joy
 Shall every Loyal Pen employ :
 And lo! the glorious Scene draws near, [appear:
 The solemn Pomp doth to our labouring Thought
 See, the Grand *British* Senate's set;
 Our Upper and our Lower Gods are met;
 See, see, where in the Throne of State
 New *Cæsar*, like Imperial *Jove*, does stand,
 With Peace and War in either Hand;
 And to the list'ning World does dictate Fate:
 Nor shall his Thunder idle lie;
 Nations amaz'd the dreadful Voice shall hear,
 And learn once more our awful Kings to fear:
 Whilst *James*, with all the sweets of Empire blest,
 Remov'd from Dangers, sits secure at rest,

And

And kills at distance, like the Deity:
 Our *English* Swords again shall famous grow,
 Injurious Enemies shall their Sharpness know;
 And vanquish'd *Monarchs* trembling shall confess
 Britain the greater World, and theirs the less.

To King JAMES II. upon his Accession to the Throne.

By Mr. George Stepney of Trin. Coll. Cambr.

AS Victors lose the Trouble they sustain
 In greater Trophies which the Triumphs gain;
 And Martyrs, when the joyful Crown is giv'n,
 Forget the Pain, by which they purchas'd Heav'n:
 So when the *Phoenix* of our Empire dy'd,
 And with a greater Heir the empty Throne supply'd;
 Your Glory dissipates our mournful Dew,
 And turns our Grief for *Charles* to Joy for You.
 Mysterious Fate; whose *One Decree* could prove,
 The high Extream of Cruelty, and Love!

May then no flight of a blaspheming *Muse*
 Those wise Resolves of Providence accuse,
 Which eas'd our *Atlas* of his glorious Weight:
 Since stronger *Hercules* Supports the State.
 England no more shall pensive Thoughts employ
 On Him, she's lost; but Him, she has, enjoy.
 So *Ariadne*, when her *Lover* fled,
 And *Bacchus* honour'd the deserted Bed,
 Ceas'd with her Tears to raise the swelling Flood,
 Forgot her *Theseus*, and embrac'd the God.



A Description of the TOMBS in Westminster-Abby.

You must suppose it to be Easter Holy-Days: At what time Cicely and Dol, Kate and Peggy, Moll and Nan, are marching to Westminster, with a Leath of Prentices before 'em; who go rowing themselves along with their right Arms to make more haste, and now and then with a greasie Muscender wipe away the dripping that bastes their Foreheads. As the Door they meet a crowd of Wapping Seamen, Southwark Broom-men, the Inhabitants of the Bank-side, with a Butcher or two prick'd in among them. There a while they stand gaping for the Master of the Show, staring upon the Suburbs of their dearest Delight, just as they stand gaping upon the painted Cloth before they go into the Puppet Play. By and by they hear the Bunch of Keys, which rejoices their Hearts like the sound of the Pancake-Bell. For now the Man of Comfort peeps over the Spikes, and beholding such a learned Auditory, opens the Gate of Paradise, and by that time they are half got into the first Chappel (for time is very precious) he lifts up his Voice among the Tombs, and begins his Lurrey in manner and form following.

HERE lyes William de Valence
A right good Earl of Pembroke,
And this is his Monument which you see,
I'll swear upon a Book.

He was High Marshal of England,
When Henry the third did Reign,
But this you take upon my Word,
That he'll ne'er be so again.

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Here the Lord *Edward Talbot* lyes,
The Town of *Shrewsbury's* Earl,
Together with his Countess fair,
That was a most delicate Girl.

The next to him there lyeth one,
Sir *Richard Peckshall* hight,
Of whom we only this do say,
He was a *Hampshire* Knight.

But now to tell ye more of him,
There lyes beneath this Stone
Two Wives of his and Daughters four
To all of us unknown.

Sir *Bernard Brokeburst* there doth lye,
Lord Chamberlain to *Queen Anne*;
Queen Anne was *Richard the Second's* Queen,
And was King of *England*.

Sir *Francis Hollis*, the Lady *Francois*,
The same was *Suffolk's* Dutcheſs.
Two Children of *Edward the Third*,
Lye here in Deaths cold Clutches.

This is the third King *Edward's* Brother,
Of whom our Records tell
Nothing of Note, nor say they whether
He be in Heaven or Hell.

This same was *John of Eldeston*,
He was no Costermonger,
But *Cornwal's* Earl; and here's one dy'd
Cause he could live no longer.

The Lady *Mohun*, Dutcheſs of *York*,
And Duke of *York's* Wife also.
But Death resolv'd to Horn the Duke,
She lyes now with Death below.

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The Lady Anne Rofs, but wot ye well
 That she in Childbed dy'd,
 The Lady Marquess of Winchester
 Lies Buried by her side.

Now think your Penny well spent good Folks;
 And that you are not beguil'd.
 Within this Cup dork lye the Heart
 Of a French Embassador's Child.

But how the Devil it came to pass;
 On purpose, or by chance,
 The Bowels they lye underneath, *
 The Body is in France.

There's Oxford Countess, and there also
 The Lady Burleigh her Mother,
 And there her Daughter, a Countess too,
 Lye close by one another.

These once were Bonny Dames, and though
 There were no Coaches then,
 Yet could they jog their Tails themselves, †
 Or had them jogg'd by Men.

But woe is me! these high-born Sinneres,
 That wont to pray so stoutly,
 Are now laid low, and cause they can't,
 Their Statues pray devoutly.

This is the Duche's of Somerset,
 By Name the Lady Anne,
 Her Lord Edward the sixth Protected, §
 Oh! he was a gallant Man.

* Dol. I warrant ye the Pharises carried it away.
 † Dick. Ho, ho, ho, I warrant ye they did as other
 Women did, ha Raph? R. Oy, Oy. § Tom. I have
 heard a Ballad of him sang at Ratclif Crofs. Mol.
 I believe we have it at home over our Kitchen Man-
 tie-Tree.

In this fair Monument which you see
Adorn'd with so many Pillars,
Doth lye the Countess of *Buckingham*,
And her Husband Sir *George Villars*.

This old Sir *George* was Grandfather,
And the Countess she was Granny,
To the great Duke of *Buckingham*,
Who often taps King Jammy.

Sir *Robert Eatam*, a Scotch Knight,
This Man was Secretary,
And scrib'd Compliments for two Queens,
Queen *Anne*, and eke Queen *Mary*.

This was the Countess of *Lenox*,
Yclep'd the Lady *Marget*,
King *James's* Grandmother, and yet
'Gainst Death she had no Target.

This was Queen *Mary*, Queen of *Scots*,
Whom *Buchanan* doth bespatter,
She lost her Head at *Totingham*, †
What ever was the matter.

The Mother of our Seventh *Henry*,
This is that lyeth hard by,
She was the Countess wot ye well
Of *Richmond* and of *Derby*.

Henry the Seventh lyeth here,
With his fair Queen beside him,
He was the Founder of this Chappel,
Oh may no ill betide him.

† Dol. How came she here then? Will. Why ye silly
Oofe, could not she be brought here, after she was
dead?

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Therefore his Monument's in Brass,

You'll say that very much is;

The Duke of Richmond and Lenox §

There lyeth with his Dutchess.

And here they stand upright in a Press

With Bodies made of Wax,

With a Globe and a Wand in either hand;

And their Robes upon their Backs.

Here lyes the Duke of Buckingham,

And the Dutchess his Wife;

Him Felton Stabb'd at Portsmouth Town,

And so he lost his Life.

Two Children of King James these are,

Whom Death keeps very chary.

Sophia in the Cradle lyes, *

And this is the Lady Mary.

And this is Queen Elizabeth,

How the Spaniards did infect her.

Here she lyes Buried, with Queen Mary,

And now agrees with her Sister.

To another Chappel now come we,

The People follow and chat,

This is the Lady Cottington,

And the People cry, who's that?

This is the Lady Frances Sidney,

The Countess of Suffolk was she,

And this the Lord Dudley Carleton is,

And then they look up and see;

§ Rog. I warrant ye, these were no small Fools in

Days. * Bess. Good Woman, pray still your Chi-

keeps such a Bawling we can't hear what she

says.

Sir Thomas Brumley lyeth here,
Death would him not relieve,
 With his four Sons and Daughters four,
 That once were all alive.

The next is Sir John Fullerton,
 And this is his Lady I trow;
 And this is Sir John Puckering
 Whom none of you did know.

That's the Earl of Bridgewater in the middle,
Who makes no use of his Bladder,
 Although his Lady lye so near him:
 And so we go up a Ladder.

Edward the first, that Gallant Blade,
 Lyes underneath this Stone,
 And this is the Chair which he did bring
A good while ago from Stone.

In this same Chair, till now of late,
 Our Kings and Queens were Crown'd,
 Under this Chair another Stone
 Doth lye upon the Ground;

On that same Stone did Jacob sleep
Instead of a down Pillow,
 And after that 'twas hither brought
 By some good honest Fellow.

Richard the Second lyeth here,
 And his first Queen, Queen Anne.

* Kate. He took more Pains, than I would ha' done for
 a hundred such. Rafe. Gad I warrant there has been
 many a Maidenhead got i' that Chair. Tom. Gad
 and I'll come hither and try one of these Days, an't
 be but to get a Prince. † Dol. A Papish I war-
 rant him.

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*Edward the Third lyes here hard by,
Oh there was a gallant Man.*

*For this was his two-handed Sword,
A Blade both true and trusty,
The French Men's Blood was ne'er wip'd off,
Which makes it look so rusty.*

*Here lyes he again with his Queen Philip,
A Dutch Woman by Record,
But that's all one, for now alas
His Blade's not so long as his Sword.*

*King Edward the Confessour lyes
Within this Monument fine.
I'm sure, quoth one, a worse Tomb
Must serve both me and mine.*

*Harry the Fifth lyes there; and there
Doth lye Queen Ellenor,
To our First Edward she was Wife,
Which was more than ye knew before.*

*Henry the third lyes there Entomb'd,
He was Herb John in Pottage,
Little he did, but still Reign'd on,
Although his Sons were at Age.*

*Fifty six Years he Reign'd King,
E'er he the Crown would lay by,
Only we praise him cause he was
Last Builder of the Abby.*

*Here Thomas Cecil lyes; who's that?
Why 'tis the Earl of Exeter,
And this his Countess is; to die
How it perplexed her. **

* *Dol. Ay, ay, I warrant her; rich Folks are a
willing to die as poor Folks.*

MISCELLANY POEMS. 305

Here *Henry Cary*, Lord *Hunsdon* rests.
What a Noise he makes with his Name?
 Lord Chamberlain was he unto
 Queen *Elizabeth* of great Fame. §

And here's one *William Colchester*
 Lies of a Certainty;
 An Abbot was he of *Westminster*,
 And he that saith No, doth lie.

This is the Bishop of *Durham*
 By Death here laid in Fetters,
Henry the Seventh lov'd him well,
 And so he wrote his Letters.

Sir *Thomas Baccus*, what of him?
 Poor Gentleman not a Word,
 Only they Buried him here; but now
 Behold that Man with a Sword.

Humphrey de Bohun, who though he were
 Not Born with me i' the same Town,
 Yet I can tell he was Earl of *Essex*,
 Of *Hertford*, and *Northampton*.

He was High Constable of *England*,
 As History well expresses:
 But now pretty Maids be of good Chear,
 We're going up to the Presses.

And now the Presses open stand
 And ye see them all arow,
 But never no more is said of the
 Than what is said below.

§ Cicely. That's she for whom our Bells ring so often,
 is it not Mary? Mol. Ay, ay, the very same.

Now down the Stairs come we again,
 The Man goes first with a Staff,
 Some two or three tumble down the Stairs,
 And then the People laugh.

This is the great Sir *Francis Vere*,
 That so the *Spaniards* curry'd,
 Four Collonels support his Tomb,
 And here his Body's Buried.

That *Statue* against the *Wall* with one Eye †
 Is Major-General *Norris*,
 He beat the *Spaniards* cruelly,
 As is affirm'd in Stories.

His six Sons there hard by him stand,
 Each one was a Commander,
 To shew he could a Lady serve,
 As well as the *Hollander*.

And there doth Sir *John Hollis* rest,
 Who was the Major-General
 To Sir *John Norris* that brave blade,
 And so they go to Dinner all.

For now the Shew is at an end,
 All things are done and said,
 The Citizen pays for his Wife,
 The Prentice for the Maid.

† Dick. I warrant ye he had two, if he could have but kept 'em.



A NORTHERN BALLAD.

THere dwelt a Man in fair *Westmorland*,
Johnne Armstrong Men did him call,
 He had neither Lands nor Rents coming in,
 Yet he kept Eightscore Men in his Hall.

He had Horse and Harness for them all,
 Goodly Steeds were all Milk white,
 O! the Golden Bands an about their Necks,
 And their Weapons they were all alike.

News then was brought unto the King,
 That there was like a Man as he,
 That lived like a bold Out-law,
 And Robbed all the *North* Countree.

The King he Writ an a Letter then,
 A Letter which was large and long;
 He signed it with his own Hand,
 And he promised to do him no Wrong.

When this Letter came *Johnne* until,
 His Heart was as blith as Birds on the Tree,
 Never was I sent for before any King,
 My Father, my Grandfather, nor none but me.

And therefore if we go the King before,
 I would we went most orderly,
 Every Man of you shall have his Scarlet Cloak
 Laced with Silver Laces three.

Every one of you shall have his Velvet Coat,
 Laced with Silver Laces five white,
 O! the Golden Bands an about your Necks,
 Black Hats and white Feathers, all alike.

308 *The THIRD PART of*

By the Morrow Morning at ten of the Clock,
Toward *Edinburgh* gone was he,
And with him all his Eightscore Men;
Good Lord, an it was a goodly Sight to see.

When *Johne* came before the King,
He fell down on his Knece,
O Pardon my Sovereign Leige, he said,
O Pardon my Eightscore Men and mee.

Thou shalt have no Pardon thou Traytor strong,
Ne for thy Eightscore Men nor thee,
For to Morrow Morning by ten of the Clock,
Both thou and them shall hang on the *Gallow Tree*.

Then *Johne* look'd over his left Shouldere,
Good Lord, what a grievous Look looked he:
Said he, Asking Grace of a graceless Face,
Why there is none for yee nor mee.

But *Johne* had a bright Sword by his side,
And it was made of Mettle so free,
That had not the King stept his Foot aside
He had smitten his Head from his fair Boddee.

Saying fight on my Merry Men all,
And see that none of you be ta'en,
For rather than Men shall say we were Hang'd,
Let them report that we were Slain.

Then God wor fair *Edinburgh* rose,
And so beset poor *Johne* round,
That fourscore and ten of *Johne's* best Men,
Lay gasping all upon the Ground.

Then like a Madman *Johne* laid about,
And like a Madman then fought he;
Until a false *Scot* came *Johne* behind,
And run him thorough the fair Boddee.

Saying fight on, my Merry Men all,
And see that none of you be ta'en,
For I will stand by, and bleed but a while,
And then will I come and fight again.

News then was brought to young *Johne Armstrong*,
As he stood by his Nurfes Knee,
Who vow'd if he liv'd for to be a Man
On the Treacherous *Scot* revenged to bee.

HUNTING the HARE.

Songs of Sonnets and rustical Roundelays,
Forms of Fancies are whistl'd on Reeds,
Songs to solace young Nymphs upon Holydays,
Are too unworthy for wonderful Deeds.

Phœbus Ingenious,
With witty *Silenus*,
His haughty *Genius* taught to declare;
In Words better coin'd,
And Verse better join'd,
How Stars divined the Hunting the Hare.

II.

Stars enamour'd with Pastimes Olympical,
Stars and Planets yet beautiful shone,
Would no longer endure that mortal Men only
Should Swim in Pleasures, while they but look on,
Round about horned
Lucina they Swarmed,
And her informed, how minded they were,
Each God and Goddess,
To take human Bodies,
As Lords and Ladies, to follow the Hare.

III.

Chaste *Diana* applauded the Motion,
And pale *Proserpina* sat in her Place.

310 *The THIRD PART of*

Which guides the *Waltz* and governs the *Sea*,
 Till she conduct her Nephews in chase;
 Till by her Example,
 Their Father to trample,
 The Earth old and ample, leave them the Air;
 Express the Water,
 And Wine *Liber Pater*,
 And *Mars* the Slaughterer, to follow the *Hare*.

IV.

Young God *Cupid* mounted on *Pegasus*,
 Beloved of Nymphs, with Kisses and Praise,
 Strong *Achilles* upon cloudy *Caucasus*,
 Mounted a Centaur, which proudly him bore,
 Possillion of the Sky,
 Swift-footed *Mercury*,
 Makes his Course fly, fleet as the Air,
 Yellow *Apollo*,
 The Kennel doth follow,
 With whip and hallow, after the *Hare*.

V.

Young *Aminas* thought the Gods came to breath,
 After their Battel, themselves on the Ground,
Thyrsis did think the Gods came here to dwell beneath,
 And that hereafter the World would go round.
Corydon aged,
 With *Phillis* engaged,
 Was much iraged with Jealous Despair;
 But fury was faded,
 And he was persuaded,
 When he found they applauded, the hunting the *Hare*.

VI.

Cunning *Melampus*, and Fortunate *Lalaps*,
Trowler, and *Tyger*, and *Harper*, the Skies
 Rend with Roaring, while Hunter-like *Hercules*
 Winds his plentiful Horn to their Ories.
 Till with Varieties,
 To Solace their Delities;
 Their weary Pieties refreshed were;

MISCELLANT POEMS. 313

We Shepherds were seated,
 Whilst we repeated,
 How we conceited the Hunting the *Hare*,

VII.

Stars but Shadows were, Joys were but Sorrows,
 They without Motion, these wanting Delight;
 Joys are Jovial, Delights are the Marrows
 Of Life and Motion, the Axel of Might.
 Pleasure depends,
 Upon no other Friends,
 But still freely lends to each Virtue a share:
 Alone is Pleasure,
 The measure of Treasure;
 Of Pleasure, the Treasure is Hunting the *Hare*.

VIII.

Drowned *Narcissus* from his *Metamorphosis*,
 Rowz'd by *Eccho* new Manhood did take:
 And Snoring *Somnus* up started from *Cimmerie*,
 The which this thousand Year was not awake,
 To see club-footed
 Old *Mulciber* Booted,
 And *Pan* promoted on *Corydon's* Mare;
 Proud *Pallas* pouted,
 And *Eolus* shouted,
 And *Momus* flouted, yet followed the *Hare*.

IX.

Hymen Ushers the Lady *Astræa*,
 The Jest takes hold of *Minerva* the Old,
Ceres the Brown, with bright *Cytherea*,
 With *Thetis* the Wanton, *Bellona* the Bold,
 Shamfac'd *Aurora*,
 With witty *Pandora*,
 And *Maia* with *Flora* did company bear:
 But *Juno* was Stated
 Too high to be Mated,
 Although she hated not hunting the *Hare*.

X.

Three broad Bowls to th' Olympical Rector,
 The *Troy-born* Eagle presents on his Knee.

312. *The THIRD PART of*

Jove to *Phæbus* carouses in Nectar,
 And *Phæbus* to *Hermes*, and *Hermes* to me;
 Wherewith Infused,
 I Piped and Mused,
 In Language unused, their sports to declare,
 Till the House of *Jove*
 Like the Spears round do move,
 Health to all those that love *the Hunting the Hare*.

Little MUSGRAVE and the Lady
 BERNARD.

AS it fell one Holy-Day, hey down,
 As many be in the Year,
 When Young Men and Maids together did go,
 Their Masses and Mattins to hear.

Little *Musgrave* came to the Church door,
 The Priest was at Mass,
 But he had more mind of the fair Women,
 Than he had of our Ladies Grace.

The one of them was clad in green,
 The other was clad in pale,
 And then came in my Lord *Bernard's* Wife,
 The fairest among them all.

She cast an Eye on Little *Musgrave*,
 As bright as the Summer Sun,
 And then bethought this Little *Musgrave*,
 This Lady's Heart I have won.

Quoth she, I have lov'd thee, little *Musgrave*,
 Full long and many a Day;
 So have I loved you fair Lady,
 Yet word I never durst say.

MISCELLANY POEMS. 313

I have a Bower at *Buckles-ford-Bury*,
 Full daintily bedight,
 If thou wilt wend thither, thou Little *Musgrave*,
 Thou'lt lig in mine Arms all Night.

Quoth he; I thank ye Lady fair, -
 This kindness you shew to me;
 But whether it be to my weal or woe,
 This Night will I lig with thee.

All this was heard by a little tiney Page,
 By his Lady's Coach as he ran.
 Quo he, though I am my Lady's Page,
 Yet I am my Lord *Bernard's* Man.

My Lord *Bernard* shall know of this,
 Although I lose a Limb;
 And ever whereas the Bridges were broke,
 He laid him down to swim.

Asleep or awake thou Lord *Bernard*,
 As thou art a Man of Life,
 For little *Musgrave* is at *Buckles-ford-Bury*,
 A Bed with thine own Wedded Wife.

If this be true, thou little tiney Page,
 This thing thou tell'st to me,
 Then all the Land in *Buckles-ford-Bury*
 I freely give to thee.

But if't be a lie, thou little tiney Page,
 This thing thou tell'st to me,
 On the highest Tree in *Buckles-ford-Bury*
 Then hanged shalt thou be.

He called up his Merry Men all,
 Come Saddle me my Steed,
 This Night must I to *Buckles-ford-Bury*,
 For I never had greater need.

314 *The THIRD PART of*

And some of them whistl'd, and some of them sang,
And some these Words did say,
And ever when as the Lord *Bernard's* Horn blow,
Away thou little *Musgrave* away.

Methinks I hear the Threſſel Cock,
Methinks I hear the Jay,
Methinks I hear my Lord *Bernard's* Horn,
And I wou'd I were away.

Lie still, lie still thou little *Musgrave*,
And huggle me from the cold,
'Tis nothing but a Shepherd's Boy
A driving his Sheep to Fold.

Is not thy Hawk upon the Pearch ?
Thy Steed eats Oats and Hay ?
And thy fair Lady in thine Arms ?
And wou'd'st thou be away ?

With that my Lord *Bernard* came to the Doors,
And lighted upon a Stone ;
He piucked out three Silver Keys,
And open'd the Doors each one.

He lifted up the Coverlet,
He lifted up the Sheet ;
How now, now now ; thou little *Musgrave*,
Doeſt find my Lady ſo ſweet ?

I find her ſweet, quoth Little *Musgrave*,
The more 'tis to my pain,
I would gladly give thee three hundred Pound,
That I were on yonder Plain.

Arise, arise, thou little *Musgrave*,
And put thy Cloathes on,
It ſhall nere be ſaid in my Countree,
That I killed a Naked Mon.

MISCELLANY POEMS. 313

I have two Swords in one Scabberd,
Full dear they cost my Purse,
And thou shalt have the best of them,
And I will have the worse.

The first stroke that little *Musgrave* struck,
He hurt Lord *Bernard* sore;
The next stroke that Lord *Bernard* struck,
Little *Musgrave* ne'er struck more.

With that bespake the Lady fair,
In Bed whereas she lay,
Although th'art dead, thou Little *Musgrave*,
Yet I for thee will pray.

And with well to thy Soul will I,
So long as I have Life;
So will I not do for thee *Bernard*,
Though I am thy Wedded Wife.

He cut her Paps from off her Breasts,
Great pity it was to see,
Some drops of this fair Lady's Heart Blood,
Ran trickling down her Knee.

Wo worth you, wo worth, my Merry Men all,
You ne're were born for my good;
Why did you not offer to stay my Hand,
When you see me wax so wood?

For I have Slain the bravest Sir Knight,
That ever Rode on a Steed;
So have I done the fairest Lady,
That ever did Woman's Deed.

A Grave, a Grave, Lord *Bernard* cry'd,
To put these Lovers in,
But lay my Lady o' th' upper hand,
For she came o' the better Kin.

316 *The* THIRD PART of
The MILLER and the KING
DAUGHTERS.

THERE were two Sisters, they went a playi
With a hey down, down, a down, down a,
To see their Father's Ships come Sailing.
With a hey down, down, a down, down a.

And when they came unto the Sea brim,
With, &c.
The Elder did push the Younger in.
With, &c.

Oh Sister, oh Sister, take me by the Gown,
With, &c.
And draw me up upon the dry Ground.
With, &c.

Oh Sister, oh Sister that may not be,
With, &c.
'Till Oat-meal and Salt grow both on a Tree.
With, &c.

Sometimes she sank, sometimes she swam,
With, &c.
Until she came unto the Mill Dam.
With, &c.

The Miller ran hastily down the Clift,
With, &c.
And up he took her without any Life.
With, &c.

What did he do with her Breast Bone?
With, &c.
He made him a Viol to play thereupon.
With, &c.

What did he do with her Fingers so small?

With, &c.

He made him Pegs to his Viol withal.

With, &c.

What did he do with her Nose ridge?

With, &c.

Unto his Viol he made him a Bridge.

With, &c.

What did he do with her Veins so blue?

With, &c.

He made him Strings to his Viol thereto.

With, &c.

What did he do with her Eyes so bright?

With, &c.

Upon his Viol he play'd at first sight.

With, &c.

What did he do with her Tongue so rough?

With, &c.

Unto the Viol it spoke enough.

With, &c.

What did he do with her two Shins,

With, &c.

Unto the Viol they danc'd *Moll Symne.*

With, &c.

Then he bespake the Treble String,

With, &c.

O yonder is my Father the King;

With, &c.

Then he bespake the second String;

With, &c.

O yonder sits my Mother the Queen;

With, &c.

318 *The THIRD PART of*

And then bespake the Strings all three,

With, &c.

O yonder's my Sister that drowned Me,

With, &c.

Now pay the Miller for his pain,

With, &c.

And let him go i' the Devil's Name.

With, &c.

The West-Country B A T C H E L O R ' S Complaint.

O Mother chavè been a Batchelor,
This twelve and twanty yeare,
And Ize have often been a wooing
And yet ch'am never the nere.

Jone Grumbel thee'l ha none a me,
Ize look so like a Lout,
But i' vaith cham as proper a Man as she,
Zhee need not be so stout.

She zays, if Ize cou'd Daunce and Sing,
As *Thomas Miller* con,
Or cut a cawper, as litte *Jack Talour*,
Oh how zhee love me thon.

But zoft and vair, thee'l none of that;
I' vaith, cham not zo nimble,
The Taylour has nought, to trouble his thought
Bur his Needles and his Thimble.

O Zon, th' art of a lawful Age,
And a jolly tidy Boy,
Ize have thee try her once again,
Zhee can but zay thee nay.

Then O gramorcy Moother,
Chee'l set a good vace o' the matter
Chel drefs up my Zell as vine as a Dog,
And Ize have a vresh bout at her.

Virst thon chil but en my Zonday Parre
That's lac't about the Quarters,
With a pair of Buckrum Zlops,
And a vlaunting baire of Garters.

With my Sword dy'd vast to my zide,
And my Granvathers dudgin Dagger,
And a Beacocks Veather in my Gop,
Thon O how Ize zhall zwagger.

Nay take thee a Lockrum Napkin, Zon,
To wipe thy znotty Noze.
'Tis ne matter vor that, ch'il znort it out,
And vlurt it athwart my Cloathes.

Uds bodikins, nay voy away,
I prithee Zon do not zo,
Be mannerly, Zon, till thou const tell
Wither zhee'l ha thee or no.

But Zirrah Mother, hark a while,
Who's that that comes so neer?
Vaith 'tis *Jane Grumbal*, hold thy Peace,
Vor veer that she do hear.

Nay on't be zhee, chi'l drefs my Words
In zuch a Sgolards grace,
But virst of all ch'ill wash my hands,
And lay them athwart her Vace.

Good morrow my Honey, my Sugar Candy,
My little bretty Mouse,
Che hops thy Vather and Moother be well,
At home, at thine own House.

320 *The THIRD PART of*

Ich' am azham'd to shew my mind,
 Ch' am zure thou knowst my Errant,
 Zome zain, ~~zagg~~, that I mun ha thee.
 At leisure, Sir, I warrant.

You must, Sir Clown, is for a King,
 And not for zuch a Mome,
 You might have said, by're leave fair Maid,
 And left your ~~Mist~~ alone.

Ich am no more a Clown, that's vlat,
 Ch' am in my Zunday Parrel;
 Ich came for love, and I pray so take't,
 Che hope ye will not guarrel.

O Robin dost thou love me so well?
 I vaith, Abomination:
 Why then you shou'd have fram'd your words
 Into a finer fashion.

Vine Vashions, and vine Zpeeches too,
 As Sgollard Vokes con utter,
 Ch'ad rather zpeak but two words plain,
 Thon haulf a zgore and ztutter.

Chave Lond, chave Houfes, twa vat Beasts,
 That's better thon vine Zpeeches.
 'Tis a sign that Fortune favours Fooles,
 She lets them have such Riches.

Hark how she comes upon me now,
 Ize wish it be a good zine.
 He that will steal any Wit from thee,
 Had need to rise betime.



The PASSING-BELL.

COME, honest Sexton, take thy Spade,
 And let my Grave be quickly made:
 Thou still art ready for the Dead,
 Like a kind Host, to make my Bed.
 I now am come to be thy Guest,
 Let me in some dark Lodging rest,
 For I am weary, full of pain,
 And of my Pilgrimage complain.
 On Heav'n's Decree, I waiting lye,
 And all my Wishes are to die.
 Hark I hear my Passing-Bell,
 Farewel, my loving Friends, Farewel.

II.

Make my cold Bed (good Sexton) deep,
 That my poor Bones may safely sleep;
 Until that sad and joyful Day,
 When from above a Voice shall say,
Wake all ye Dead, lift up your Eyes,
The great Creator bids you Rise.
 Then do I hope, among the Just,
 To shake off this polluted Dust;
 And with new Robes of Glory drest,
 To have access among the Blest.
 Hark I hear my Passing-Bell,
 Farewel, my loving Friends, Farewel.

A Scotch Song, called GILDEROY.

WAS ever Grief so great as mine,
 Then speak dear Bearn, I prethee,
 That thus must leave my *Gilderoi*,
 O my Benison gang with thee.

322 *The THIRD PART of*

Good speed be with you then Sir, she said,
For gone is all my Joy :
And gone is he whom I love best,
My handsome *Gilderoy*.

II.

In muckle Joy we spent our Time
Till we were both Fifteen,
Then wantonly he ligg'd me down,
And amongst the Brakes so green.
When he had done what Man could do,
He rose up and gang'd his Way :
I gate my Goon, and I followed him,
My handsome *Gilderoy*.

III.

Now *Gilderoy* was a bonny Boy,
Would needs to th' King be gone,
With his silken Garters on his Legs,
And the Roses on his Shoon :
But better he had staid at home
With me his only Joy,
For on a Gallow-tree they hung
My handsome *Gilderoy*.

IV.

When they had ta'en this Lad so strong,
Gude Lord how sore they bound him,
They carried him to *Edenb'rough* Town,
And there God wot they hung him :
They knit him fast above the rest,
And I lost my only Joy,
For evermore my Benison
Gang with my *Gilderoy*.

V.

Wo worth that Man that made those Laws,
To hang a Man for geere,
For neither stealing Ox nor Afs,
Or bony Horse or Meere :

Had not their Laws a bin so strick,
 I might have got my Joy:
 And ne'er had need tull a wat my Cheek
 For my dear *Gilderoy*.

*A BALLAD against the OPERA,
 call'd, The Cruelty of the Spaniards
 in PERU, Writ by Sir W. D'A-
 venant.*

NOW Heaven preserve our Realm,
 And him that sits at th' Helm.
 I will tell you of a new Story
 Of Sir *William* and his Apes,
 With full many merry Japes,
 Much after the Rate of *John Dorie*.

This sight is to be seen
 Near the Street that's called Queen,
 And the People have call'd it the Opera.
 But the Devil take my Wife,
 If all Days of my Life
 I did ever see such a Foppery.

Where first one begins
 With a trip and a cringe,
 And a face set in starch to accost 'em,
 I, and with a Speech to boot
 That had neither Head nor Foot,
 Might have serv'd for a *Charterhouse Refrum*.

Oh, he look'd so like a Jew,
 Would have made a Man spew,
 When he told 'em here was this, here was that,

324 *The THIRD PART of*

Just like him that shews the Tombs,
For when the Sum Total comes,
'Tis two hours of I know not what.

Neither must I here forget
The Musick, how it was set,
Dise two Ayers and an half and a *Jeve*,
All the rest was such a Gig,
Like the squeaking of a Pig,
Or Cats when they're making their Love.

The next thing was the Scene,
And that as it was lain,
But no Man knows where in *Peru*,
With a Story for the Nonce
Of Raw Head and Bloody Bones,
But the Devil a word that was true.

There might you have seen an Ape
With his Fellow for to gape,
Now dancing and turning o'er and o'er.
What cannot Poets do?
They can find out in *Peru*
Things no Man ever saw before.

Then presently the *Spaniard*
Struts with his Whinyard,
Now Heaven of thy Mercy how grim,
Who'd have thought that Christian Men
Would have eat up Children,
Had he not seen 'em do it Limb by Limb?

Oh greater Cruelty yet,
Like a Pig upon a Spit,
Here lyes one, there another boil'd to a Jelly;
Just so the People stare
At an Ox in the Fair,
Roasted whole with a Pudding in's Belly.

MISCELLANY POEMS. 325

I durst have laid my Head
That the King there had been dead,
When I saw how they basted and carved him;
Had he not come up again
Upon the Stage, there to complain
How scurvily the Rogues had served him.

A little further in
Hung a third by the Chin,
And a forth cut out all in Quarters;
Oh that *Fox* had now been living,
They had been sure of Heaven,
Or at the least been some of his Martyrs.

But which was strange again,
The *Indians* that they had slain,
Came dancing all in a Troop;
But oh give me the last,
For as often as he past,
He still tumbled like a Dog in a Hoop.

And now my Signior Strugge
In good Faith you may go Jogge,
For Sir *Will.* will have something to brag on;
Oh the *English* Boys are come
With their Fife and their Drum,
And still the Knight must Conquer the Dragon.

And so now my Story is done,
And I'll end as I begun,
With a Word, and I care not who know it,
Heaven keep us great and small,
And bless us some and all,
From every such a pitiful Poet.



JEPHTHA's VOW,*By N. TATE.***The ARGUMENT.**

Jeptha having rashly Vow'd (if he succeeded in his Expedition against the Amonites) to offer up in Sacrifice the First that should meet him from his own House; he returns Victorious: The first that comes forth to welcome his Triumph, is his only Daughter, whom he Sacrifices according to his Vow.

BEfore the Altar the devoted Maid [ray'd]
 (With Garlands crown'd and in white Robes appears all Mild, to yield her destin'd Life,
 And waiting the slow Sacrificer's Knife.
 A Virgin Blush her Aspect purpled o'er,
 As young, and ne'er beheld by Crowds before;
 (Such Tincture crimson'd Alabaster shows,
 Or Lillies shaded by a neighb'ring Rose.)
 Yet gen'rous Resolution do's display,
 That with her Modesty bears equal sway.
 She, only she, appears without Surprise,
 And views the weeping Crowd with chearful Eyes.
 Some call to mind the publick Service done,
 And Battel lately by her Father won;
 His Blood's Expence in Field to save the State,
 And with it the unhappy Victor's Fate.
 Of Age's last Reserve and Hopes bereft,
 His ancient House and Lineage Heirless left.

The younger sort bewail her *blooming Charms*,
 And grudge so fair a Prize to *Death's cold Arms*.
 The Nymph for whom the noblest Youths had pin'd,
 A Booty to the thankless Grave assign'd.
 For now (as Chance wou'd play the Tyrant's Part,
 And fret their Wounds with fresh Supplies of smart)

Those Beauties Nature had before conferr'd,
 Sublim'd and to Advantage all appear'd;
 Their Grief was now to Confection turn'd,
 They now Mourn silent, as before they burn'd.

Of this the Virgin do's Advantage take,
 And her afflicted Father thus bespake:
To Ammon's Court, great Sir, these Plaints remis;
These Plaints are only for the Vanquish'd fit;
My self to Death's cold Arms I freely give,
While you to shield our State and Altars live.
You rate my useless Life at Price too high
To make me yours, and Israel's Victim Dye!
More than my Merits or my Hopes could claim,
To purchase with few Tears immortal Fame.
With Comfort to your Palace, Sir, repair,
To cherish her that's now your only Care:
My tender Mother's Sorrow to assuage:
For only you can check the Tyrant's Rage.
Forget your worthless Daughter, and survive
By your Example to keep her alive.
You else resign your Laurels to the Foe,
And conquer'd Ammon Triumphs in your Woe.
Or have you lavish'd all your Love away
On my past Tears-----

Reserv'd no Kindness for my latest Day?
If my past Life did you in ought offend,
In Death at least I wou'd my Fault amend,
And to the Shades a guiltless Soul Descend.

}
}

O Torture (the distracted Father cries,
 With Arms extended and uplifted Eyes)
 Too much, ye conscious Skies, for Man to bear!
 For this is Torment that exceeds despair.

The weeping Crowd around he then survey'd,
 O if the Death of this illustrious Maid
 You wretched make, her Death you only see,
 What must the Murderer her Father be?
 In Innocence your Sorrow finds Relief;
 I bear the double Load of Guilt and Grief.

The W I L L.

By Mr. J. DONNE.

BEFORE I sigh my last Gaspe, let me Breathe,
 Great Love, some Legacies; I here bequeath
 Mine Eyes to *Argus*, if mine Eyes can see,
 If they be blind, then, Love, I give them thee;
 My Tongue to Fame, to Ambassadors mine Ears;
 To Women or the Sea, my Tears;
 Thou, Love, hast taught me heretofore
 By making me love her who had twenty more,
 That I should give to none, but such, as had too much

II. [before,

My Constancy I to the Planets give,
 My Truth to them who at the Court do live;
 Mine Ingenuity and Openness,
 To Jesuits, to Buffoons my Pensiveness;
 My Silence to any, who abroad have been;
 My Mony to a Capuchin.

Thou Love taught'st me, by appointing me
 To love there, where no Love receiv'd can be,
 Only to give to such as have no good Capacity.

III.

My Faith I give to *Roman* Catholicks;
 All my good Works unto the Schismatics
 Of *Amsterdam*; my best Civility
 And Courtship, to an University:
 My Modesty I give to Soldiers bare.

My Patience let Gamesters share.

Thou Love taught'st me, by making me
 Love her that holds my Love disparity,
 Only to give to those that count my Gifts indignity.

IV.

I give my Reputation to those
 Which were my Friends: Mine Industry to Foes;
 To Schoolmen I bequeath my Doubtfulness;
 My Sickness to Physicians, or excess:

MISCELLANY POEMS. 329

To Nature, all that I in Rime have writ :
 And to my Company, my Wit :
 Thou Love, by making me adore
 Her who begot this Love in me before,
 Taught'st me to make, as though I gave, when I do
 V. [but restore.

To him for whom the Passing-Bell next Tolls,
 I give my Physick Books : My written Rolls,
 Of Moral Counsels, I to *Bedlam* give :
 My Brazen Medals, unto them which live
 In want of Bread : To them which pass among
 All Foreigners, mine *English* Tongue.
 Thou, Love, by making me love one
 Who thinks her Friendship a fit Portion,
 For younger Lovers, dost my Gifts thus disproportion.
 VI.

Therefore I'll give no more, but I'll undo
 The World by dying : Because Love dies too.
 Then all your Beauties will be no more worth
 Than Gold in Mines, where none doth draw it forth ;
 And all your Graces no more use shall have,
 Than a Sun-dial in a Grave.
 Thou Love taught'st me, by making me
 Love her who doth neglect both me and thee,
 To invent and practise this one way, to annihilate thee.

A Congratulatory POEM to Her Sacred Majesty QUEEN MARY, upon Her Arrival in England, in the Year 1688.

By Mrs. B E H N.

W Hile my sad Muse the darkeſt Covert ſought,
 To give a looſe to Melancholy Thought ;
 Oppreſt, and ſighing, with the heavy Weight
 Of an Unhappy dear lov'd Monarch's Fate ;

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A lone Retreat on *Thames's* Bank she found,
With murmur'ing Officers fring'd, and bending Wil-
lows crown'd,

Thro' the thick Shade cou'd dart no chearful Ray,
Nature dwelt here as in disdain of Day :
Content, and pleas'd with nobler Solitude,
No *Wood-Gods*, *Fawns*, nor *Loves* did here intrude,
Nor Nests for wanton Birds, the Glade allows ;
Scarce the soft Winds were heard amongst the Boughs.

While thus She lay resolv'd to tune no more
Her fruitless Songs on *Britain's* faithless Shore,
All on a sudden thro' the Woods there rung,
Loud Sounds of Joy that *Jo* *Paeans* sung.

Maria ! blest *Maria* ! was the Theam,
Great Britain's happy Genius, and her Queen.

The River Nymphs their crystal Courts forsake,
Curl their blue Locks, and shelly Trumpets take :
And the surprising News, along the Shore,
In raptur'd Songs the wondring Virgins bore ;
While mourning Eccho now forgot her Sighs,
And sung the new-taught Anthem to the Skies.

All things in Nature a new Face put on,
Thames with harmonious Purlings glides along,
And tells her ravish'd Banks, she lately bore
A Prize more great than all her hidden Store, }
Or all the Sun it self had ever seen before.
The brooding Spring her fragrant Bloom sent out,
Scattering her early Perfumes round about ;
No longer waits the lassie teeming Hours,
But e'er her time produc'd her odorous Flow'rs ;
Maria's Eyes anticipate the *May*,
And Life inspir'd beyond the God of Day.

The Muses all, upon this Theam Divine,
Tun'd their best Lays, the Muses all, but mine ;
Sullen with stubborn Loyalty she lay,
And saw the World its eager Homage pay, [gay. }
While Heav'n and Earth on the new Scene lookt
But Oh ! what human Fortitude can be
Sufficient to resist a Deity ?

Ev'n our Allegiance here too feebly pleads,
The Change in so Divine a Form persuades;
Maria with the Sun has equal Force,
No Opposition stops her glorious Course,
Her pointed Beams thro' all a passage find,
And fix their Rays Triumphant in the Mind.

And now I wish'd among the Crouds to adore,
And constant wishing did increase my Pow'r;
From every thought a New-born Reason came,
Which, fortify'd by bright *Maria's* Fame,
Inspir'd my Genius with new Life and Flame.

And thou, * Great Lord of all my Vows, permit
My Muse, that never fail'd Obedience yet,
To pay her Tribute at *Maria's* Feet,
Maria so Divide a part of you.

Let me be Just----but Just with Honour too.

Resolv'd, she join'd her Chorus with the Throng,
And to the listning Groves *Maria's* Virtues sung;
Maria all Inchanting, Gay, and Young,

All Hail illustrious Daughter of a King,
Shining without, and Glorious all within,
Whose Eyes beyond your scantier Powers give Laws,
Command the World, and justify the Cause;
Nor to secure your Empire needs more Arms
Than your resistless, and all-conquering Charms.

Minerva thus alone old *Troy* sustain'd,
Whilst her blest Image with three Gods remain'd.
But Oh! your Form and Manner to relate,

The Envyng Fair as soon may imitate,
'Tis all Engaging Sweet, 'tis all surprizing Great;
A thousand Beauties Triumph in your Air,
Like those of soft young Loves your Smiles appear,
And to th' unguarded Hearts, as dangerous are.

All Nature's Charms are open'd in your Face,
You Look, you Talk, with more than mortal Grace;
All that is Wit, all that is Eloquence,
The Births of finest Thought and noblest Sense

Easie and Natural from your Language break,
 And 'tis Eternal Musick when you speak ;
 Thro' all no formal Nicety is seen,
 But Free and Generous your Majestick Mien,
 In every Motion, every Look a Queen ;
 Heav'n did in this one glorious Wonder fix
 All that is Great and Lovely in the Sex.

Apelles thus, to paint the Queen of Love,
 Robb'd the whole Race, a Goddess to improve.

Yet if with Sighs we View that lovely Face,
 And all the Lines of your great Father Trace,
 Your Virtues should forgive, while we adore
 That Face that Awes, and Charms our Hearts the more
 But if the *Monarch* in your Looks we find ; (more ;
 Behold him yet more glorious in your Mind ;
 'Tis there his God-like Attributes we see,

A gracious Sweetness, Affability,
 A tender Mercy and true Piety ;
 And Virtues even sufficient to atone.

For all the Ills th' ungrateful World has done,
 Where several Factions, several Int'rests sway,
 (That Faction's always right that gains the Day ;)
 Howe'er they differ, this they all must grant,
 Your Form and Mind no one Perfection want,
 Without all Angel, and within all Saint.

The murmuring World till now divided lay,
 Vainly debating whom they should Obey,
 Till you, Great *Cesar's* Off-spring, blest our Isle,
 The differing Multitudes to Reconcile.
 Thus Stiff-neck'd *Israel* in defiance stood,
 Till they beheld the Prophet of their God ;
 Who from the Mount with dazzling Brightness came,
 And Eyes all shining with Celestial Flame ;
 Whose awful Looks dispel'd each Rebel Thought,
 And to a just Compliance the wild Nations brought.



The COUNTER SCUFFLE.

LET that Majestick Pen that writes
 Of brave King *Arthur* and his Knights,
 And of their noble Feats and Fights;
 And those who tell of Mice and Frogs,
 And of the Skirmishes of Hogs,
 And of fierce *Bears*, and Mastiff Dogs,

be silent.

And now let each one listen well,
 While I the famous Battel tell,
 In *Woodstreet-Counter* that befel

in high Lent;

In which great *Scuffle* only twain,
 Without much hurt, or being slain,
 Immortal Honour did obtain

by Merit.

One was a *Captain* in degree,
 A strong and lusty Man was he,
 F'other a *Trades-man* bold and free

of Spirit.

And though he was no Man of Force,
 He had a Stomach like a Horse,
 And in his Rage had no remorse

or pity.

Full nimbly could he cuff and clout,
 And was accounted, without doubt,
 One of the prettiest Sparks about

the City.

And at his Weapon any way
 He could perform a single Fray,
 Even from the long Pike to the *Tay-*

ler's Bodkin.

He reckt not for his Flesh a jot,
 He fear'd nor *Englisbman* nor *Scot*,
 For *Map* or *Monster* car'd he not

a Dodkin.

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For fighting was his Recreation,
And like a Man in Desperation,
For *Law, Edit, or Proclamation*
he car'd not;

And in his Anger (Cause being given)
To lift his Hand 'gainst good Sir *Steven*,
Or any *Justice* under Heaven,
he fear'd not.

He durst his Enemy withstand,
Or at *Tergoos* or *Calis-Sand*,
And bravely there with Sword in Hand
would greet him.

And noble *Ellis* was his Name,
Who 'mongst his Foes to purchase Fame,
Not cared though the Devil came
to meet him.

And this brave *Goldsmith* was the Man,
Who first this worthy Brawl began,
Which after ended in a Can
of mild Beer.

But had you seen him when he fought,
How eagerly for Blood he fought,
There's no Man but would have him thought
a wild Bear.

Imagine now you see a score
Of mad-cap Gentlemen, or more,
Boys that did use to roist and rore,
and swagger.

Among the which were three or four,
That rul'd themselves by Wisdom's lore,
Whose very Grandfires scarcely wore
a Dagger.

A *Priest* and *Lawyer*, Men well read.
In wiping Spoons and chipping Bread,
And falling to, short Grace being said,
full roundly:

Whose hungry Maws no Sallets need
 Good Appetites therein to breed,
 Their Stomachs without Sauce could feed
 profoundly.

'Twas ill that Men of sober Diet,
 Who lov'd to fill their Guts in quiet,
 Were plac'd with *Ruffins* that to Rior
 were given.

And (O great Grief!) even from their Food
 (Their Stomachs too being strong and good)
 And that sweet place whereon it stood,
 be driven.

But here 'tis fitting I repeat
 What Food our dainty Prisoners eat;
 But if in placing of the Meat
 and Dishes,

From curious Order I do swerve,
 'Tis that themselves did none observe,
 For which nor Flesh they did deserve,
 nor Fishes.

But some (perhaps) will say that Lent
 Affords them not what here is meant,
 So much, so good; and that they went
 without it.

'Tis like: But if I add a Dish,
 Or twain, or three, of Flesh or Fish,
 They either had, or did it wish,
 ne'er doubt it.

Then wipe your Mouths, while I declare
 The goodness of this Lenten fare,
 Which is in Prison very rare,
 I tell ye.

Furmiry, sweet as any *Nut*,
 As good as ever swill'd a Gut,
 And Butter sweet as e'er was put
 in Belly,

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Eggs by the Dozen, new and good,
Which, in white Salt, uprightly stood,
And Meats which heat and stir the Blood
to Action.

As butter'd *Crabs*, and *Lobsters* red,
Which send the married Pair to bed,
And in loose Bloods have often bred
a Faction.

Fish butter'd to the Platter's brim,
And Parsnips did in Butter swim,
Strew'd o'er with Pepper neat and trim,
Salt Salmon.

Smelts cry'd, Come eat me, do not stay;
Fresh-Cod, and *Maids*, full neatly lay,
And next to these a lusty Ba-
con Gammon

Struck thick with Cloves upon the back,
Well stuff'd with Sage, and for the smack,
Daintily strew'd with Pepper black.
Sons'd Garnet,

Pickrell, *Sturgeon*, *Tench* and *TROUT*,
Meat far too good for such a Rout,
To tumble, toss, and throw about,
and spurn it.

The next a *Neat's-tongue* neatly dry'd,
Mustard and *Sugar* by his side,
Roches butter'd, *Flounders* fry'd,
hot *Custard*.

¶ *EEELS* boil'd and broil'd ; and next they bring
Herring, that is the *Fishes* King,
And then a Courtly *Powl* of *Ling*
and *Mustard*.

But stay, I had almost forgot
The *Flesh* which still stands piping hot,
Some from the Spit, some from the Pot
new taken:

A *Shoulder* and a *Leg* of *Mutton*,
As good as ever *Knife* was put on,
Which never were by a true *Glutton*
forfaken.

A *Leyn* of *Veal* that would have dar'd
One of the hungriest of the *Guard*;
And they sometimes will feed full hard,
like tall *Men*,

And such as love the *lusty Chine*;
But when that I shall *Sup* or *Dine*,
God grant they be no *Guests* of mine,
of all *Men*.

Thus the *Descriptions* are compleat,
Which I have made of *Men* and *Meat*.
Mars aid me now while I repeat
the *Battel*,

Where *Pots* and *Stools* were us'd as *Gins*
To break each others *Heads* and *Shins*,
Where *Blows* did make *Bones* in their *Skins*
to rattle;

Where *Men* to madness never ceast,
'Till each one (furious as a *Beast*)
Had spoil'd the fashion of a *Feast*
full dainty;

Whereon (had they not been accurst)
They might have fed 'till *Bellies* burst:
But *Ellis* shew'd himself the worst
of twenty.

For he began this monstrous *Brawl*,
Which afterward incens'd them all
To throw the *Meat* about the *Hall*
that *Even*.

And now give ear unto the *Jar*
That fell between these *Men* of *War*.
Wherein so many a harmless *Scar*
was given.

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The Board thus furnish'd, each Man sate,
Some fell to feeding, some to prate,
'Mong whom a jarring Question strait
was risen.

For they grew hotly in dispute,
What Calling was of most repute ;
'Twas well their Wits were so acute
in Prison.

While they discours'd, the *Parson* blithe
Fed as he meant to have the Tythe
Of every Dish, being sharp as Scythe
in feeding.

But haste had almost made him choke,
Or else (perhaps) he would have spoke
In praise of his long-thred-bare Cloak
and Breeding.

But after a deliberate pause,
The *Lawyer* spoke, as he had cause,
In commendation of the *Laws*
Profession.

The *Law* (quoth he) by a just Doom
Doth censure all that to it come,
And still defends the Innocent from
Oppression ;

It favours Truth, it curbs the hope
Of Vice ; it gives Allegiance scope,
Provides a Gallows and a Rope
for Treason.

This doth the *Law*, and this is it
Which makes us here in Prison sit,
Which grounded is on holy Writ
and Reason.

To which all Men must subject be,
As we by daily Proof do see,
From highest to the low'st degree ;
the *Scholar*,

MISCELLANY POEMS. 339

Noble, and *Rich* : It doth subdue
The *Soldier* and his swagering Crew :
But at that word the Captain grew
in Choler ;

He look'd full grim, and at first Word
Rapt out an Oath that shook the Beard,
And struck his Fift, that the sound roar'd
like Thunder ;

It made all skip that stood him near,
The frightened *Custard* quak'd for fear,
And those that heard it, stricken were
with Wonder ;

Nought did he now but frown and puff,
And having star'd and swore enough,
Thus he began in Language rough :
Thou cogging

Base foyfting *Lawyer*, that doft set
Thy Mind on nothing, but to get
Thy living by thy damned per-
tifogging,

A Slave, that shall for half a Crown,
With Buckram Bag, and daggled Gown,
Wait like a Dog about the Town,
and follow

A Buſineſs on the Devil's part
For Fees, though not with Law nor Art,
But Head as empty as thy Heart
is hollow ;

You ſtay at home and pocket Fees,
While we abroad our Bloods do leeſe,
And then with ſuch baſe Terms as theſe
you wrong us ;

But *Lawyer*, it is ſafer far
For thee to prattle at a Bar,
Than once to ſhew thy Face i'th' War
among us ;

Where to defend such thankless Hinds
The *Soldier* little quiet finds,
But is expos'd to stormy Winds
and Weathers.

And oft in Blood he wades full deep,
Your Throats from foreign Swords to keep,
And wakes when you securely sleep
in Feathers.

What could your *Laws and Statutes* do
Against Invasions of a *Fee*,
Did not the valiant *Soldier* go
to quell 'em?

And to prevent your further harms,
With Ensign, Fife, and loud Alarms
Of warlike Drum, by force of Arms
repell 'em!

**Your *Trespass's* *Aktion* will not stand,
For setting Foot upon your Land,
When they in scorn of your command
come hither:**

**No remedy in Courts of Pauls,
In Common Pleas, or in the Reuls,
For joulung of your Jobbernauts
together.**

**Were't not for us, thou Swad (quoth he)
Where wouldst thou Fog to get a Fee?
But to defend such things as thee,
 'tis pity.**

For, such as thou esteem us least,
Who ever have been ready prest
To guard you and the *Cuckoos* Nest,
your City.

That very word made *Ellis* start,
And all his Blood ran to his Heart ;
He shook, and quak'd in every part
with Anger :

MISCELLANY POEMS. 341

He look'd as if nought might assuage
The heat of his enflamed Rage;
His very Countenance did presage
some Danger.

A *Cuckoos* Nest? quoth he, and so
He humm'd, and held his Head full low,
As if distracted Thoughts did o-
verpress him.

At length, quoth he, my Mother sed,
At *Bristow* she was brought abed,
And there was *Ellis* born and bred,
(God blefs him.)

Of *London-City* I am free,
And there I first my *Wife* did see,
And for that very cause, quoth he,
I love it.

And he that calls it *Cuckoos* Nest,
Except he says he speaks in Jest,
He is a Villain, and a Beast,
I'll prove it :

This I'll maintain, nor do I care
Though *Captain Pot-gun* stamp and stare,
And swagger, swear, and tear his Hair
in Fury ;

And with the hazard of my Blood
I'll fight up to the Knees in Mud,
But I will make my Quarrel good,
assure ye.

For though I am a Man of Trade,
And free of *London-City* made,
Yet can I use *Gun, Bill, and Blade,*
in Battel ;

And Citizens, if need require,
Themselves can force the Foe retire,
Whatever this *Low-Country* Squire
do prattle ;

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For we have Soldiers of our own,
Able enough to guard the Town,
And Captains of most fair Renown
about it ;

If any Foe should fight amain,
And set on us with all his Train ;
We'll make him to retire again,
ne'er doubt it.

We have fought well in Dangers past,
And will do while our Lives do last,
Without the help of any cast
Commanders,

That hither come, compell'd by Want,
With rusty Swords, and Suits provant,
From *Utrecht, Nemiighen, or Ghent*
in *Flanders*.

The *Captain* could no longer hold ;
But looking fiercely, plainly told
The Citizen, he was too bold,
and call'd him

Proud Boy, and for his saucy Speech
Did vow shortly to whip his Breech :
Then *Ellis* snatcht the Pot, with which
he maul'd him ;

He threw the Jugg, and therewithal
Did give the *Captain* such a maul
As made him thump against the Wall
his Crupper.

With that the *Captain* took a Dish
That stood brim-full of butter'd Fish,
As good as any Heart could wish
to Supper :

And as he threw, his Foot did slide,
Which turn'd his Arm and Dish aside,
And all be-butterfishside

Nick Ballat :

And he (good Man) did none disease;
But sitting quiet and at his ease,
With butter'd *Rochets* thought to please
his Pallate.

But when he felt the Wrong he had,
He rag'd, and swore, and grew stark mad;
Some in the Room been better had
without him;

For he took hold of any thing;
And first he caught the *Poul* of *Ling*,
Which he courageously did fling
about him:

Out of his Hand it flew apace,
And hit the *Lawyer* in the Face,
Who at the Board in highest place
was seated.

And as the *Lawyer* thought to rise,
The Salt was thrown into his Eyes,
Which him of Sight in woful wise
defeated.

All things near hand, *Nick Ballat* threw;
At length his butter'd *Rochets* flew;
And hit by chance, among the crew,
the Parson:

The Sauce his Coat did all bewet,
The *Priest* began to fume and fret,
The Seat was butter'd which he set
his---on:

He knew not what to do or say,
It was in vain to *Preach* or *Pray*,
Or cry, *You are all gone astray*,
good People:

He might as well go strive to teach
Divinity beyond his reach;
Or when the Bells ring out, go preach
iⁿ th' Steeple.

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At this Mischance the silly Man
Out of the Room would fain have ran,
And very angrily began

to mutter.

Ill luck had he, for after that
One threw the *Parfumps* full of fat ;
Which stuck like Broaches in his Hat
with Butter.

Out of the place he soon repairs,
And ran half headlong down the Stairs,
And made complaint to Master *Aires*
with crying.

Up ran he to know the Matter,
And found how they the things did scatter ;
Here a Trencher, there a Platter
were lying.

I dare not say he stunk for Woe,
Nor will, unless I did it know ;
But some there be that dare say so,
that smelt him :

Nor could ye blame him if he did,
For they threw Dishes at his Head ;
Anddidd with Eggs and Loaves of Bread
bepelt him.

He thrust himself into the Throng,
And us'd the Virtue of his Tongue ;
But what could one Man's words among
so many ?

The Candles were all shuffled out,
The Viſuals flew afreſh about ;
Was never ſuch a Combat fought
by any.

Now in the dark was all the Cōyl ;
Some were bloody in the Broil,
And ſome were ſleep'd in *Sallet-Oil*
and *Mustard*.

Th

The fight would make a Man afraid:

Another had a butter'd Beard,

Another's Face was all besmear'd

with *Custard* :

Others were daub'd up to the Knee

With butter'd *Fish* and *Fermity*;

And some the Men could scarcely see

that beat 'em.

Under the Board * *Llewellyn* lay.

Being sore frightened with the Fray,

And as the Weapons flew that way

he eat 'em.

The Bread stuck in the Windows all,

Like Bullets in a Castle-wall

Which furious Foes did seek to scale

in Battel.

Shoulders of Mutton, and Loins of Veal,

Appointed for to serve the Meal,

About their Ears full many a Peal

did rattle;

The which when t Owen Blany spy'd,

Oh, take away their Arms, he cry'd,

Left some great hurt do them betide,

prevent it.

And then the Knave away did steal

Of Food that fell, no little deal,

And in his House at many a Meal

he spent it.

The *Captain* ran the rest among.

As eager to revenge the Wrong

Done by the *Pot* which *Ellis* flung

fo stoutly:

* Will. Lluellin a Prisoner there, sometime since the Keeper.

‡ One of the Under-Keeper.

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And angry *Ellis* fought about
To find the furious *Captain* out;
At length they met, and then they fought
devoutly.

Now being met, they never lin,
'Till with their loud robustious din
The Room and all that was therein
did rumble.

Instead of Weapons made of Steel,
The *Captain* took a salted Eel,
And at each blow made *Ellis* reel
and tumble.

Ellis a *Pippin-Pie* had got,
A forer Weapon than the *Pot*;
For lo, the Apples being hot
did scald him.

The *Captain* laid about him still,
As if he would poor *Ellis* kill,
And with his *Eel* with a good Will
he maul'd him.

At length, quoth he, *Ellis* thou art
A Fellow of courageous Heart,
Yield now, and I will take thy part
hereafter.

Quoth *Ellis*, much I scorn to hear
Thy words of Threat, being free from Fear;
With which he hardly could forbear
from Laughter.

Together then afresh they fly,
The *Eel* against the *Pippin-Pie* :
But *Blany* stood there purposely
to watch 'em.

The Weapons wherewithal they fought,
Were those for which he chiefly fought,
And with an eager Stomach thought
to catch 'em;

But 'scap'd not now so well away
As at the *Veal* and *Mutton* Fray;
He thought to have with such a Prey
his Jaws fed :

MISCELLANY POEMS. 347

But all his Hope did turn aside,
He look'd for that which Luck deny'd,
For *Ellis* all be-pippin-py'd

his Calves-head.

Woe was the Case he now was in,
The hot Apples did scald his Skin;
His Skull as it had rotten been

did quoddle.

With that one Fool among the rout
Made out-cry all the House about,
That *Blany's* Brains were beaten out

his Noddle :

Which * *Lockwood* hearing, needs would see
What all this coil and stir might be;
And up the Stairs his Guts and he

went wadling.

But when he came the Chamber near,
Behind the Door he stood to hear;
For in he durst not come for fear

of swadling :

There stood he in a frightful Case:
And as by Chance he stirr'd his Face,
Full in the Mouth a butter'd Plaice

did hit him.

Away he sneak'd, and with his Tongue
He lick'd and swallow'd up the Wrong,
And as he went the Room along,

be-----him.

For help now doth poor *Lockwood* cry,
O bring a Surgeon or I die,
My Guts out of my Belly fly ;

come quickly.

Blany with open Mouth likewise
For present help of Surgeon cries ;
Pity a Man, quoth he, that lies

so sickly.

* *A Turn-key, a-fat Fellow,*

B. 2

*Phillips the skilful Surgeon then,
Was call'd, and call'd, and call'd again,
If he had Skill to cure these Men,
to shew it.*

At length he comes, and first he puts
His Hands to feel for *Lockwood's* Guts;
Which came not forth so sweet as Nuts,
all know it:

He cries for Water. In the mean
One calls up *Madge the Kitchin-quean*;
To take and make the Baby clean,
and clout it.

Fast by the Nose she took the Squall,
And led him softly throw the Hall,
Left the Perfume through Knees should fall
about it.

She turn'd his Hose beneath the Knee,
Nor could she chuse but laugh to see
That yellow which was wont to be
a white Breech.

She took a Dish-clout off the Shelf,
And with it wip'd the sh----Elf,
Which had not wit to help it felf,
poor----Breech.

Thus leaving *Lockwood* all bewray'd
Unto the Mercy of the Maid,
Who well deserved to be pay'd
for taking

Such homely Pains: Now let us cast,
Our Thoughts back on the stir that's past,
And them whose Bones could not in haste
leave aking.

**And like the Candles, shall my Pen
Shew you these Gallants once again ;
Which now-like Furies, not like Men,
 appeared.**

MISCELLANY POEMS. 349

Fresh Lights being brought t' appease the Brawl,
Shew twenty Mad-men in the Hall,
With Blood and Sauce their Faces all
besmeared.

Their Cloaths all rent and fouc'd in Drink,
Oil, Mustard, Butter, and the stink
Which *Lockwood* left, would make one think
in sadness,

That these so monstrous Creatures dwell
Either in *Bedlam*, or in Hell,
Or that no Tongue or Pen can tell
their Madness.

They were indeed disfigured so,
Friend knew not Friend, nor Foe-man Foe:
For each Man scarce himself did know:
But after

A Frantick staring round about,
They suddenly did quit their doubt,
And loudly all at once brake out
in laughter.

The heat of all is now allay'd,
The Keepers gently do perswade;
And (as before) all Friends are made,
full kindly.

Ellis the Captain doth imbrace,
The Captain doth return the Grace,
And so do all Men in the place,
as friendly.

By *Jove* I love thee, *Ellis* cry'd;
The Captain soon as much reply'd:
Thou art, quoth he, a Man well try'd;
and *Vulcan*

With *Mars* at odds again shall be,
E'er any Jars 'twixt thee and me;
And thereupon I drink to thee
a full Can.

350 *The THIRD PART of*

And then he kneel'd upon the Ground.
Drink't off (quoth *Ellis*) for this round
For ever shall be held renown'd :

And never

May any Quarrel 'twixt us twain
Arise, or this renew again,
But may we loving Friends remain
for ever.

Amen, cry'd the *Captain*, so did all,
And so the Health went round the Hall;
And thus the famous *Counter-Brawl*
was ended.

But Hunger now did vex 'em more
Than all their Anger did before;
They search'd i' th' Room how far their Store-
extended.

They want the Meat which *Blasy* stole;
One finds a *Herring* in a Hole
With Dirt and Dust black as a Coal,
and trodden

All under Feet. The next in Post,
Snaps up and feeds on what was lost,
And looks not whether it were rost,
or sodden;

A third finds in another place
A piece of *Ling* in dirty case,
And *Mustard* in his Fellow's Face.
Another

Espies, and finds a Loaf of Bread,
A Dish of Butter all bespread,
And stuck upon another's Head
i' th' pother.

Thus what they found contented some :
At length the Keeper brings a Broom,
Meaning therewith to cleanse the Room
with sweeping.

MISCELLANY POEMS. 35

But under Table on the Ground
Looking to sweep, by chance he found
Lluellin, faining to be found-

ly sleeping.

He pull'd him out so swift by th' Heels,
As if his Bum had run on Wheels,
And found his Pocket stuff with *Eels*:
his Cod-piece-

Did plenty of Provision bring,
Somewhat it held of every thing,
Smelts, Flounders, Rochets, and of Ling
a broad Piece.

At this Discovery each Man round
Took equal share of what was found,
Which afterwards they freely drown'd
in good Drink.

For of good Beer there was good store,
'Till all were glad to give it o'er;
For each Man had enough and more,
that would drink.

And when they thus had drunk and fed,
As if no Quarrel had been bred;
They all shook Hands, and all to Bed
did shuffle.

Ellis, the glory of the Town,
With that brave Captain of renown:
And thus I end this famous Coun-
ter-Scuffle.



1. The first part of the report is a summary of the work done during the year. It includes a list of the projects completed and a brief description of the results achieved.

2. The second part of the report is a detailed account of the work done on the various projects. It includes a description of the objectives of each project, the methods used, and the results achieved.

3. The third part of the report is a summary of the work done on the various projects. It includes a list of the projects completed and a brief description of the results achieved.

4. The fourth part of the report is a detailed account of the work done on the various projects. It includes a description of the objectives of each project, the methods used, and the results achieved.

5. The fifth part of the report is a summary of the work done on the various projects. It includes a list of the projects completed and a brief description of the results achieved.

THE
Church Scuffle;

Or, the Noble Labours of the

G R E A T D E A N

O F

Notre-Dame in Paris,

For the Erecting in his Quire a Throne for
his Glory, and the Eclipsing the Pride of
an Imperious, Usurping Chanter.

An Heroic P O E M in Four Canto's.

Containing a true History, and shews the Folly,
Foppery, Luxury, Laziness, Pride, Ambition,
and Contention of the *Romish* Clergy.

Printed in the Year MDCCXVI.



To the Right Honourable

J O H N

Earl of *MULGRAVE*, &c.

Knight of the most Honourable
Order of the Garter.

My LORD;

I Have long been aſham'd to ſee ſo many of my Writings march into the World. and yet not one of 'em honour'd by your Lordſhip's Patronage. It is an eaſie matter for a Troop to force themſelves on Ladies and Neutral Gentlemen, or Nobility, who will not Arm; but they muſt be Men of ſome Merit and Gallantry, who compel regard from a General. Your Lordſhip is as much above us in our own Ways, as you are in other Reſpects; and I give this manifeſt proof of it, your Fortune, and moſt Men believe, your Inclination. fixes you on the top of Eaſe and Pleaſure, therefore you wou'd never have written one Line, if it had coſt you any Pains, yet have you perform'd Maſteries, which we who make Poetry the whole Buſineſs of our Lives, cou'd never equal. In your Eſſay on Poetry there appears to me a Commanding Genius, ſtanding on a Riſe, o'er-looking the Age you live in, ſeeing all the Writers in it march.

R. 6.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

are idle in the great Affairs of their Calling, and busie in Impertinence. By the few we have had amongst us, of such kind of Churchmen, we may guess the misery of People who live in the Roman Church, where there are scarce any other; where the whole Mass of Priesthood is a heap of proud Flesh, and all the Strength and Nutriment of a Nation goes to feed Ecclesiastical Corruption; thanks be to God, we are in a condition to make Sport with 'em; if e'er they come amongst us, they will spoil the Jest. And past dispute 'tis very fit to render Men contemptible who endeavour to make Religion so. We have had too many in our Church who have busied themselves, and embroil'd others about things, which the French have had the understanding to know were only fit for a Droll. But now we have greater Affairs on our Hand. We have not time to contend for Modes in Religion, when the Being of the Protestant Religion, and indeed the English Nation lyes at stake. In a Calm at Sea Men may have leisure to wrangle at Chess; but if a Storm rises the quarrel's at an end, and the Bishops, Knights, Rooks and Pawns that bred it are left to shift for themselves. I am well assured the Lutrin pleases your Lordship, but I may doubt of my Management of it; for I treat it as an English Privateer wou'd do a French Prize, great part of it I fling away, and I dash, brow and disguise the rest as I think good. I shall not value how the World censures me, if I have the good Fortune to be approv'd of by your Lordship, and thought worthy of the Title of,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most Humble
and Obliged Servant,

John Crowne.



The CHURCH-SCUFFLE.

C A N T O I.



Sing of Angels, not the Heavenly
Quire [inspire.
Who Peace, and Truth, and Harmony
Hoarse Brazen Trumpet-like is my
rough Voice,
Jarring Church-Angels, therefore,
are my Choice.

In mighty *Paris* two great Spirits reign'd,
Where one with ease could not be well contain'd.
They strove, and from 'em dreadful Thunders broke,
Which made great *Noire-Dame* both shake and smoke;
And e'er the almost falling Church cou'd fix,
Strange Janglings made, among Church-candlesticks.
Of all the Priests that wealthy *Dame* supply'd
With Laziness, with Luxury and Pride,
None deeper sunk, or firmlier remain'd
In Peace and Fat, than he, who o'er it reign'd,
The Dean; a solid Priest in Flesh and Bone;
He like a sleepy Rowler trundled on
Along all Times; and gather'd as he rowl'd
A heavy heap of fat and clammy Mold.
He never knew when Changes went or came,
All Times, Faiths, Oaths, appear'd to him the same.
He had no Palate but for Meats and Wine,
In those he was a learn'd profound Divine;
And to those Studies kept so close and hard,
To his Cathedral he paid small regard.
Mean while a Haughty, Melancholly, Sow'r,
Old busie snarling Chanter steep'd in Pow'r,
Chief of the Chanters there, he was by right,
But not contented with that Noble Height,

Usurp'd the Dean's Supremacy, and more,
 Took high Prerogatives unknown before,
 As scorning Pow'r only at second Hand;
 And he was terrible in his Command;
 He made the Singers shake more than in Song.
 This fierce Usurper Rul'd in quiet long,
 Obey'd, fear'd, honour'd, Church Affairs went on
 In a profound still Current, cross'd by none.
 At length the Dean from his long slumbers woke,
 Burst through his Cloud, and Church repose he broke.
 He saw his Reverence and State were gone,
 And gallantly resolv'd to seize his own;
 Nay his prelatick Legal Pomp advance
 On the intruding Chanter's arrogance.
 The great-soul'd Chanter having proudly Reign'd;
 Submission scorn'd, and usurp'd State maintain'd.
 By his Devotion to Pomp, Pow'r and Pride,
 He won the Zealous Canons to his side;
 Who, skill'd in Causes of that mighty weight,
 Lent him their aid by many a loud debate:
 So, of old, Pagan Prelates madly strove
 The Moon's Eclipse by noises to remove.
 Pagans beat Dishes, Pans and Platters hard,
 Our Priests no clattering in Quotations spar'd.
 What Devil envious of Church repose,
 These Fire-balls into holy Bosoms throws,
 And turns the Church to a disorder'd Rout?
 How can such fury enter Souls devout?
 Stand off, Atheistick Wits, and Scoffers vain,
 Do not my grave and solemn Song profane:
 Great *Notre-Dame*, the high and stately Scene
 Of our ensuing Story, long had been
 Adorn'd and blest with many a deep Divine,
 Not deep in Arts, but in Down-beds and Wine.
 Their great Devotion doubly they express;
 In Church by Pomp, at home by Heav'nly Rest,
 It grac'd their Master's Service to maintain
 In ease themselves, his Fav'rite Gentlemen.

360 *The THIRD PART of*

On their soft Beds the Morn they dos'd away,
 And left the Quire the drudgery to pray;
 And to rich lofty Cushions to supply
 Their Rooms i' Church, and raise God's Honour high.
 God was well serv'd, though Priests were never there;
 Bright Residentiaries the Cushions were.
 The holy Men eat, drunk and slept with Zeal,
 All for Heav'n's honour, and the Churches weal;
 Kept from themselves all Sacrilegious toil;
 True to their Fat they were, as *Rhemes* to Oil,
 To anoint Gallick Kings an Angel brought
 Much unctuous Fat God sent his holy Lot,
 Our pious Canons, which to keep from waste
 Careful they were, not to preach, pray or fast;
 Or only fast to give themselves a whet,
 So when they charg'd, the Rout was dreadful Great.
 Sometimes Soul-lulling Sermons from 'em stream'd;
 But ah! so gently, when they preach'd they seem'd
 Like *Halcyons* brooding o'er a slumbering Wave,
 To the Cathedral peaceful Calms they gave.
 No croaking Preacher spoil'd, with tedious din,
 Good *Sunday* Dinners, or sweet weekly Sin.
 No noise was there but of harmonious Sound,
 Division there only in Song was found.
 When horrid Discord rear'd her snaky Head,
 To see who entertain'd a Calm so dead,
 So loath'd by her. Her Empire she survey'd,
 And found her Will by Millions was obey'd.
 Gladly she saw in each well-govern'd State
 The Law, with formal Pomp, support debate;
 But Churches highly pleas'd her Ear and Eye,
 She saw all Churches set her Honour high.
 Yet our Cathedral, only in Musick loud,
 Lodg'd Peace in scorn of Discord and her crowd.
 Discord in Rage pearch'd on the lofty Dome,
 And from her Mouth she rain'd a pois'nous Foam
 Which crack'd the Glass; martyr'd the Apostles there;
 Then with a Sigh, which made Trees shed their Hair;

MISCELLANY POEMS. 361

Foul'd the Church-plate, that all its splendors dy'd,
Like Men in Damps ; she vented thus her Pride.
How dar'st thou, proud Cathedral, Friendship shew
To Peace, (said she) my known, and vanquish'd Foe,
Which round the World I've spurn'd? Where has she
rest?

In one fair Realm sh'as scarce one single Breast.
How often there in the same Person fight,
Whig, Tory, *Williamite*, and *Jacobite*,
Who have by turns the better of the fray ;
As *French* or *Irish* get or lose the Day ;
Or as the Hands of their good *Moses* rise,
Well to reward, or sharply to chastise.
I've made my self a Barricado strong,
Of stiff Non-swearers, a most stubborn throng,
Who by no Art to yield can be compell'd,
And grow more hard, like Trees, by being fell'd.
Nay ev'n some Swearers to advance my Reign,
The Crown secur'd by Law unfix again ;
Carve Power by Conquest which is carv'd by Law,
Some Swearers against these keen Weapons draw,
Between 'em Peace and Truth lead wretched Lives,
These Fighters wound 'em with their Carving-knives.
Me above Church and State all Nations set,
And dares one Church neglect a Power so great ?
Woes for thee this provoking Crime provides.
Streight her enormous Figure Discord hides
With a square Cap, a Surplice, Hood and Gown ;
Nor from an old Sour Canon could be known.
Most true to Discord ; he waged endless War
With Peace, in Presses, Pulpits, at the Bar,
All Bars of Civil and of Canon Laws,
To Law he went, with or without a Cause.
With Suits at Law all his Tythe-corn he ground,
Ay, and himself, and all his Neighbours round.
He would not spare his Purse, Brain, Flesh or Bone,
To stir the clack of Lawyers and his own.
Discord and wrangling highly to promote,
He rail'd, he sued, he studied, and he wrote ;

362 *The THIRD PART of*

Toi'd unlike God, from light he darkness spun ;
 Worlds by this Anti-Maker were undone.
 He preach'd for Malice, in the Pulpit boil'd,
 Till Dinners and Devotions both were spoil'd.
 When his thin Flock by Winter Winds were flead,
 To gaul the Sore he'd a long Service Read ;
 Then, far above his Hour, in Pulpit Rail,
 Then tack an Altar Service to the Tail,
 Till all their Meat was burnt, and Noses Raw,
 Some to provoke to give him Food for Law.
 Dissent, assent, his Dues detain or pay,
 (Though not to Heav'n) to Court's the certain way.
 By this good Guide all they were sure to find,
 Who not conform'd in all things to his Mind :
 If pious Reverence they forgot to shew
 To Altars, and his Person by a Bow ;
 And did not Service so exactly mark,
 To start at all Responses with the Clerk,
 To pour their Voices in the mutt'ring throng,
 And help to push the murmuring Stream along ;
 If they nick'd not their Times to kneel and rise,
 And on these faults his Spectacles were spies.
 But woe to Hugonots remote or nigh ;
 From his hot busie Zeal, and watchful Eye,
 Proctors and Paritours had wealthy spoil,
 And Constables an Everlasting toil.
 Baptismal Water, sacramental Wine
 Cast away much of the Reformers Coin.
 Bas'ons and Bowls not blest with legal Forms
 Were sure to meet with most confounding Storms.
 Discord had chose this Canon for her own,
 And therefore mark'd his Brow with many a Frown.
 His lean Cheeks wrangled, all the Wrinkles clash'd
 When e'er they met, and deep his Visage slash'd.
 Therefore his Figure Discord wisely wore,
 For none cou'd fit her better, please her more.

C A N T O II.

TO the Dean's Palace stormy Discord steer'd,
 And finds the bulky Prelate sepulcher'd
 In an Alcove and Down; in hopes at last
 Of joyful Resurrection to Repair.
 In his fair spreading Cheeks, the Churches charge-
 Had rais'd a Garden beautiful and large;
 And in two Stories built his goodly Chin.
 To let these run to Ruin were a Sin.
 The holy Man did no Expences spare,
 To keep 'em faithfully in good Repair;
 And every part about him fat and sound,
 For they were Church Demeans and holy Ground.
 Rich Curtains gave his slumbers strong defence,
 Against Day's sacrilegious Violence.
 Soft Pillows had his Cheeks, and let no Air
 Approach to harm the lively Roses there:
 For Youth's Spring Flowers in his Autumn grew,
 Those Cheeks possessing which were Age's due.
 All things in order were for Dinner laid,
 When the great Goddess her proud Entry made.
 The exact order highly pleas'd her Eye;
 She knew the Church by scrupulous decency.
 In all the Joys of Silence, Ease and Pride,
 And with a Breakfast strongly fortified,
 The Dean, attending Dinner, slumb'ring lay;
 When thus the Goddess drove his Rest away.
 Wake quickly Dean, she said, or wake no more;
 A Chanter haughtily usurps thy Power,
 Shines in the Quire with thy Prelatick Grace,
 And swes it with the same commanding Face.
 All Bows of Singers are to him address'd;
 All Congregations by his Mouth are blest;
 He graces all the Saints high solemn Days,
 When to oblige 'em he in Person prays.



To the Right Honourable

J O H N

Earl of *MULGRAVE*, &c.

Knight of the most Honourable
Order of the Garter.

My LORD;

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But then Tears stopt the current of his talk:
 His loving Steward empower'd his Tongue to walk
 With chearful Wine, when *Boyrude* bending low
 With heavy Age, with trembling Steps and slow
 Enter'd the Room. The Church had us'd his Pains
 In four successive Deans Voluptuous Reigns.
 None in Church Customs was so skill'd as he;
 He was a living true Church History.
 His Knowledge rais'd him from a Sexton poor,
 To the high Trust of all Church Garniture.
 Great Office! Robes are often half the Dean,
 This Rules those Robes, ordains 'em to be clean.
 One in this Office half a Dean ordains,
 O'er half a Dean as Dean he proudly Reigns.
 He has in part an Arch-prelatick Power;
 He's of one Colledge parcel Visitour.
 At first approach the Reverend Sage espies
 The Dean's demolish'd Pride and groveling Eyes.
 Guessing the Cause, he smiling towards him mov'd,
 And Father-like his childish Grief reprov'd.
 For shame (said he) let the poor Chanter weep,
 Your Rights and Empire study you to keep.
 Hark to the Counsel Heav'n does now inspire.
 Where the proud Chanter over-looks the Quire
 With frowning Arrogance, some Ages past
 The Church was shaded with an Engine vast,
 Desk, Throne, or Pulpit, call it what you please:
 At once it serv'd Devotion, Pomp and Ease.
 There, thron'd in Glory, I have known a Dean,
 In Vestments Rich, on Velvet Cushions lean.
 Prayer-books, Emboss'd with Gold, before him shone,
 Which drew all Eyes upon 'em but his own.
 A Worm stol'n from a Grave the Chanter seem'd,
 Just visible enough to be contemn'd.
 Time, Fate or Fiends, malicious Men, or all,
 (For they're all Foes to good) conspir'd its fall,
 Malicious Men, we think, by secret Art
 Gave it a Sickness in some noble Part,

That never visited nor minded well,
 One Morn it yawn'd, and down to Ruin fell.
 And to its worth th' ungrateful Quire unjust,
 Laid it in dark forgetfulness and dust.
 What honour'd once the Quire, has now forlorn,
 Lain thirty Winters languishing in scorn.
 Three of us, fit for such a great Affair,
 Will Perewig'd in Night's dishevel'd Hair,
 Steal to the Pulpit, in its mournful Room,
 And gloriously Reward its Martyrdom.
 If once to murmur the proud Chanter dare,
 The Wretch with Forty biting Actions tear.
 Since not in Learning, be in Law renown'd.
 Shew a Church Spirit, the whole Church confound,
 E'er quit a Tittle of your sacred Right;
 Let Laymen pray, Prelates are known by Might.
 Your Divine dazzling Right dart at your Foe ;
 Then to the Church in all Church splendor go;
 And there Brow-beat th' Usurper to the Ground;
 Then to out-brave him disperse Blessings round.
 To blast his Pride, and shew your self Supream,
 Bless all the Congregation, nay bless him.
 The Counsel seem'd to admiration wise;
 The Dean in Ravishments, with lifted Eyes,
 Heav'n's Inspiration most devoutly blest ;
 But straight a new Reflection struck his Breast.
 I now have in the Quire, a Seat, (said he)
 Cloath'd with rich Cushions crown'd with Canopy,
 On what pretence can I erect this Throne ?
Boyrde reply'd, A most Religious one,
 Sermons to hear. Th' Assembly trembled all
 With horror at the sound Fanatical.
 The Prelate hotly fir'd, profanely swore ;
 And almost call'd for an Inquisitor.
 Dar'st thou (said he) name Sermons in my Ear?
 I'll be no Dean e'er buy the place so dear.
 I'll rather Combat with wild Beasts like *Paul*,
 Or, like *Isaiah*, be saw'd once for all,

Than weekly be with tort'ring Sermons saw'd,
 Postpone my Meals, and be with Fasting gnaw'd;
 Nay more my self into the Toil they'll fetch,
 And I my self shall be oblig'd to preach.
 Make potent Prelates preach? The Sage replies;
 Pray by what Rule? You are not Tongues, but Eyes.
 Our Eyes guide all our Limbs, yet keep their Ease;
 Labour becomes not highest Dignities.
 Sect'ries, like *Jews*, with wandrings are perplex,
 Doom'd all their Lives to rove from Text to Text,
 Die in that Wilderness, and ne'er possess
Rome's blessed holy Land of Lazines;
 A Land that flows with Honey, Milk and Gains,
 As Heav'n's sole cost, and not the Owners Pains.
 Of this you've more than a dim *Pisgab* sight;
 And Ease is your inviolable Right.
 Make Canons preach; and while the work is done,
 Let your austere Grave Presence lash 'em on.
 By their dull Saws no doubt you will be pain'd,
 But you'll with sweet Revenge be entertain'd.
 They've uncanonical Rebellious Tongues,
 And from 'em you've receiv'd a thousand Wrongs,
 Like Jades in Water-works, Sir, make 'em sweat,
 Till from 'em penitential Drops you get.
 Then you'll soon have Revenge and Rev'rence both;
 Soon at your Feet they'll fall, to compass sloth.
 Into a loud Applause th' Assembly broke,
 And thought Man never with more Wisdom spoke.
 All start, of Fame to have the greatest share,
 But the wise Dean reduc'd 'em as they were.
 All things in Church by Order must be done,
 (Said he) that rears and fixes every Throne.
 None shall approach this Work, but those whom Fate
 Shall, by a Lot, ordain and consecrate.
 Thirty selected Names are writ with haste,
 And in the bottom of a Bonnet cast.
 Fairly to draw the Billets, they employ
 Rosie-check'd *Will*; that pretty Singing-boy;

His

MISCELLANY POEMS. 369

His Head new poll'd, his Face and Linnen clean,
 Tho' no Saint's Day, for much he pleas'd the Dean,
 The Prelate all partiality disclaims;
 Having thrice blest, as often shakes the Names.
Will draws, and *Trole* is the first Name that comes:
 Birds promis'd good, which freely peck'd their Crumbs;
 Sure no ill Augury could now be read,
 This Red-beak'd Bird from Liquor never fled.
 A pleasing Murmur in the Throng was rais'd,
 And Fortune's choice by every one was prais'd.
Will to his Office does again repair,
 And draws a Name, most fatal to the Fair,
 Of a young Singing-Man whose Charms ('tis said)
 Had been the Death of many a Chamber-Maid.
 Nay, his keen mounting Darts reach'd lofty Game,
 Threatned high Ranks with loss of Life or Fame.
 Whatever Beauty ogled him was lost,
 And soon became a Strumpet, or a Ghost.
 Yet to the dang'rous Snare they ventur'd all:
 His Silver Pipe was a true Lady-call,
 Which both Church Pews and Play-house Boxes cram'd,
 Entic'd the Fair both to be Sav'd and Damn'd.
 Bur oh! that Lady gain'd the height of Bliss,
 Whom he in private taught to Sing and Kiss.
 Long the soft Sex did for the Youth contend;
 Some took their Eyes, some Money for their Friend.
 Some had him all, and some had modest Shares,
 Some clear'd their Tones, some gave a crack to theirs,
 To him his Fortune gave a second Choice,
 And now they go to ask Fates last Advice,
 Their Names and panting Hearts are tost again,
 Each fearing Fate his Person should disdain.
 Honest old *Verger*! What sincere delight
 Shook thy dry Corps, when thy Name rose in sight?
 Thy Yellow Checks turn'd Red, and with a shout
 Thou backwards gav'st a Spring in spite of Gout.
 Now Loyal true Church Hearts, who for Church weal
 Had an unquenchable Religious Zeal,

370 *The THIRD PART of*

Much prais'd Fates choice of Men for Church Affairs;
 And wish'd all Realms as able Ministers;
 All Kings as deep in sight, as Fate had shewn
 In chusing Men, to serve the Church and Throne.
 On the Design now all prepare to go;
 And in a murm'ring Stream, away they flow
 To the Dean's Cellar, where they rent the Arch
 With drunken Songs, and sounded oft a March,
 The Prelate calm'd, resum'd his lost Repose,
 And now, 'till Supper, laid him down to Dose,

C A N T O III.

NOW Night was in the middle of her Reign,
 Great was her Pomp, and spacious was her Train;
 From her large Throne of Jet she saw the proud
 High Tow'rs of *Paris* scorn an humble Cloud,
 Ravens, and all the Prophets of the Air
 Nightly to Dormitories near repair.
 Amongst the rest for twenty Winters foul,
 In a dark Cave, a Sibyl, call'd an Owl,
 Secur'd her self from Days oppressing Light;
 And fled abroad to Prophesie at Night.
 Of great Disasters she has early Sense,
 Is an impartial true Intelligence.
 All Sects believe her, though she joins with none;
 The Schismatick flies all Communion.
 Night for her healing Touch Nature enthrones,
 She often cures both crazy Minds and Bones.
 Kings fall'n with Care below even common Men,
 She Re-anoints, and makes 'em Kings again.
 Day wears, but Night repairs, nay makes Mankind,
 The only Labour to her Reign assign'd,
 Therefore this *Ethiops* with Day divides
 The Rule of Time; half through her Empire slides,
 Angry to see her Reign profan'd with Toyl,
 She posted to suppress the noisly broyl,

MISCELLANY POEMS. 371

And the bold Authors; for the great Affair,
 She chose this Owl her premier Minister,
 And call'd her out; her Black Queen's Voice she knew,
 To her Retinue joyfully she flew.
 Both swiftly through th' *August* Cathedral past,
 And found the Prison of the Engine vast.
 It lay neglected in a Desert Room;
 Night plac'd her Bird deep in its dusty Womb.
 Now *Trole* and *Minnum*, two great Chiefs Elect,
 Left the Dean's Vault, and the slow *Verger* check'd.
 He was as vigorous as they in Mind,
 But Age and Gout detain'd him far behind.
 Besides th' old Tortoise carried on his Back
 Of necessary Tools a boisterous pack,
 As Hammer, Chissels, Mallet, Saw and Nails,
 Under whose weight his wasted Vigour fails.
 The Warriors force through Night's affrightful Shade,
 Then valiantly the high proud *Dome* invade.
 First they ascend to the magnifick Porch,
 Which stop'd the valued Learning of the Church.
 The *Verger* stop'd the Troop, whilst with the dint
 Of Steel, he cut the Veins of stubborn Flint,
 And forc'd from thence a Spark; the Infant bright
 As soon as Born begot another Light,
 Which proves to them a kind of Midnight Sun,
 By whose direction boldly they go on.
 Th' unfolding Gates upon the Troop let loose
 Detested Shades, like Floods through opening Sluice.
 Like a bold Caravan the Stream they stem,
 The Horrors and the Solitude condemn,
 So on in Wilds where never was a Road;
 And reach at length the Pulpits dark abode.
 Their Wonders on the fallen Machine they feast,
 Like Birds upon the Carcass of a Beast.
 How now (said *Minnum*) come we here to gaze?
 And then, ambitious to engross the praise,
 With a stiff threatening Arm, and bending Back,
 He singly made a desperate Attack.

E'er half his Force the Engine had receiv'd,
 (Astonishing! and scarce to be believ'd,)
 A horrid Voice out of the Pulpit flew,
 Th' old *Verger* from his Back his Burthen threw;
 The Fire out of *Trole's* flaming Visage stray'd,
 Only in his Nose, as in a Socket, play'd.
 Pale *Minnum* like a Lilly hung his Head,
 With his lost Mistress with'd himself in Bed:
 But fearing Shame he put false Courage on,
 Seem'd bolder now more Danger might be won.
 The frightful dang'rous Engine shook once more,
 With greater Resolution than before.
 The angry Owl once more depriv'd of Ease,
 Rushes abroad with louder Menaces,
 Scatt'ring a Storm of Wind and Dust about,
 Which put their Candle and their Courage out.
 Their trembling Knees cou'd not their Bodies bear;
 Their Nerves were weaker than their staring Hair.
 In wild Confusion they sunk all away,
 Like Truants by their Whipster catch'd at Play.
 Discord rag'd at their foil, and in despight
 Of their base Fear will force 'em to the Fight.
 In *Boyrude's* wither'd Figure she appears
 Aged, but worn with Wrangling more than Years;
 Wrinkled, but Malice half the Cyphers made,
 And claim to half his wasted Visage laid.
 Her bending Trunk she with a Staff supports,
 And hastes to find her Warriors dark resorts.
 With broken Voice, and hoarse with frequent brawl
 She cries, Where are you fled you Cowards all?
 Think you, because your odious Heads you hide,
 Your Infamy more odious is not spy'd?
 Come out, and shew the reason of your fear;
 Stung with Reproof, with Boldness they appear,
 Proud of th' Encounter, and prepar'd to boast,
 For all of 'em believ'd the Owl a Ghost.
Minnum was fix'd in the Opinion strong;
 His Charms had kill'd a Sempstress fair and young,

MISCELLANY POEMS. 373

Her Heart was crush'd between his Voice and Face,
 The Kingdom had not such a dangerous Place.
 His Voice had fix'd her in the fatal Snare:
 She often came to gaze on him at Prayer,
 And when his Eye was from the Book releas'd,
 He Glances shot which pierc'd her tender Breast.
 At length, alas! she perish'd in the fray,
 Her Ruin therefore heavy on him lay.
 What Shape cou'd more exactly fit her Soul,
 Than that of an unlovely bashful Owl,
 Whom the wing'd Chanters drive out of their sight,
 And make her live in melancholy Night.
 With these Conceits they swelling came, and cram'd;
Minnum for th' Owl a doleful Speech had fram'd.
 He said, we saw a Ghost or Goblin foul;
 Reply'd the Goddess, Goblin? a poor Owl
 Drives you from Glory by base childish Fears,
 This Owl has been my Neighbour Thirty Years.
 Near my own House she every Evening makes,
 And sends Abroad her Nightly Almanacks.
 Fear you a foolish timorous Owl's grimace?
 How durst y' Encounter then a Judge's Face?
 Board Lawyers without Fees, as I have done,
 And to my self Immortal Glory won.
 Judges from me cou'd not protect the Bar
 Where spite of 'em my Deeds recorded are.
 Oh! Sirs the Church produc'd brave Spirits then,
 A Sexton was as surly as a Dean;
 Bore Wrongs as proudly, and forgave as few;
 The least of us wou'd a whole Chapter sue.
 But the old World grows Barren by degrees,
 And breeds no more such Gallant Souls as these.
 However imitate their Virtues great,
 Let not an Owl compel you to retreat.
 Think what Dishonour on your selves you throw,
 How Insolent you'll make the Chanter grow:
 From Texts he cannot borrow such controul,
 As from the shameful Story of the Owl.

MISCELLANY POEMS. 375

His trembling Valets, on his second Cries,
 Forsake their warm enticing Down, and rise.
 But wakeful *Gerot* reach'd his Master first,
 An humble Valet, but a *Verger* curst.
 He kept the Quire on the sinister side,
 He crouch'd at home, but there he shew'd his Pride.
 Mean were his common Customers for Pews,
 So in their humble Bows he took his Dues.
 Said he, What Humour drives your Rest away,
 Will you to Church when it is scarcely Day?
 Sleep on, your Business is to take your Ease,
 Let Vulgar Chanters earn their Salaries.
 Friend, said the Chanter, trembling, faint and pale,
 Your Mirth wou'd die, if you knew what I ail.
 Insult not o'er me, but prepare to hear
 Th'amazing Cause of my surprizing Fear.
 When Sleep had twice upon my Eyes bestow'd
 Of drowsie Poppies, a fresh gather'd Load;
 I dreamt I fill'd my lofty Seat in Prayer,
 Triumphant o'er the minor Chanters there,
 Absolving, Chanting, taking humble Bows,
 Giving the Blessing; all with frowning Brows:
 When a great Dragon, with Jaws dreadful wide
 Souz'd on my Bench, and swallow'd all my Pride.
 Then Rage Tongue-ty'd him; *Gerot*, laughing loud,
 Said, Dreams were fumes from ill-concocted Food;
 Cooks with ill Sawce, cou'd every Night bestow
 On childish Fancies such a Poppet-show.
 The sour old Man cou'd ne'er with Mirth agree,
 But now abhor'd his ill-tim'd Raillery:
 Forbad him speaking, and from Bed he flings,
Gerot to calm him his rich Habit brings;
 Which very little cou'd his Mind sustain,
 For if his Desk be hid, all those were vain.
 But yet their offer'd Grace he will not slight;
 He rush'd into his Gown, and Surplice white.
 But above all he will not leave behind,
 His spacious Scarlet Hood, with Tabby lin'd.

376 *The* THIRD PART of

His haughty Heart wou'd break, if he shou'd lack
 That proof of Learning, to adorn his Back.
 With his best Bonnet then he grac'd his Brow,
 Sole mark of Learning his white Head cou'd shew.
 His purple Gloves he never fail'd to wear,
 When he wou'd Honour much himself and Prayer.
 And marching now in Battel to engage,
 Omitted no Illustrious Equipage.
 Then much beyond the weakness of his Years
 Push'd on, and earliest in the Quire appears.
 But oh ! What Spite and Fury fir'd his Blood,
 When on his Bench he saw the Pulpit stood ?
 Oh ! *Gerot* see ! said he, the Dragon see,
 Which broke my Sleep, and now will swallow me.
 Oh ! faithful Dream, thou too much Truth hast shown ;
 The Dean is an Ingenious Tyrant grown ;
 By this Machine, does wittily contrive,
 To send me to Infernal Shades alive.
 Nothing but God will ever see me here ;
 Dark Shadows will expunge my Character.
 E'er such a horrible Affront I'll bear,
 I'll quit my Office, and the Church forswear ;
 I'll give my vain superfluous Chantings o'er,
 And tire the Ears of God and Man no more.
 I'll never toil that Deans may Glory win,
 Nor see that Quire where I shall ne'er be seen.
 'Tis time enough to go to Shades when Dead,
 I'll now have Light : Then his old Arms he spread
 With fury strong, and shook the wondrous frame,
 When th' Organist and the Clock-mender came,
 His faithful Friends. The Vision struck 'em wan,
 With trembling Hands they held th' old vent'rous Man ;
 Said they, the Work's too weighty for us all ;
 By a full Chapter let the Monster fall,
 In open Day ; 'twill your great Party shew,
 Strengthen your self, and terrifie the Foe.
 Right, said the Chanter ; go, by Noise or Force,
 The sleeping Canons from their Beds divorce.

MISCELLANY POEMS. 377

The Champions trembled, when beyond their Thought
 Their Counsel on themselves such Danger brought.
 Oh! moderate your Anger, Sir, said they,
 Awaken rich fat Canons before Day?
 Men doubly buried both in Flesh and Down?
 Th' Attempt is rare, the Deed was never known.
 Starv'd Monks a Larum in their Bosoms keep,
 Hunger; a watchful Enemy to sleep.
 Their thin worn Wheels are soon in motion set,
 But who can stir a Canon mir'd in Fat?
 Deceitful Cowards, th' old testy Man reply'd,
 You fain your Terror of the Dean wou'd hide.
 A hundred times I've seen you crouching stand
 With servile Necks, beneath his Blessing Hand.
 The Work, good *Gerot*, shall by us be done,
 Our Friends for once shall shame the loit'ring Sun.
 Cunning old *Gerot* knew the Canons well,
 Spar'd his worn Lungs, rung the great Master Bell;
 Which like the heavy Dean but serv'd for State,
 And almost broke the Church with needles weight.
 Th' unchristen'd Bell, with Sacrilegious roar,
 From his strong Camp the God of slumbers tore;
 Broke open all the Holy Canons Eyes,
 And made the Devil of Noise and Tumult rise.
 Some believ'd Thunder broke into the Room,
 Others half fear'd it was the Day of Doom.
 Some Priests less scar'd, thought 'twas a dying Knell,
 Some keenly hungry hop'd 'twas Pancake Bell.
 The Sound with different Sense fill'd every Head,
 Like a dark Text wond'rous Confusion bred.
 So when to batter down a hundred Walls,
 The thund'ring *Lewis* leaves the fair *Versailles*
 To the young Spring, not valuing her Delights,
 And with spread Banners all the World affrights;
Danow to th' *Euvin* hastes his March to shun,
 Swift *Rhyme* in great Commotion hurries on.
Brussels for bursting Bombs looks every Hour,
 And *Sodom*-like to feel a fiery Shower.

Rich skirted *Tagus* creeps far under Ground,
 And hides much Treasure there in Vaults profound.
 Amphibious *Holland* plunges deep in Waves,
 Buries itself alive in watry Graves.
 So under Blankets the Priests duck'd their Heads,
 Sought a warm easie Burial in their Beds.
 Vexatious *Gerot* knew their Temper well,
 With potent Words he seconded the Bell.
 Ho! Breakfast waits, the cunning *Verger* cries,
 At that Angelick Summons all arise,
 In Expectations of Divine Delights:
 All look their Cloaths, but none their Appetites,
 For they were ready e'er their Gowns were on:
 Headlong undrest to the great Hall they run:
 But 'stead of Breakfast met a mournful Tale,
 Told by the Chanter with great Fury pale;
 Who as a Pestilence were in his Breath,
 Struck mighty Hunger with a sudden Death.
Everard painful Abstinence abhor'd,
 And bad the *Verger* cover straight the Board.
 To that once savoury Motion no Man spoke,
 At length Learn'd *Allen* the deep Silence broke.
 He only of all the Priests our Church obey'd,
 Had not his *Latin* smother'd and o'erlaid.
 Others by Wealth to dulness did advance,
 And with the Churches Coin bought Ignorance.
 But he had wander'd from that practis'd Rule,
 And was as Learn'd as when he came from School.
 His *Roman* Tongue there gave him mighty Power,
 There he was almost *Roman* Emperor.
 None in his Presence durst lay claim to Parts,
 For if they did his *Latin* stabb'd their Hearts.
 This Tyrant yet was their Defence and Grace,
Latin was such a Terror to the place,
 All other Canons fled at first Alarms,
 Of Men approaching with such dreadful Arms,
 But Noble *Allen* scorn'd his Head to hide,
 And sturdy shocks of *Latin* durst abide,

MISCELLANY POEMS. 379

Most Learnedly equipp'd, th' accomplish'd Man
 Having first cough'd, his wife Harangue began.
 Some Huguenots, our curst Eternal Foes,
 Planted this here, to batter our Repose.
 In some Church History they have read, I fear,
 Canons once preach'd, and Deans sat here to hear;
 I range in Volumes not to poach for Art,
 But to meet *Latin* which delights my Heart.
 Let us all Study with what Speed we may,
 And shew our selves as deeply Learn'd as they.
 About this Pulpit then, let's quickly sound
 All Learned Men in these great things profound.
 Th' unlook'd for Counsel all th' Assembly fear'd,
 But made an Earthquake in fat *Everard*;
 Who shaking with Astonishment and Rage,
 How I (said he) turn School-Boy in my Age?
 Do thou look Pale, and wither o'er a Book,
 I ne'er so much as on the Bible look.
 I only Study when our Rents are due,
 When Leases fall, and Tenants shou'd renew.
 Books I abhor, they fill the Church with *Schisms*;
 Much Mischief we have had from Syllogisms.
 If to Religion you wou'd Converts make,
 Burn Books and Men say I, and use a Stake.
 I will not vex my Head, my Arm alone
 Shall without *Latin* throw this Pulpit down.
 I care not what Heretick Rascals say:
 What troubles me I'll throw out of my way.
 So let's prepare for the renown'd Design,
 And when accomplish'd, plentifully Dine.
 No sooner the word Dinner past their Ears,
 Than up their Stomachs rose, down fell their Fears;
 But than the Chanter none more bold and great,
 Said he, this Tub too long has made us sweat.
 Do Deans fear Dust, must they be cas'd like Clocks?
 Wou'd they like Cent'ries awe us from a Box?
 In our Church Pillar is some Rottenness spread,
 To hide himself he wou'd be Wainscotted?

380 *The THIRD PART, &c.*

My Vengeance on this Foppery I'll throw;
 And an Hour's fasting on the Work bestow.
 This done at once we'll break our Fast, and Dine,
 And two fair Meals with both their Portions join.
 By this inspir'd, the haughty Champions go
 With an audacious Zeal to charge the Foe.
 The Walls vain aid to the poor Engine lent,
 The Nails in vain their Iron Fingers bent;
 The Champions vanquish'd all Resistance round,
 The batter'd Engine fell with many a Wound.
 Antichrist never had such dreadful Blows,
 From mighty Priests who were his bitter Foes.
 For as this Pulpit was, he's wondrous high,
 A great Usurper of Church Vanity.
 Therefore have many rail'd at him aloud,
 He will let no Man but himself be proud.
 Now the Dean's State of late so high and great,
 Once more is in a Sea of Darkn^es set.

The End of the THIRD PART.







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